Sept. 22, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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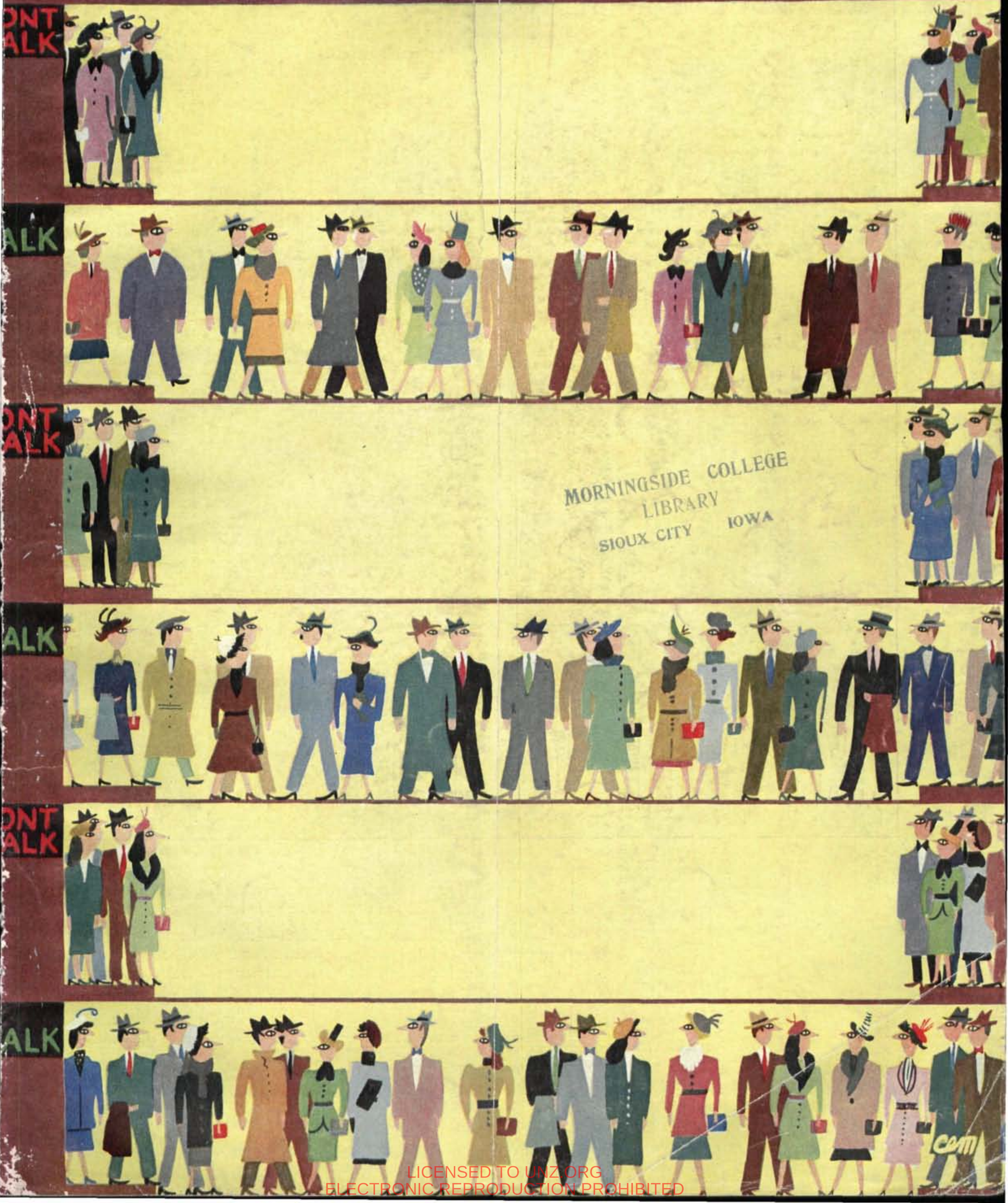
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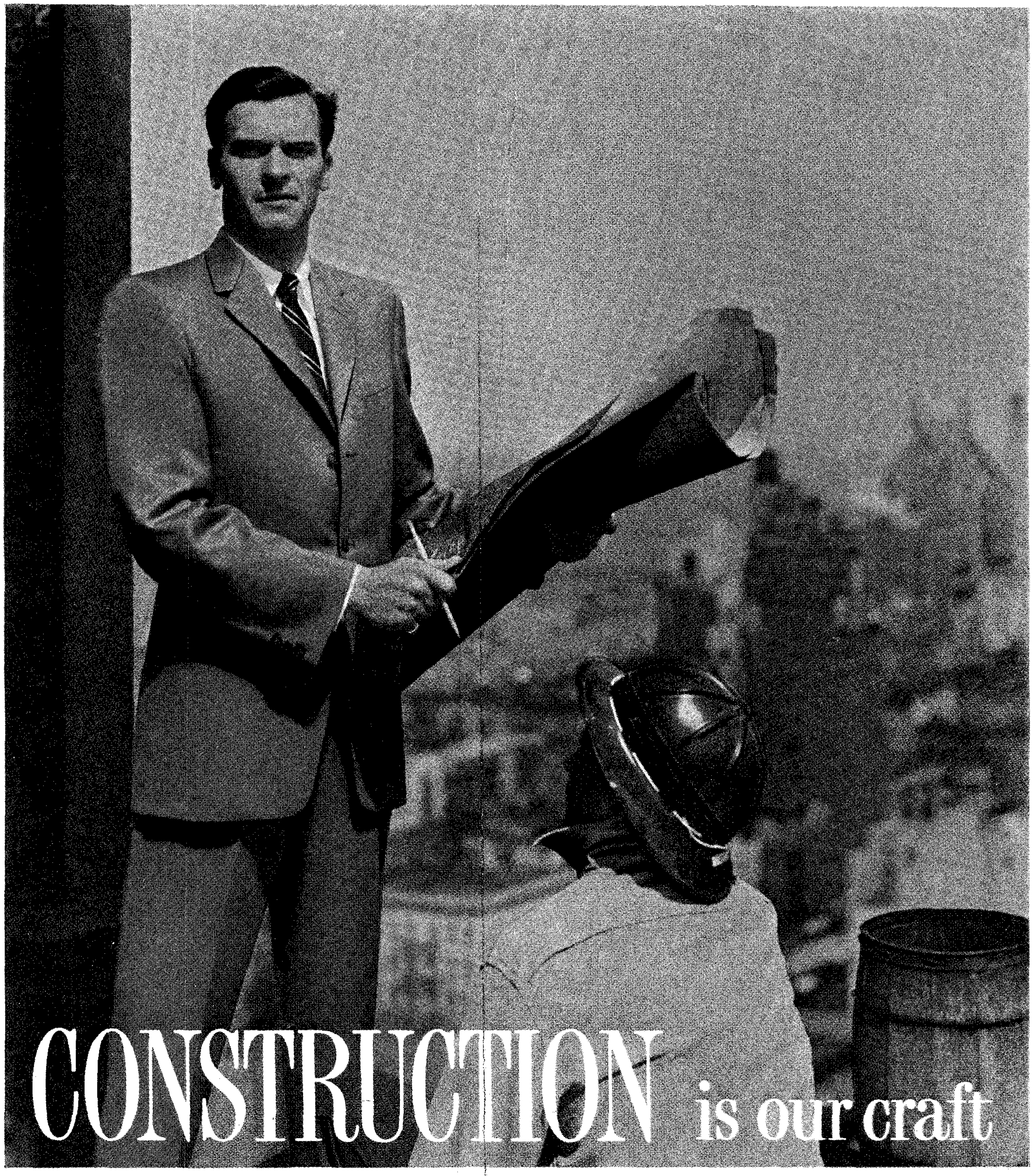

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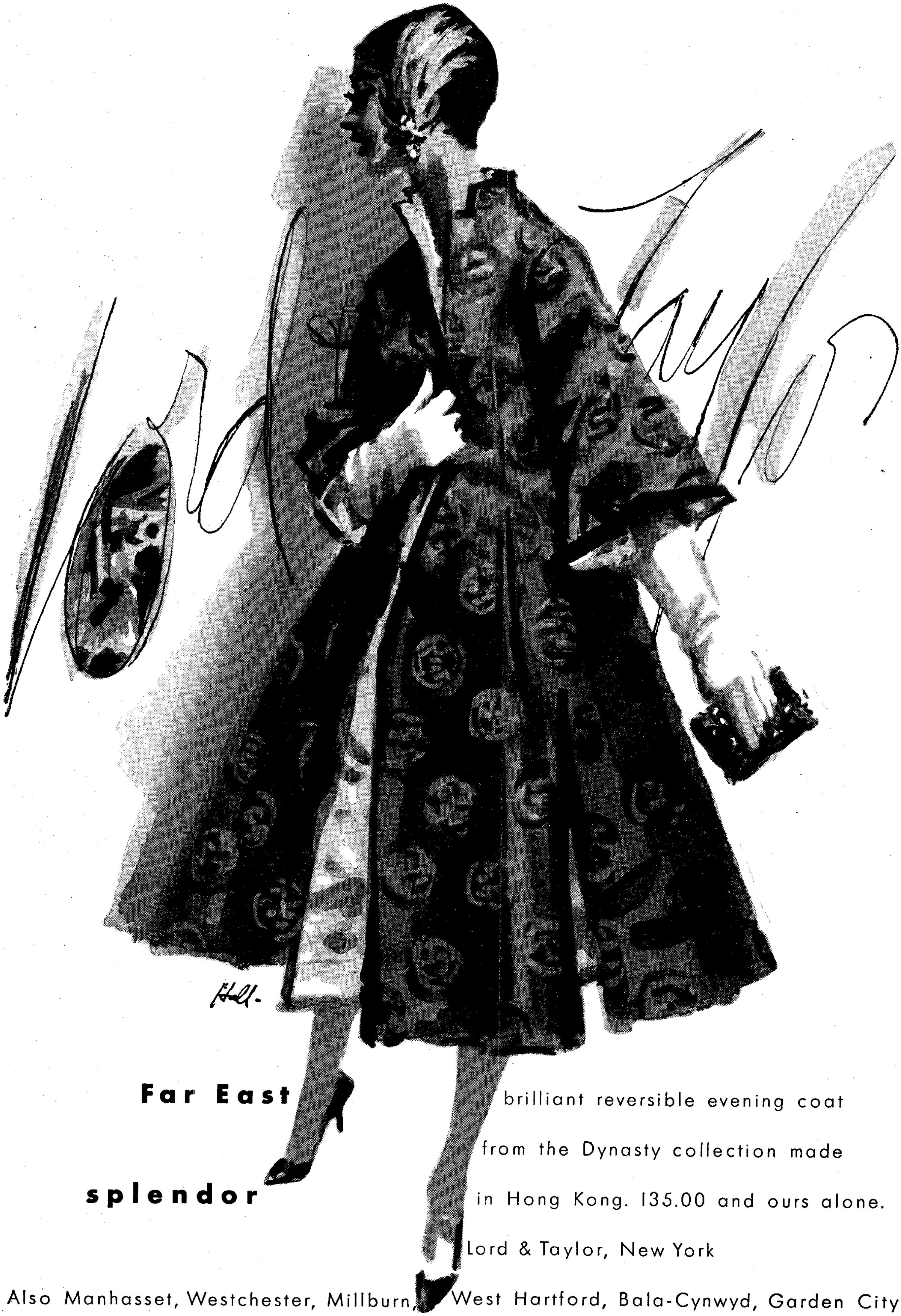

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

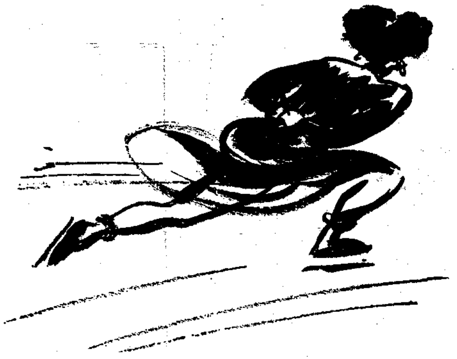
Middle of the Night—Paddy Chayefsky's play about the romance between a man and a girl half his age has its merry and fairly poignant moments, but most of the time the style and the subject matter are rather bleak. Edward G. Robinson is triumphant in one of the leading roles, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF:** A Southern-household drama by Tennessee Williams in which Marjorie Steele, Thomas Gomez, and Alex Nicol at present head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** A Dutch girl's account of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis, as dramatized by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. With Susan Strasberg, Joseph Schildkraut, and Gusti Huber. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **A HATFUL OF RAIN:** Vivian Blaine and Steven McQueen are now the principals in Michael V. Gazzo's play concerning a young drug addict and his heroic wife. With Frank Silvera and Henry Silva. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 13.)... **INHERIT THE WIND:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MATCHMAKER:** Ruth Gordon is the star and Thornton Wilder the author of this roughhouse comedy. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are also in the cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Charles Hohman is the hero right now, and Myron McCormick and Roddy McDowall are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 23.)... **WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?:** Another comedy by George Axelrod, who wrote "The Seven Year Itch." Jane Kean, Martin Gabel, and Tom Poston are presently playing Hollywood types of one kind and another. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mr. Wonderful—The diverse talents of Sammy Davis, Jr., are not quite enough to redeem a fairly tedious and elementary business about the triumph of a night-club entertainer. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." It is a generally brilliant job, though some may feel it is a little over-operatic for Broadway. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi will again substitute for him at matinée performances starting Wednesday, Sept. 26), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the fine cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

My Fair Lady—An outstanding musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison, as Professor Higgins, and Julie Andrews, as Eliza Doolittle, are almost beyond compare. The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe composed the music, and the sets and costumes are the work of, respectively, Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Faces of '56—The most fascinating performer in this Leonard Sillman revue is, singularly enough, a female impersonator named T. C. Jones, who does a series of imitations of Miss Tallulah Bankhead. He is very funny, and so are the majority of the other actors, who include Billie Hayes, Jane Connell, Johnny Haymer, John Reardon, Virginia Martin, and Bill McCutcheon. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** A story about a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Stephen Douglass. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FANNY:** A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people (including Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert), plot (Marseille waterfront life), and production (music by Harold Rome). (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** A confection about romance and labor relations in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Julie Wilson, and Jack Goode have leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Sept. 21-23: "Tosca."... ¶ Starting Friday, Sept. 28: "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Colleen Dewhurst and Robert Elston in an adaptation by Henriette Metcalf of "Camille." Wayne Richardson is the director. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," now with Lori March and Alfred Ryder. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 7.)

Phoenix Theatre—Siobhan McKenna has the central role in a rather self-conscious revival of "Saint Joan," Shaw's most famous play. The supporting cast includes Kent Smith, Ian Keith, Earle Hyman, Frederic Tozere, and Michael Wager. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:15.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Royal Danish Ballet—Thursday evening, Sept. 20: "Napoli" and "Dream Pictures."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 21: "Napoli" and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 22: "La Sylphide" and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 22: "The Whims of Cupid" and "Coppélia."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 23: "Coppélia" and "Dream Pictures."... ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 23: "Napoli" and "Chopiniana."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 25: "Coppélia" and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Wednesday through Friday evenings, Sept. 26-28, and Saturday matinée, Sept. 29: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 29: "Konservatoriet," "Petrouchka," and Act III of "Napoli." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-9687. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades of '57," with Bobby Specht, Rosemary Henderson, and Ron Robertson. The big production number this year is "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at

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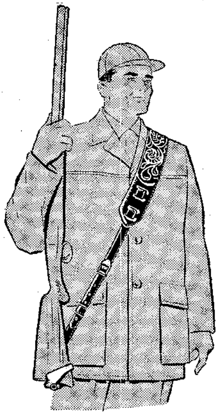

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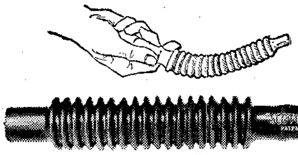

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Through Sunday, Sept. 23.)

Dramatic Readings—Four more in the series of eight readings of Sean O'Casey's "Pictures in the Hallway," by Aline MacMahon, Staats Cotsworth, and others. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Sunday, Sept. 23, and Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Judy Garland—With Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky, dancers, and others, in a variety show. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 26. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Rodeo—Rin Tin Tin will be kingpin of this roundup, which will begin on Wednesday, Sept. 26, and end on Sunday, Oct. 14. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a fairly sumptuous way of life, offers dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba group come aboard. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Where those who have no problems go to get away from them all. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band drown out the tears.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre. Renato Rossini and his smoldering Spanish guitar are there, too, except Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lisa Kirk, whose lyrics touch lightly on subjects (mankind, Mercedes cars, and mutation minks) close to a playgirl's heart, manages to look rather wicked as she delivers her homilies to the dinner and supper guests in the Persian Room. The evening is pieced out with the orchestra and glee club of Ted Straeter—Beau Brummell, pianist, and sometime tenor—and the music of Mark Monte's small group. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, there is Leo LeFleur's string group at the cocktail hour. No dancing. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group is again in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's orchestra plays for dancing at dinner and supper in the mammoth Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Constance Moore, an assured and fashionable blonde, sings spiritedly at dinner and supper in the Maisonette about the problems that confront even the most assured and fashionable blondes. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their usual bubbly dance music all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has a permanent lease on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for the benefit of any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The colossal Café Rouge is enlivened now and then by the really swinging music of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and their boys, the most worthy of whom is Charlie Shavers. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—This is not, as so many visitors can be forgiven for thinking, the original Howard Johnson's, but there are certain similarities. Two bands play ticktacktoe in one corner.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, our lady of sorrows, wrings her mobile hands and the customers' hearts as the young lovers of her *petites chansons* go bravely to their doom. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men turn out dance music, starting at eight.

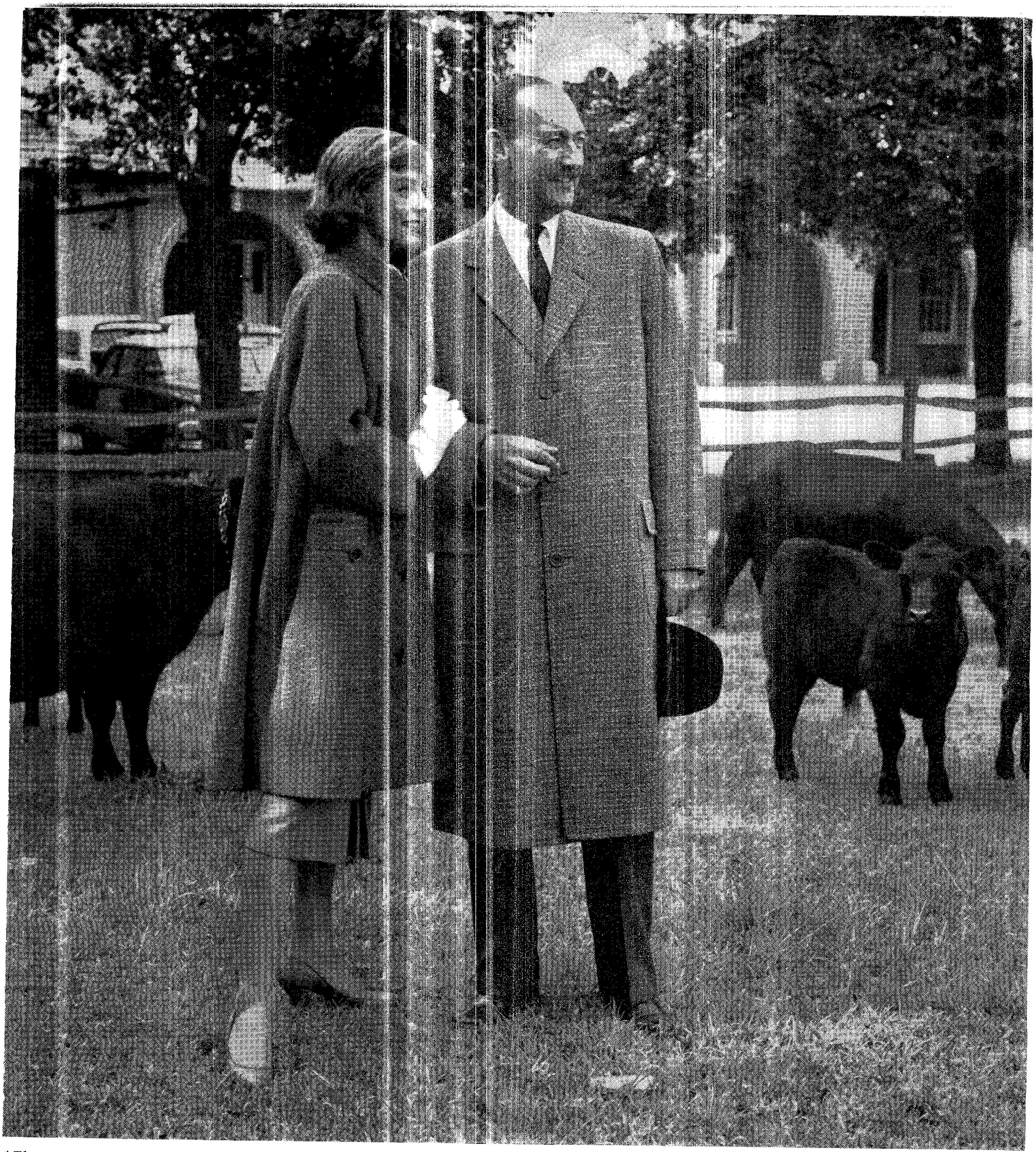
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Harry Belafonté's song recitals, a guileful blend of folk music and mating call, occur at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, where there's dancing before, after, and in between to Nat Brandwynne's milk-and-honey orchestra and Mischa Borr's band. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ All week long, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the *Alt-Wien* group led by Jozsi Ribari and the trio led by Alan Logan concoct listening music from cocktails until eight-thirty and then dance music until one; Mischa Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—The captain's walk called the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, you can watch New York swapping old skylines for new ones. The address 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is providing benign cocktail, dinner, and supper piano in a salon of practically unmitigated grandeur. Sundays, Paul Morse fills in for him. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An established hothouse, well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Kurt Maier dishes out a placid dinner-and-supper obbligato at the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The carefree cast of characters is headed by Goldie Hawkins, proprietor and pianist, who manufactures his own brand of Southern small talk and comfort. Wayne Sanders, who just plays romantic piano, spells him during the night. Mr. H. is on deck from cocktails on; Mr. S. reports at nine. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The pianist Paul Schlesinger and the violinist Herman Honigsberg, classicists to their fingertips, lend quiet enchantment to a dignified dinner hour that lasts until one in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The permanent picnic (Latin-American style) includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The piano music in the bar is the work of Jules Kuti, who favors sweetness and light. It begins at the cocktail hour and keeps going until midnight or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A bird cage that seems expressly designed for Lovey Powell, whose remote whippoorwill musings begin after ten-thirty. Don Evans' first-rate romantic piano starts around seven; after ten or eleven, Brooks Morton alternates with him. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted now and then with south-of-the-border piano from dinner to supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A music-with-every-course deal that sounds most dulcet when a six-man band is tootling Lehár and Strauss. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, will return to the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle on Tuesday, Sept. 25. He'll be there at eight every night but Monday. . . . **CHEZ LUCIE,** 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-4604): Norbert Faconi, who has violin and will travel, journeys from table to table, putting his whole soul into his work. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE**



*The topcoat tailored by Walter Morton and the woman's coat by George Carmel

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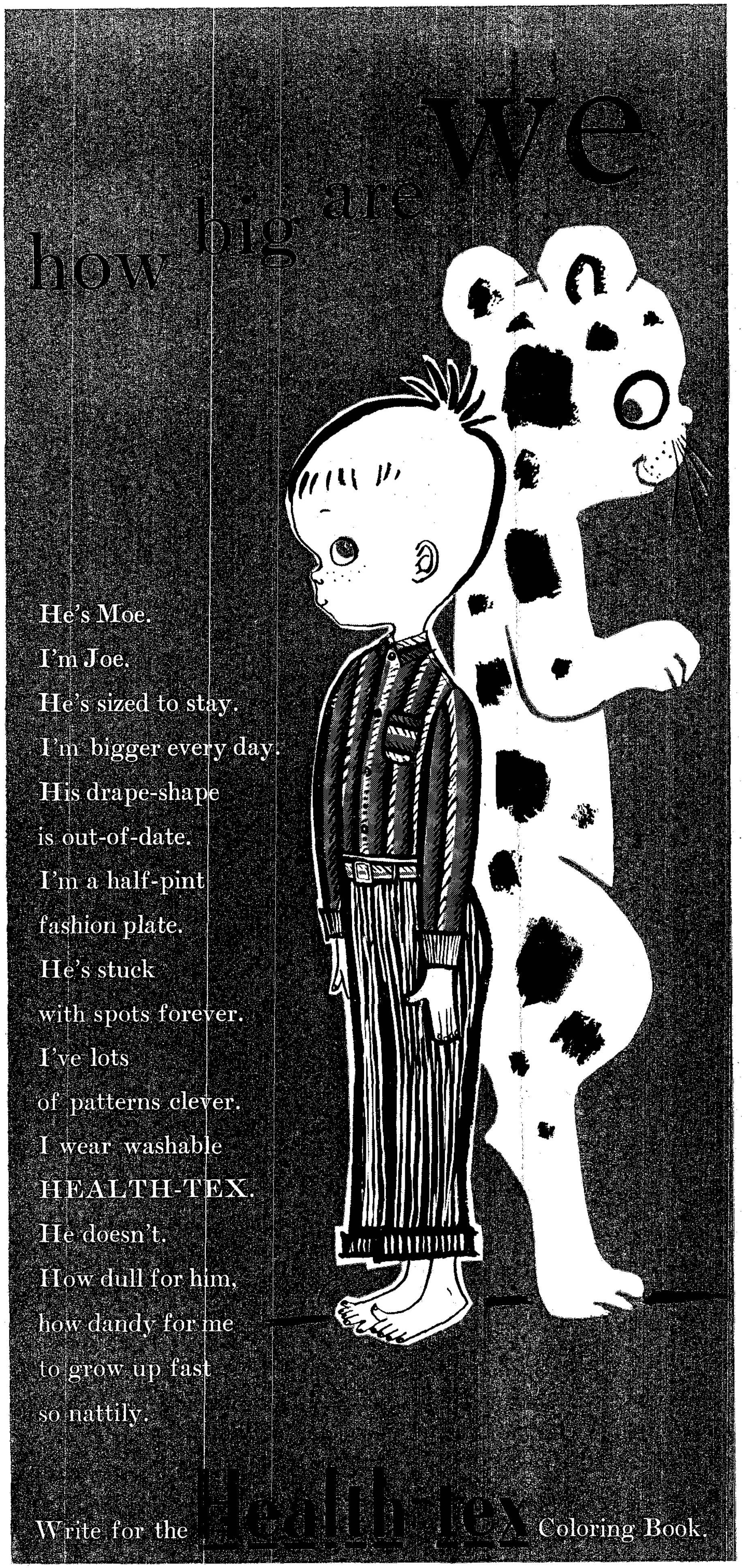
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I'm Joe.
He's sized to stay.
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His drape-shape
is out-of-date.
I'm a half-pint
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He's stuck
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GALLERY, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Chiefly for young folk who like to just sit around and talk. Someone or other is always at the piano, or singing, or both.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, the celebrated biographer, is recounting—in his own unvarnished prose—a few of the chapters and a few of the jokes the printers seem to have sidetracked. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

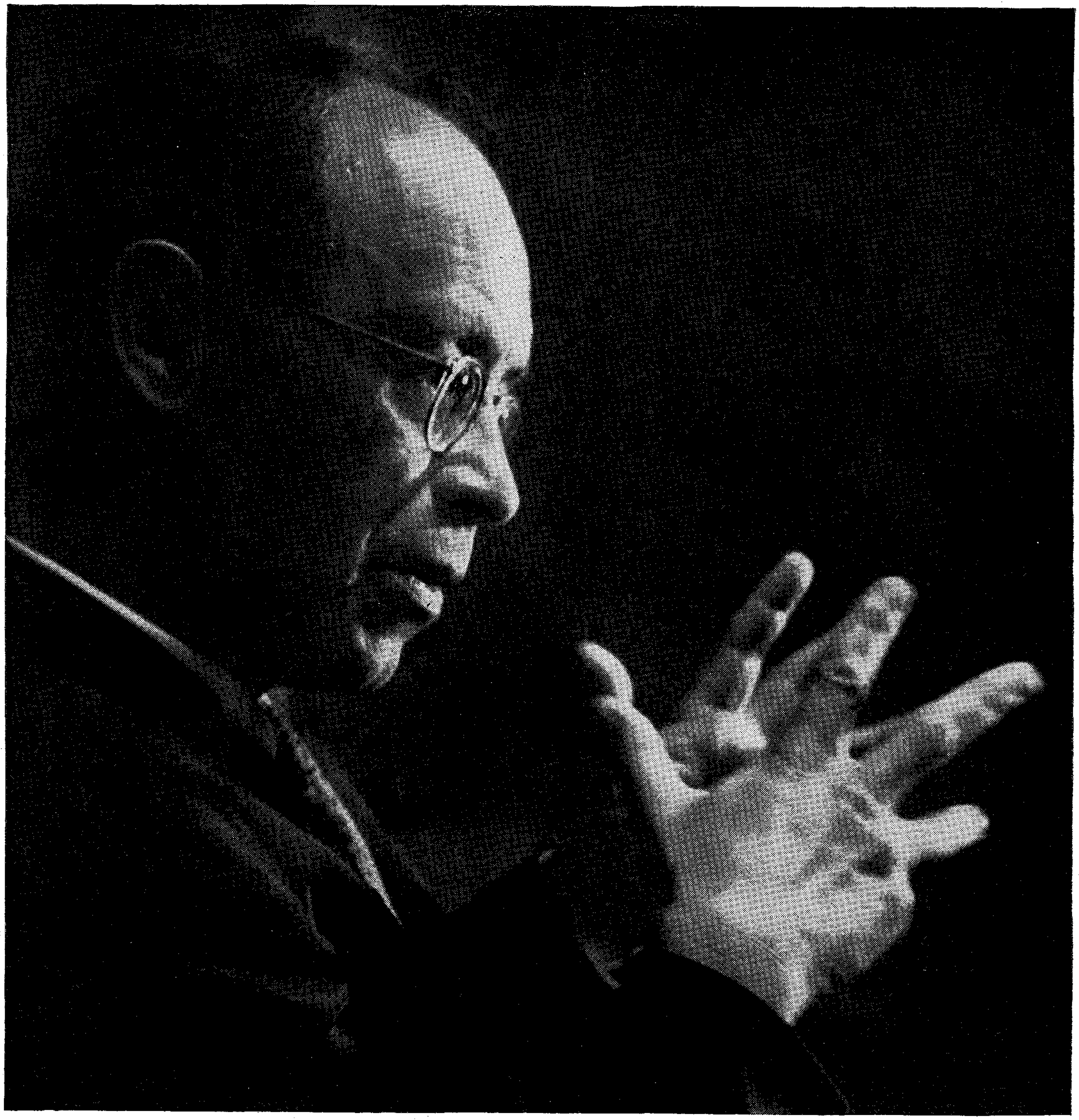
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The big wheel of the masque on view here is T. C. Jones, from "New Faces of '56," whose lampoons of several obstreperous ladies of stage and screen is a veritable slaughter of the uninnocents. Hot on his heels are Martha Davis and Spouse, the slaphappiest song-and-prance act in town. Also present are the arias of Peggy Connelly, a handsome new career girl, and the jokes of Joey Carter, to whom the Blue Angel is by now second nature. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements are just right. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; there's also a breakfast-with-the-Davises session from 2 to 4 A.M., at which the Lyonses often sit in. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Enid Mosier, a *gamine* myna bird, is raising a little West Indian hell with the aid of her Trinidad steel band. Among the other amiable pastimes are Johnny Mathis, whose stylized jazz singing can become quite intricate; Bernie Nierow, the interlude pianist; and Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, which plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The battle royal here begins late and ends late. It involves Jorie Remes, a *diseuse* who's carrying on a grudge fight against practically all our tempora and our mores; Portia Nelson, whose most poetic ballads are occasionally lined with irony; Tony and Eddie, whose parodies trample on the clay feet of many a recording star; and the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): The eminent Cy Walter's piano études appear on the dinner and supper menu of this small and pleasurable world, and the equally eminent Mabel Mercer arrives after ten-thirty to give the poetry of the newer laureates (Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and the like) a special reading in her understanding contralto. Sam Hamilton, Miss M.'s perennial accompanist, helps out at the piano late in the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from the twin pianos in the bar. There's other amusement, too, principally the boisterous horseplay of Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell. Sundays there are ancient movies, and Mondays, when Miss C. and Mr. M. stay home, are amateur talent nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Rude awakenings are staged every evening by Wild Bill Davison's horn, which comes from Dixie. Following suit are Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Al Hall, and (off and on) Mr. Condon, who is also host and strolling commentator. The intermissions are beautifully bridged by Dick Wellstood and Buzzy Drootin, a piano-and-drum corps. On Thursdays, Bud Freeman's saxophone converts it into a trio. On Tuesday nights, visiting top brass (not to mention visiting stringmen) sit in for a few sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Alex Kallao's trio and Jonah Jones' quartet can outshout anyone who's celebrating a happy

THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED PLAUT

Rudolf Serkin, like all great pianists, is a specialist. His unique reputation as an artist has grown with his particular enthusiasm and understanding for the music of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Today he is widely regarded as the finest interpreter of these most significant of composers for the piano. Columbia is proud to have had Mr. Serkin record all five Beethoven Piano Concerti with the Philadelphia Orchestra. We are also proud that Mr. Serkin has chosen to record exclusively for Columbia Records.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

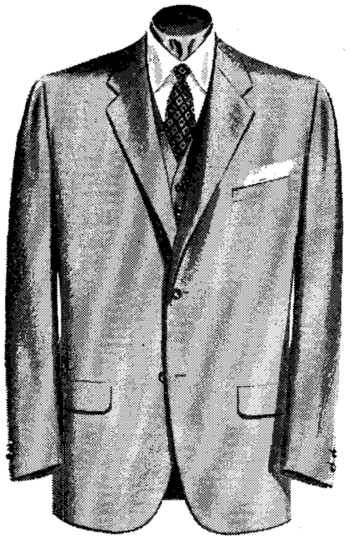
birthday at a ringside table. They begin about nine, and there's cocktail and dinner solo piano, too, every evening. Sunday, as usual, the important thing will be the trio presided over by Jack Elliott, whose modernist piano bristles with ideas. It is rumored that Dorothy Donegan's trio will replace the Kallao contingent on Saturday, Sept. 22.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Jump-for-joy music of the Southland by a group of hardened muscle men. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): The sounds in the night are passing strange as Gerry Mulligan and his sextet demonstrate the wonders West Coast musicians have wrought and Kai Winding, now armed with a four-man trombone section, offers an East Coast rebuttal. East will meet West Friday through Sunday, Sept. 21-23. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and Sonny White keep green the memory of a far lustier and yet more innocent era. Don Frye is the solo pianist. The place is shut tight Sundays; Mondays are devoted to jam sessions.... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the bar; the raison d'être is the magnificent noise that issues from the back room. It is made by the trio of Cy Coleman, a pianist with advanced ideas and the ability to use them, and the threesome headed by Billy Taylor, whose piano sounds like a very, very cool million. The Colemans are off duty Sunday, the Taylors on Monday. On Thursday, Sept. 27, Don Elliott's quartet, another progressive thinker, will replace the Coleman group. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to around nine most evenings, and all night Sunday and Monday. Saturday is his holiday.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Johnny Smith's taut, tense quartet takes its leave on Wednesday, Sept. 26, but Julius Adderley's thundering herd of five will stay on. Next evening, Claude Thornhill, an absentee of long standing, brings his orchestra to town, and Sal Salvador's foursome also arrives. Monday nights, guest artists assemble to make jam.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Joe Castro and his trio inhabit the circular bar. They check in at ten; Suzenne Fordham, the interlude keyboard operator, checks in at nine. No action Mondays.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Musicians being shot out of the mouth of a cannon aimed directly at you. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the principal participants in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): A weekend release for young animal spirits. The wherewithal will probably be provided on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, by Billy Butterfield, Buck Clayton, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Sonny Greer, Cliff Jackson, and Jimmy Rushing. The parade begins at nine. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another weekend canteen for healthy young manhood and its best girl. Among the hired hands due on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, are Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Panama Francis, Johnny Windhurst, Dick Cary, Pee Wee Erwin, Tony Parenti, Art Trappier, and Willie the Lion Smith.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Classes in advanced laboratory work, which is bound to produce a few misses along with the direct hits. The Mitchell-Ruff duo and Miles Davis's quintet are now on the firing range. Closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MARC CHAGALL—Thirteen original signed "Arabian Nights" lithographs, together with more



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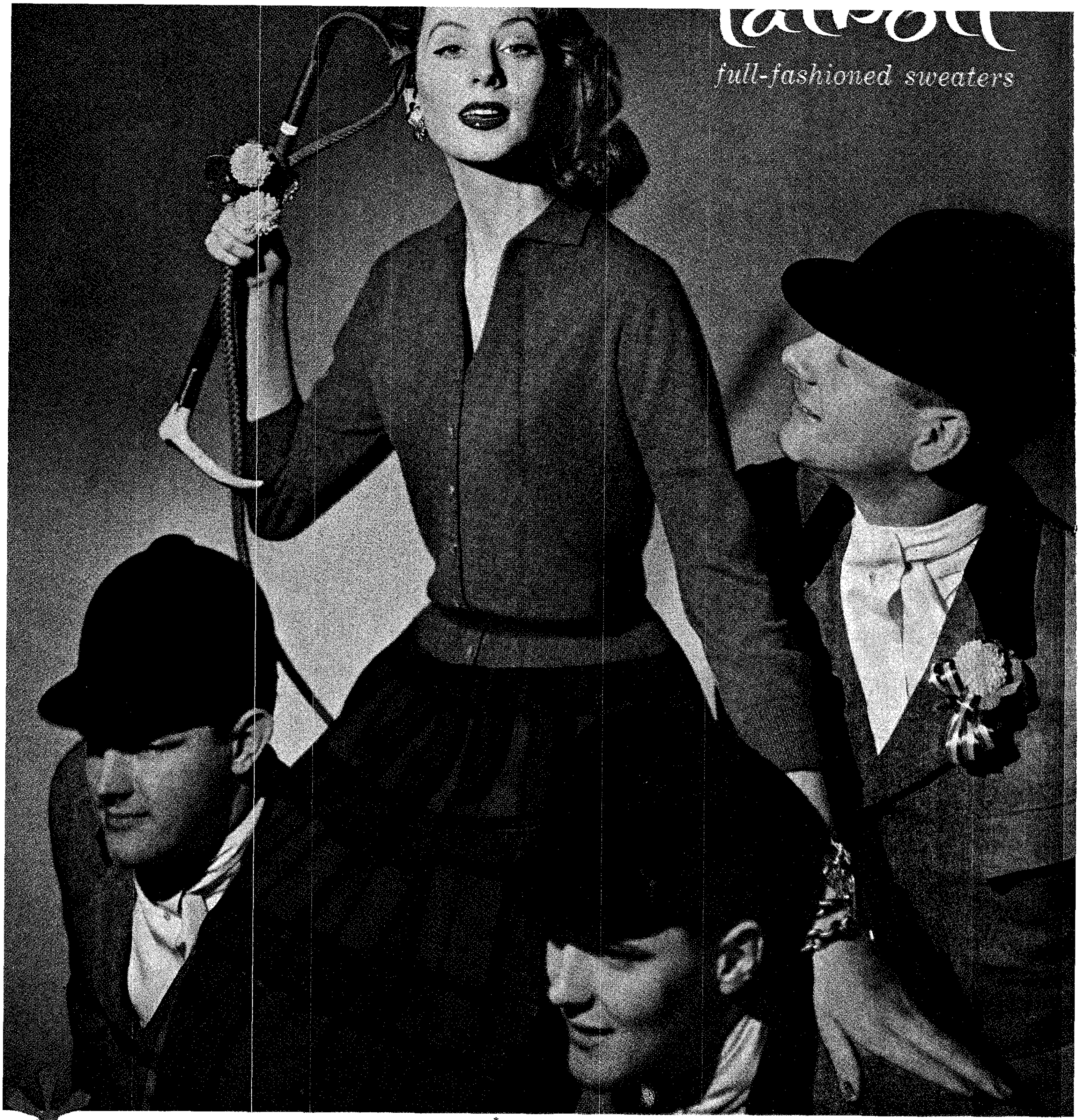

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

than a hundred color separations showing the development of the plates for them; through Oct. 13. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Nathaniel Dirk—Boats, coastlines, and landscapes are depicted in his latest water colors; through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 8.)

Raoul Dufy and the School of Paris—Over a dozen oils and water colors by Dufy, set against a background of oils by Braque, Soutine, and twelve other members of the Paris school; through Oct. 6. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Olivia Kahn—Oils, including still-lifes and Italian scenes; through Tuesday, Sept. 25. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Pierre Soulages—Fourteen abstractions painted in Paris this year; through Oct. 6. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan,** 32 E. 65th St.: Each of the gallery members, who include Julian Levi, Robert Knipschild, and Jack Squier, is responsible for one painting or sculpture in the current exhibit; through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **associated american artists,** 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Sigmund Menkes, Raphael Soyer, Joe Jones, Doris Lee, and others have new oils on view; through Oct. 6. . . . **contemporary arts,** 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: The annual preseason juried show, made up of works in all mediums selected from two hundred entries. The artists include William Chaiken, Stephen Csoka, and Stanley Twardowicz. Through Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evening, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **downtown,** 32 E. 51st St.: "Americans in Europe" is the theme of the first fall show, which consists of paintings and sculptures by twenty-three young artists; through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **grand central moderns,** 120 E. 57th St.: Lamar Dodd, Arthur Osver, Victor Candell, and Louise Nevelson are among the contributors to an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Oct. 1. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **meltzer,** 38 W. 57th St.: A group of water colors (by Reginald Marsh, Charles Burchfield, and Hans Hofmann, for instance) that has been on a two-year tour of museums in France; through Oct. 1. . . . **new york city center gallery,** 131 W. 55th St.: Works by twenty-four painters, including Milton Avery, Edwin Dickinson, Isabel Bishop, and Dong Kingman, who acted as jurors here last season; through Friday, Sept. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **peridot,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Recent paintings and sculptures by Rollin Crampton, Costantino Nivola, Reginald Pollack, and other artists associated with the gallery; through Saturday, Sept. 29.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings, as well as twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures, by, among others, Renoir, Karl Knaths, Marsden Hartley, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **fine arts associates,** 41 E. 57th St.: A painting apiece by, among others, Arbit Blatas, Hans Moller, and Marino Marini; through Oct. 6.

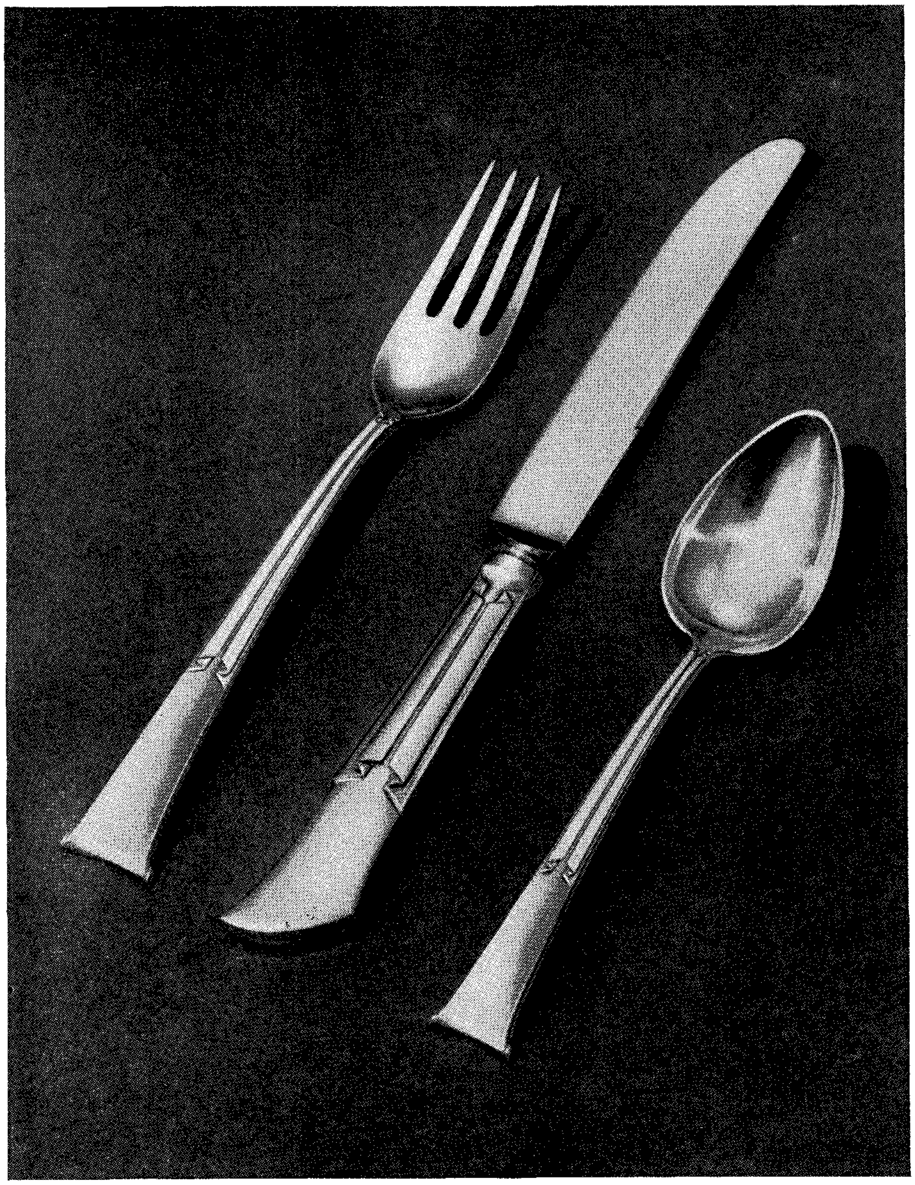
Europeans; Group Show—Canvases by de Staël, Giacometti, Jawlensky, Klee, Masson, Metzinger, Picasso, and Severini; through Oct. 15. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

French; Group Show—Chagall, Jansem, Campigli, Dragomir, Jacus, and Marie Laurencin are among the artists represented in this selection of oils; through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Galerie Hervé, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—European paintings lent from eleven private collections and dating from the early Impressionists; among the artists are Monet, Degas, Modigliani, Utrillo, and Braque. A group of modern sculptures rounds out the



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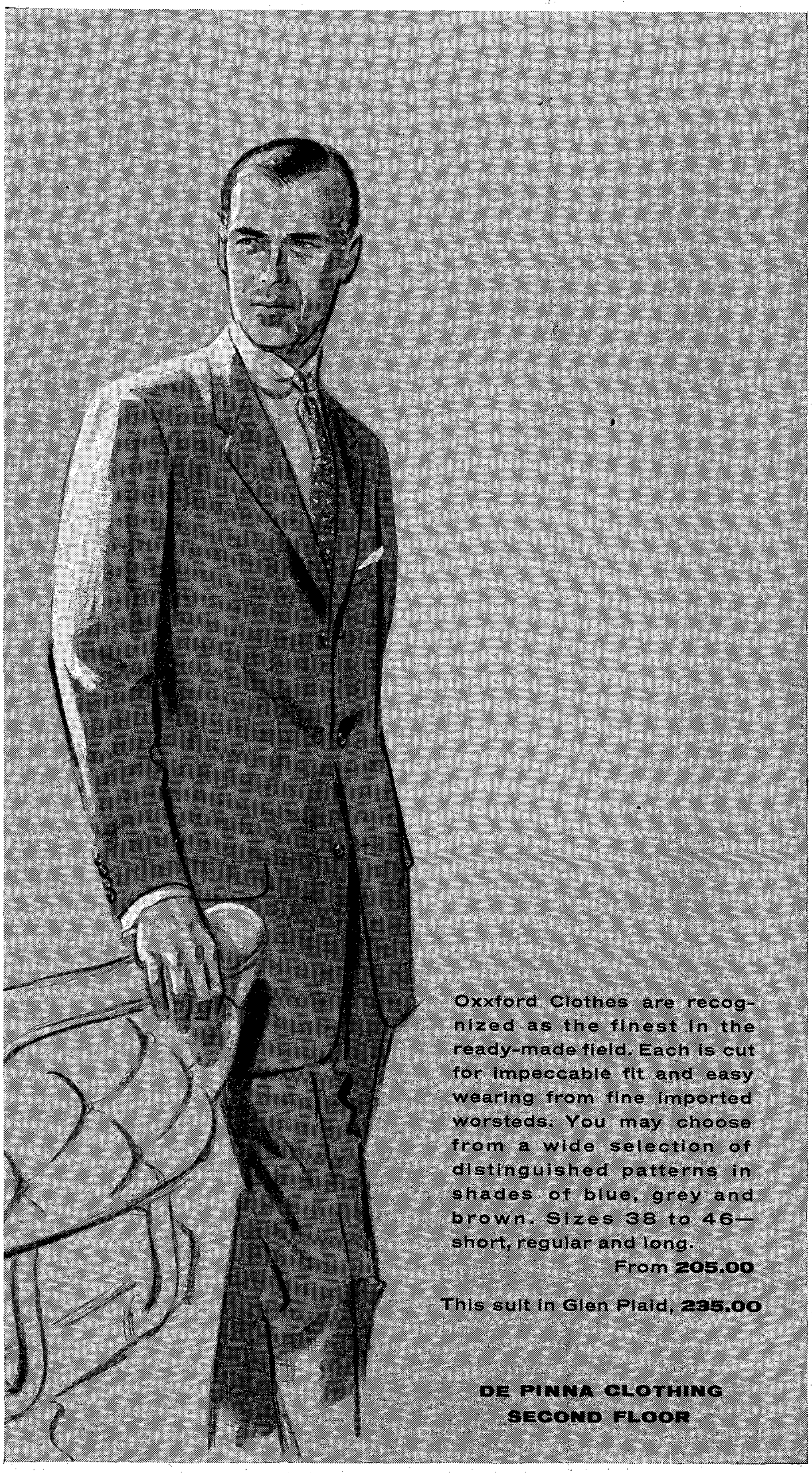

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

exhibit. Through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Prints of Henri Matisse"—sixty etchings and lithographs, covering a period of more than fifty years, plus illustrated books, monotypes, and linoleum cuts; through Oct. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The second exhibition of paintings, sculptures, graphics, and ceramics by alumni of the Museum's art school; through Sunday, Sept. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Sculptures, constructions, paintings, and drawings are included in a retrospective of the work of Theodore Roszak; through Nov. 11. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460.)

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, Nov. 3—Thursday evening, Sept. 20: The company's première of Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld," with a new English libretto by Eric Bentley. (A benefit for the American Foundation for Allergic Diseases; for tickets, call MU 5-9557.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 21: "Orpheus in the Underworld," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 22: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 25: The company's première of Thomas's "Mignon." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 27: The New York première of "Susannah," by Carlisle Floyd. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 28: "Orpheus in the Underworld," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 29: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 29: "Fledermaus," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

National Negro Opera Company—Presenting the opera "Ouanga," by Clarence Cameron White, with Carol Brice, contralto; McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone; twelve ballet dancers; and an orchestra made up of members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, directed by Henri Elkan. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 27-30, at 8:30.)

Calypso Concerts—The Trinidad Steel Band, with Lord Burgess and his company. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Sept. 22, at 8:30 and 11:30.) . . . ¶ The Trinidad Steel Band, the Virgin Islands Merrymakers, the Duke of Iron, Lord Burgess and his company, and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MU 6-9032.)

Interval Concerts—Tuesday, Sept. 25: A program of chamber music played by Sonya Monosoff, violin; Martha Blackman, viola da gamba; and Paul Maynard, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 27: Helen Gahagan Douglas in a program of readings and songs. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 28: An all-Bach program, with John Wummer, flute; David Freed, cello; Joseph Wolman, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 21, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 22-23, at 2. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 1:30. . . . **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 8, and Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 28, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 28, at 8:15, and Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2.

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 29: Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers,

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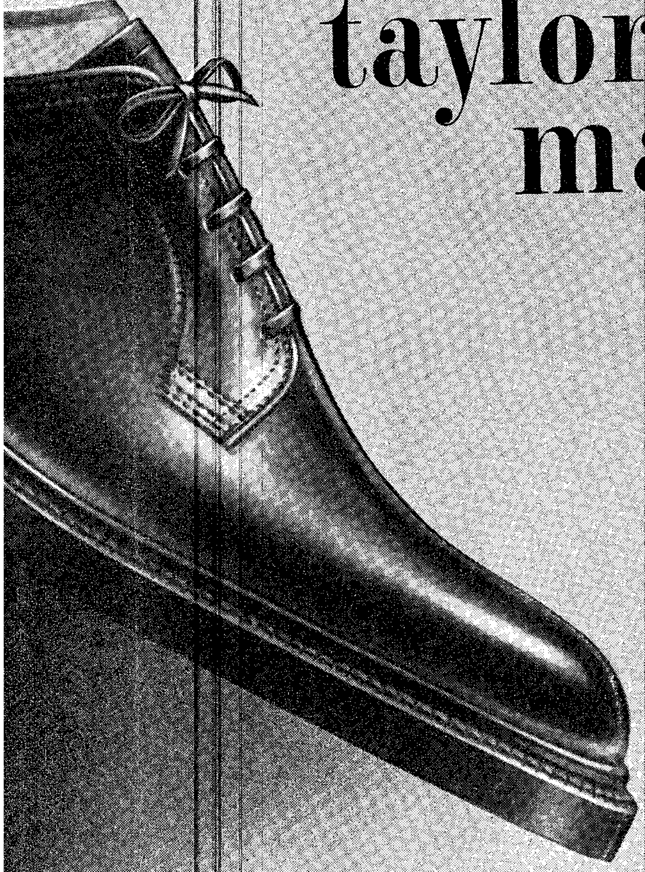

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood, L.I. Through Thursday, Sept. 20.)

Horse Show—Westchester Country Club Horse Show. (Rye. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 27-30.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Sept. 22.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At PIPING ROCK CLUB, Locust Valley: The opening round of the Monty Waterbury Memorial Tournament, Sept. 23. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 15. The Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 22, and the Cowdin and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 6. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30—an additional train Saturdays at 10—connecting with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Tennis—Davis Cup Interzone Final: United States vs. Italy. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 28-30. Tickets may be obtained at John Jarrell's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

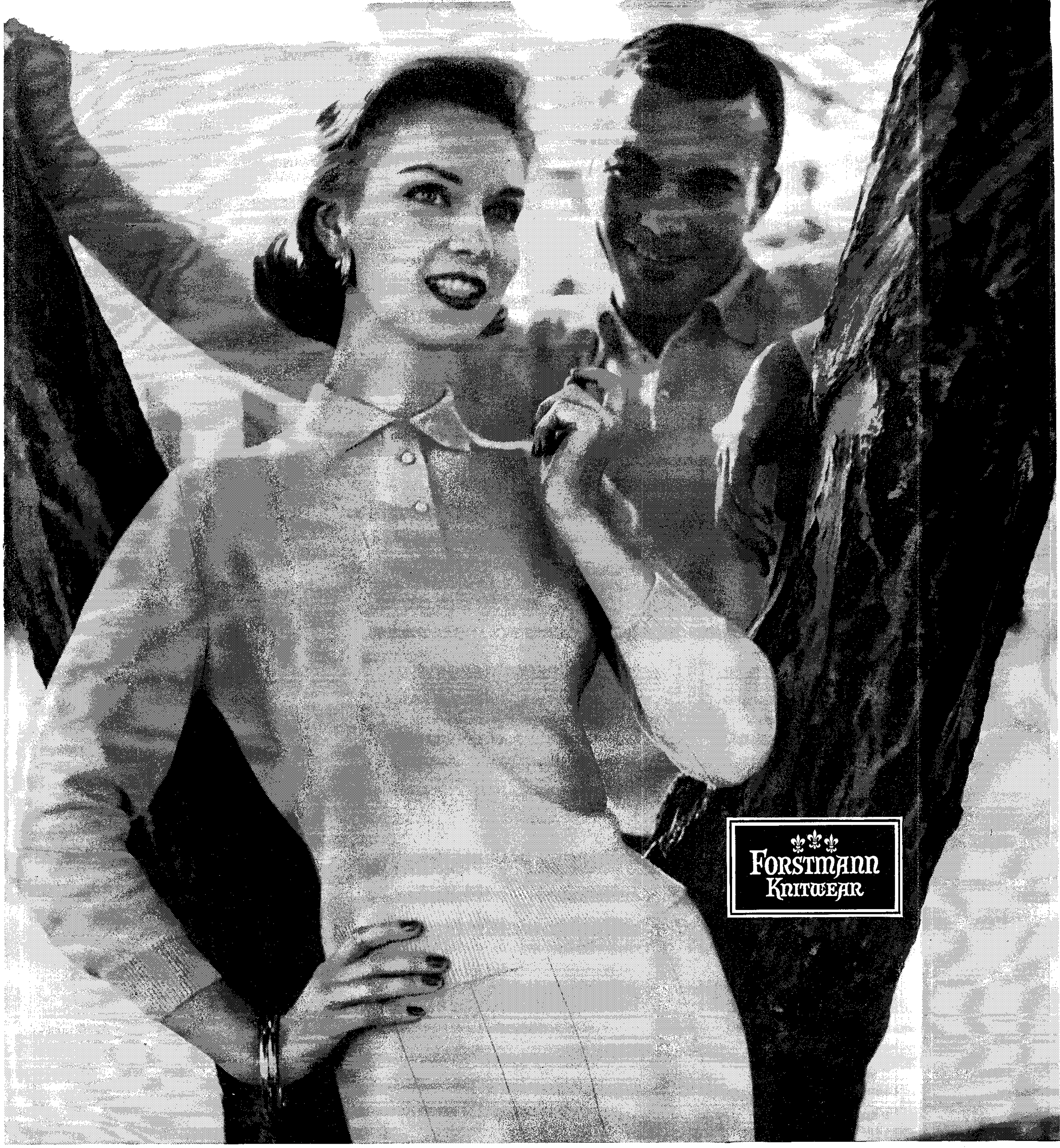
Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:30; through Friday, Nov. 30. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mount Vernon.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next couple of months; there may, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Mars," brings us up to date on our planetary neighbor—its surface features, its ups and downs, and so on; through Oct. 1. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, at 1:45: Furniture, including some Directoire, Louis XV, and George III; candelabra, wall sconces, and other decorations; Dresden and Minton table porcelains; silver; eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings; and Oriental, Aubusson, and other rugs. From the estate of Mrs. E. Dudley Haskell and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27-28, at 1:45: English and American period furniture and decorations; William and Mary, Queen Anne, Georgian, and other silver; Staffordshire lustreware and table glass; Salopian, Minton, Dresden, and other porcelains; clocks and barometers; landscapes, sporting prints, and Chinese portrait paintings; and a group of tapestries, window hangings, and Oriental rugs. The property of Mrs. Robert G. Payne and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 22.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET—The ingenious leaping and twirling of Galina Ulanova, from Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre, might induce you to overlook the drab stretches of pantomime in this Russian film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 25, tentative.)

THE KING AND I—A Hollywood version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Very pretty, melodious, and ingratiating, but also very long. Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr are splendid as the principals. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200.)

MOBY DICK—John Huston's interpretation of the Melville novel has the virtue of displaying the excitement of the sea but is rather handicapped by the fact that Captain Ahab, as represented by Gregory Peck, looks more like a hotel doorman than anyone who might conceivably be found chasing a white whale. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

OKLAHOMA!—A windy wide-screen adaptation of the famous Rodgers and Hammerstein folk opera, in which Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson, Charlotte Greenwood, Rod Steiger, Gloria Grahame, and Eddie Albert disport themselves upon the prairie with only sporadically satisfactory results. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:40; Saturdays at 11, 2:30, 7:30, and 10:40; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE PHANTOM HORSE—A Japanese film that's as handsome as you could ask for. The plot, about a small boy and a horse, is standard yard goods, but that shouldn't bother you, for the boy, as played by Yukohiko Iwatare, is utterly engrossing, and so, for that matter, are the others in the cast. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 23, tentative.)

PRIVATE'S PROGRESS—A thoroughly amusing English picture dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Although the reluctant warriors are a bit cloudy as to their duties with the Army, they are very clever at turning a fast pound or two. Ian Carmichael is highly diverting as an innocent in the midst of this crowd, and Richard Attenborough, as a conniving Cockney; Terry-Thomas, as a harrassed major; and Dennis Price, as a felonious general, are all fine, too. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

LA STRADA—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but interesting. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

WAR AND PEACE—Sixty thousand horses and sixty thousand men (including Napoleon) cannot put Tolstoy together again. An overblown version of the classic, with Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer, VistaVision, and Technicolor. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

REVIVALS

THE BRAVE BULLS (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Sept. 20, tentative.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Sept. 26, tentative.)

DIABOLIQUE (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. A French film, with Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 26.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)— A French film about the effect of war and death on two young children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Sept. 26, tentative.)

GENEVIEVE (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More enliven this English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Sept. 26, tentative.)

JOHNNY BELINDA (1948)—Jane Wyman as a deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres as a charitable young doctor. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 22.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 23-24.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; starting Sept. 26.)

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Sept. 21, tentative.)

MILDRED PIERCE (1945)—Joan Crawford involved in murder, blackmail, larceny, lust, and mother love, as adapted from James M. Cain's novel. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 22.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 23-24.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; starting Sept. 26.)

THE PICKWICK PAPERS (1954)—A long English chronicle of the adventures of Dickens' clubmen, with James Hayter and Nigel Patrick. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 23.)

THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. Funny and French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 26.)

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST (1946)—The merchant marine during the days of wooden ships. With Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, and William Bendix. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Sept. 24-25.... ¶ Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Sept. 26.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Sept. 22, showings at 3: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), in Russian.... ¶ Sept. 23-26, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Star Boarder" (1919), with Larry Semon; and "Hands Up!" (1928), with Raymond Griffith. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Bad Seed," Nancy Kelly, Patty McCormack.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
WAR AND PEACE.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MOBY DICK.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Attack!," Jack Palance, Eddie Albert.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Sept. 26: "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Sept. 26: "The Vagabond King," Oreste, Kathryn Grayson.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Sept. 24: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine.
From Sept. 25: "The Power and the Prize," Robert Taylor, Elisabeth Mueller.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Back from Eternity," Robert Ryan, Anita Ekberg.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Sept. 26 (tentative): "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 25 (tentative): **THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET.**
From Sept. 26 (tentative): **GENEVIEVE**, revival; and "Fruits of Summer" (in French), Edwige Feuillère.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
THE KING AND I.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 25 (tentative): "The Eddy Duchin Story," Tyrone Power, Kim Novak.
From Sept. 26 (tentative): **GENEVIEVE**, revival; and "Fruits of Summer" (in French), Edwige Feuillère.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Sept. 23: "Pardners," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Leather Saint," John Derek, Jody Lawrance.
Sept. 24-25: **TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST**, revival; and "The Virginian," revival, Joel McCrea, Barbara Britton.
From Sept. 26: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson; and "He Laughed Last," Frankie Laine, Lucy Marlow.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
LA STRADA (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MOBY DICK.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
THE KING AND I.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Rififi" (in French), Jean Servais. (Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6:05, 8:10, and 10:15. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Lust for Life," Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Secrets of the Reef," a nature film on marine life.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through Sept. 22: "Somebody Up There Likes Me," Paul Newman, Pier Angeli.
Sept. 23-25: "Trapeze," Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.
From Sept. 26: **MILDRED PIERCE**, revival; and **JOHNNY BELINDA**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 25 (tentative): "Simon and Laura," Peter Finch, Kay Kendall; and "Intermezzo," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard.
From Sept. 26 (tentative): **GENEVIEVE**, revival; and "Fruits of Summer" (in French), Edwige Feuillère.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 26: **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** and **DIABOLIQUE**—both in French and both revivals.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 23: "Pardners," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Leather Saint," John Derek, Jody Lawrance.
Sept. 24-25: **TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST**, revival; and "The Virginian," revival, Joel McCrea, Barbara Britton.
From Sept. 26: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson; and "He Laughed Last," Frankie Laine, Lucy Marlow.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Sept. 22: "Somebody Up There Likes Me," Paul Newman, Pier Angeli; and "U.F.O.," a documentary on unidentified flying objects.
Sept. 23-24: **MILDRED PIERCE**, revival; and **JOHNNY BELINDA**, revival.
Sept. 25-26: "Bigger Than Life," James Mason; and "I've Lived Before," Jock Mahoney.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 25 (tentative): "The Eddy Duchin Story," Tyrone Power, Kim Novak.
From Sept. 26 (tentative): "Trapeze," Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE KING AND I.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 23: "Pardners," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Leather Saint," John Derek, Jody Lawrance.
Sept. 24-25: **TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST**, revival; and "The Virginian," revival, Joel McCrea, Barbara Britton.
From Sept. 26: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson; and "He Laughed Last," Frankie Laine, Lucy Marlow.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 22: **MILDRED PIERCE**, revival; and **JOHNNY BELINDA**, revival.
Sept. 23-25: "Somebody Up There Likes Me," Paul Newman, Pier Angeli; and "Goodbye, My Lady," Walter Brennan, Phil Harris.
From Sept. 26: "The Eddy Duchin Story," Tyrone Power, Kim Novak.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 22 (tentative): "The Proud and Profane," William Holden, Deborah Kerr.
From Sept. 23 (tentative): **THE PHANTOM HORSE** (in Japanese).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Sept. 20 (tentative): **THE BRAVE BULLS**, revival; and "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival.
From Sept. 21 (tentative): **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 23: "Pardners," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Leather Saint," John Derek, Jody Lawrance.
Sept. 24-25: **TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST**, revival; and "The Virginian," revival, Joel McCrea, Barbara Britton.
From Sept. 26: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson; and "He Laughed Last," Frankie Laine, Lucy Marlow.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 22: **MILDRED PIERCE**, revival; and **JOHNNY BELINDA**, revival.
Sept. 23-25: "Simon and Laura," Peter Finch, Kay Kendall; and "The Red Inn" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
From Sept. 26: "The Eddy Duchin Story," Tyrone Power, Kim Novak; and "Storm Over the Nile," Anthony Steel, Laurence Harvey.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
THE KING AND I.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Sept. 22: "Somebody Up There Likes Me," Paul Newman, Pier Angeli; and "U.F.O.," a documentary on unidentified flying objects.
Sept. 23-24: "Blood Alley," revival, John Wayne, Lauren Bacall; and "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein," revival.
Sept. 25-26: "Love Me or Leave Me," revival, Doris Day, James Cagney; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PRIVATE'S PROGRESS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Bullfight," a documentary film.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Yang Kwei Fei" (in Japanese), Machiko Kyo.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Sept. 26 (tentative): **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES**—both in French and both revivals.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Sept. 23 (last showing at 5:55): "Papa, Mama, the Maid, and I" (in French), Robert Lamoureux, Gaby Morlay.
From Sept. 23, at 8:30: "The Silent World," Jacques-Yves Cousteau's documentary on life in the ocean depths. With an English narration. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 23: "Pardners," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Leather Saint," John Derek, Jody Lawrance.
Sept. 24-25: **TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST**, revival; and "The Virginian," revival, Joel McCrea, Barbara Britton.
From Sept. 26: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson; and "He Laughed Last," Frankie Laine, Lucy Marlow.

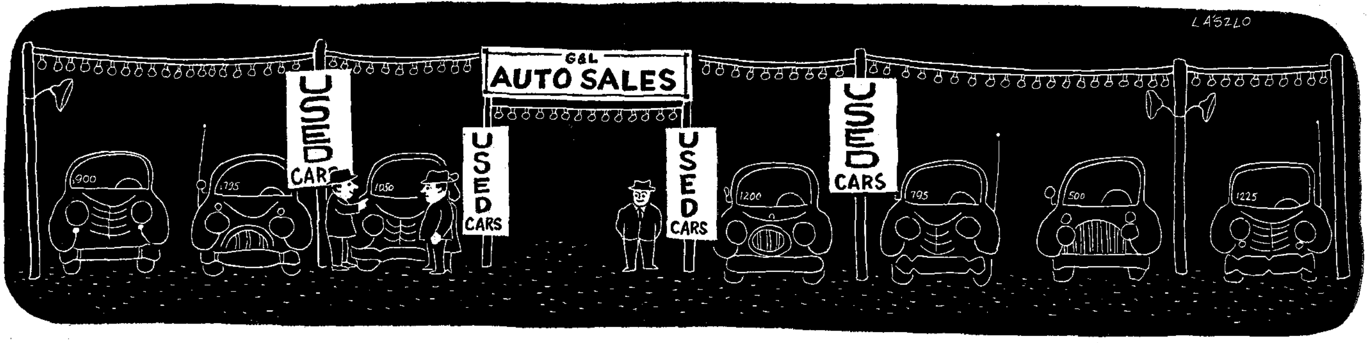
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 20: **THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO** (in French), revival; and "Mademoiselle Gobette" (in Italian), revival, Silvana Pampanini.
Sept. 21: "Tonight We Sing," revival, Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters; and "Operetta" (in German), revival, Willy Forst.
Sept. 22: "Lease of Life," Robert Donat, Kay Walsh; and "The Queen's Necklace" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.
Sept. 23: **THE PICKWICK PAPERS**, revival; and "Counsellor-at-Law," revival, John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels.
Sept. 24: "Dreams of Love" (in French), revival, Pierre-Richard Willm; and "The Paris Waltz" (in French), revival, Pierre Fresnay, Yvonne Printemps.
Sept. 25: A program of seven short films on nature—"The Solar Eclipse," "Snowdonia," "Sharkhunting," and others.
Sept. 26: "The Story of Modern Marriage and Family," a program of five short films dealing with psychology.

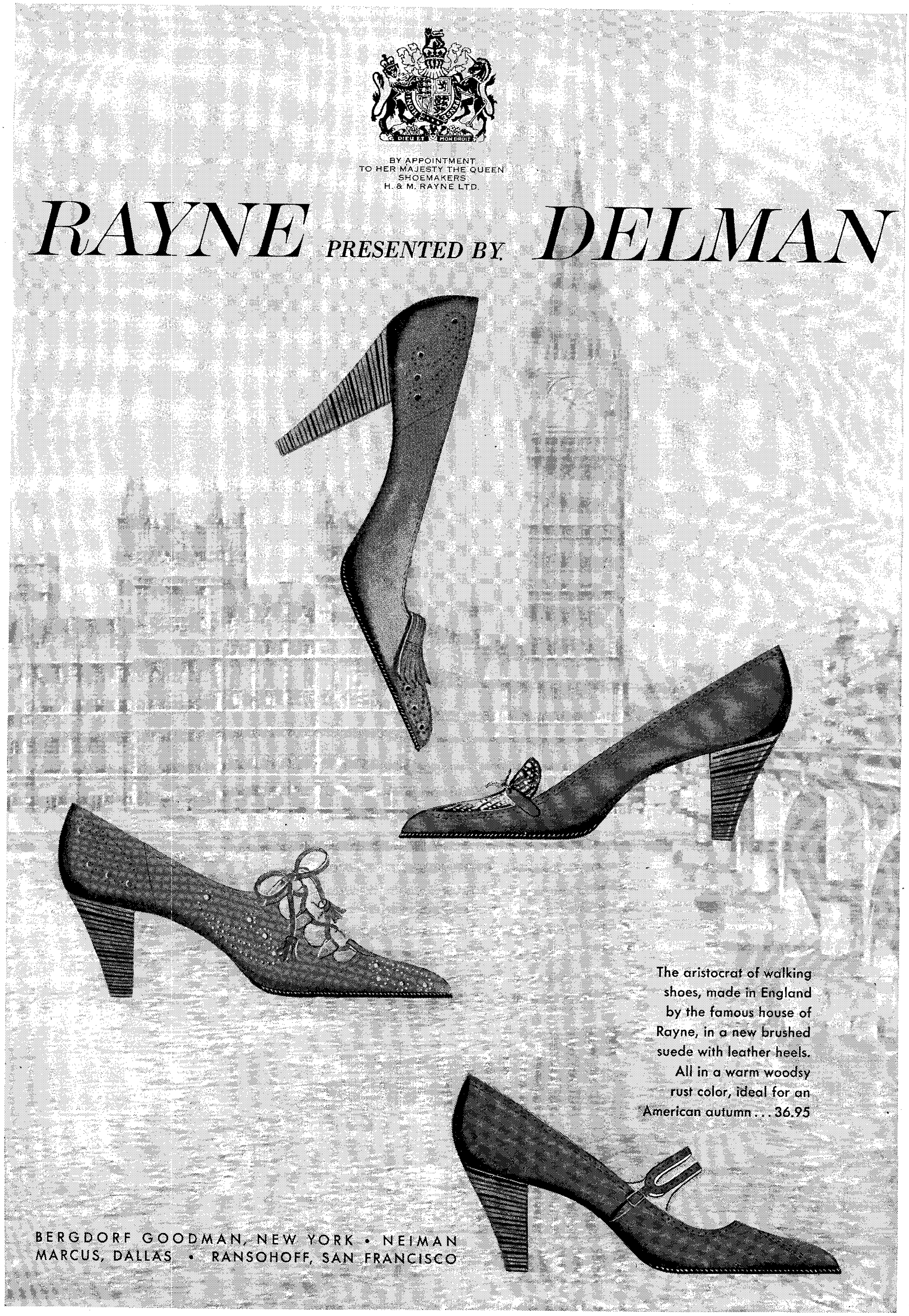
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
THE KING AND I.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Sept. 25: "Pardners," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Leather Saint," John Derek, Jody Lawrance.
From Sept. 26: **TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST**, revival; and "The Virginian," revival, Joel McCrea, Barbara Britton.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
THE KING AND I.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
THE KING AND I.





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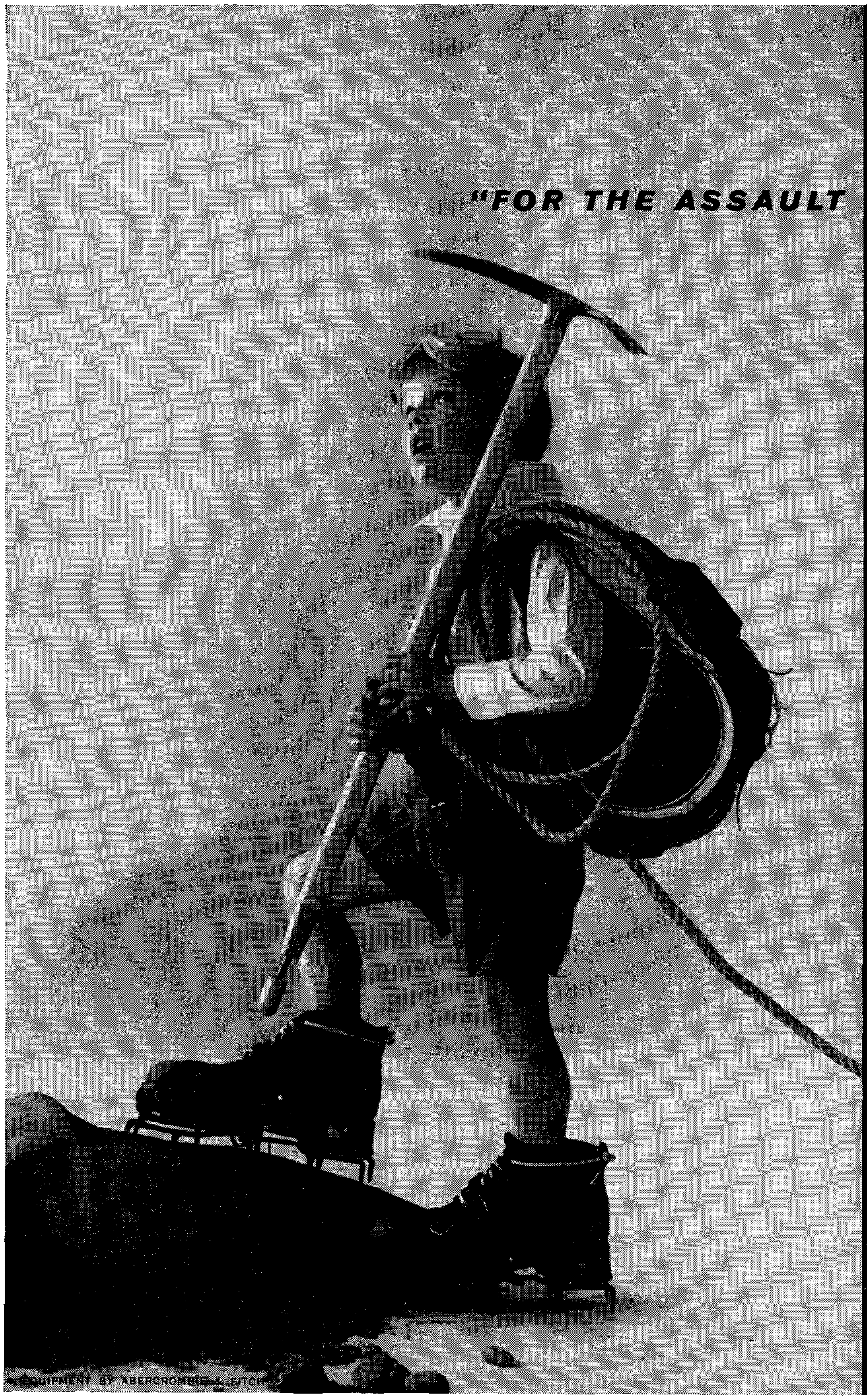

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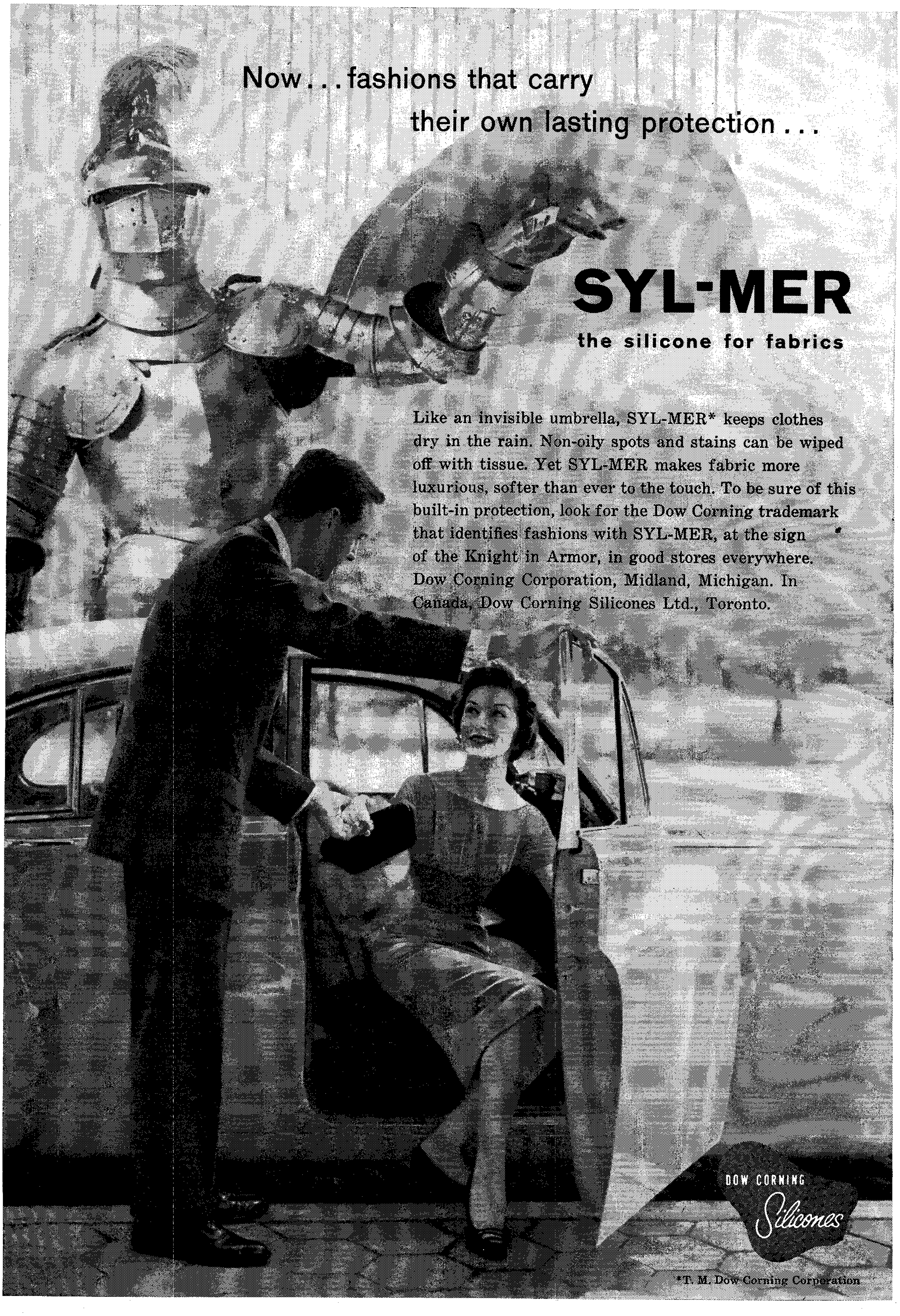

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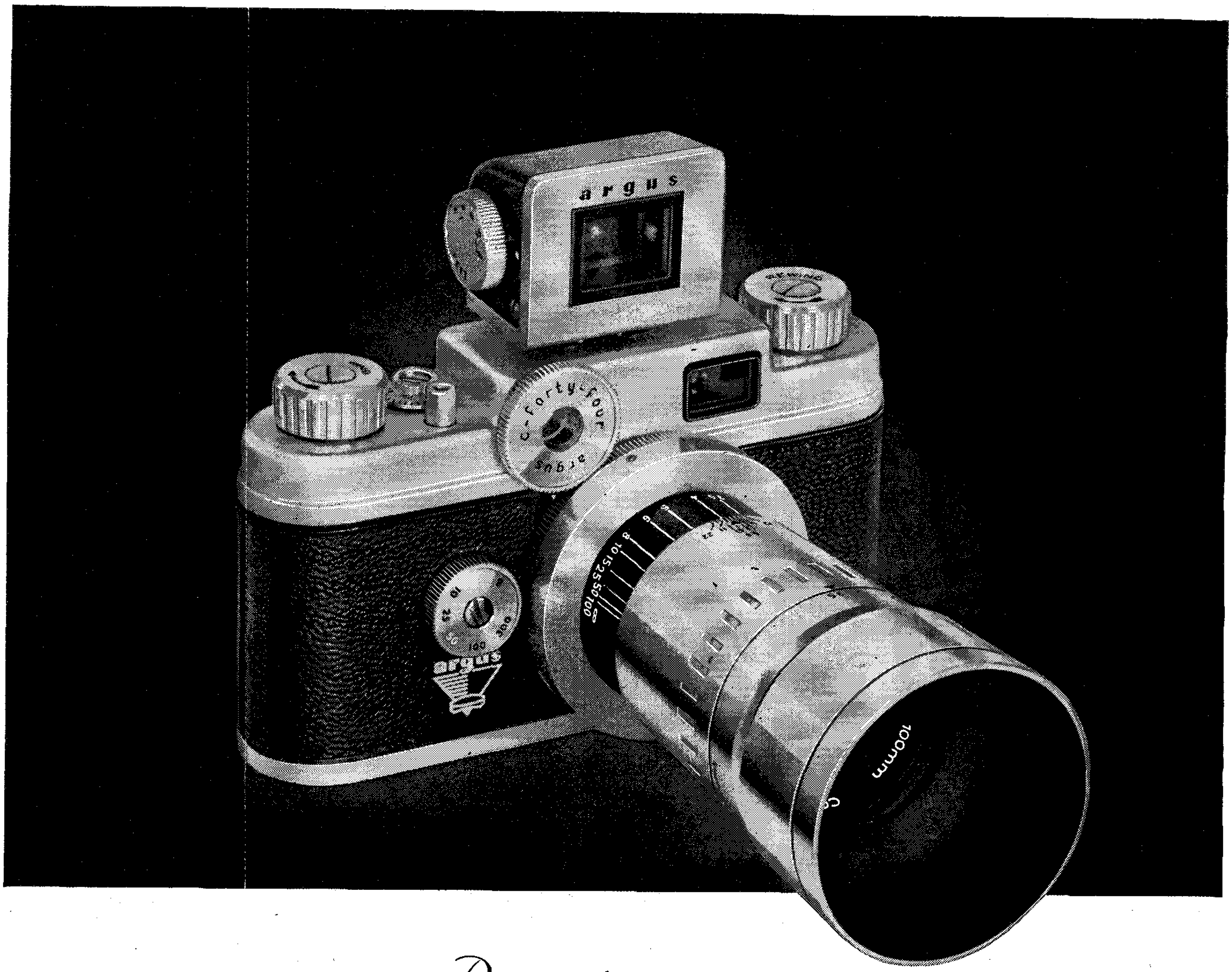

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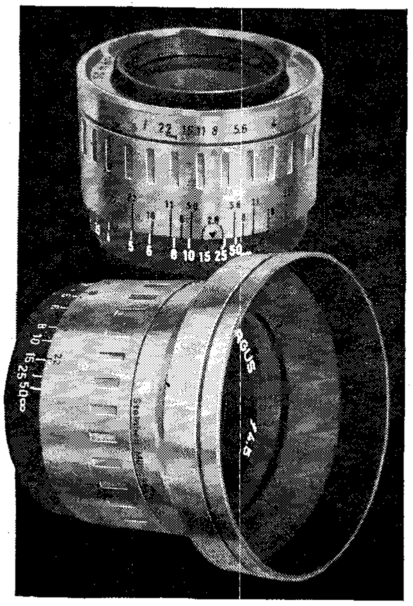

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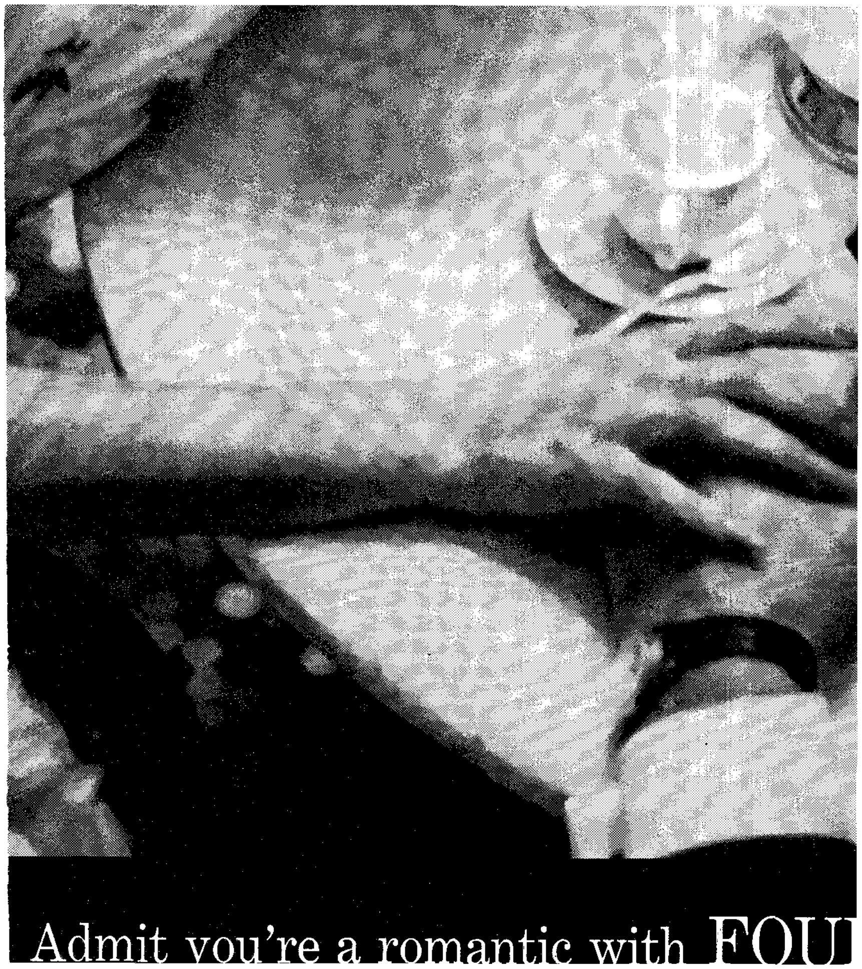
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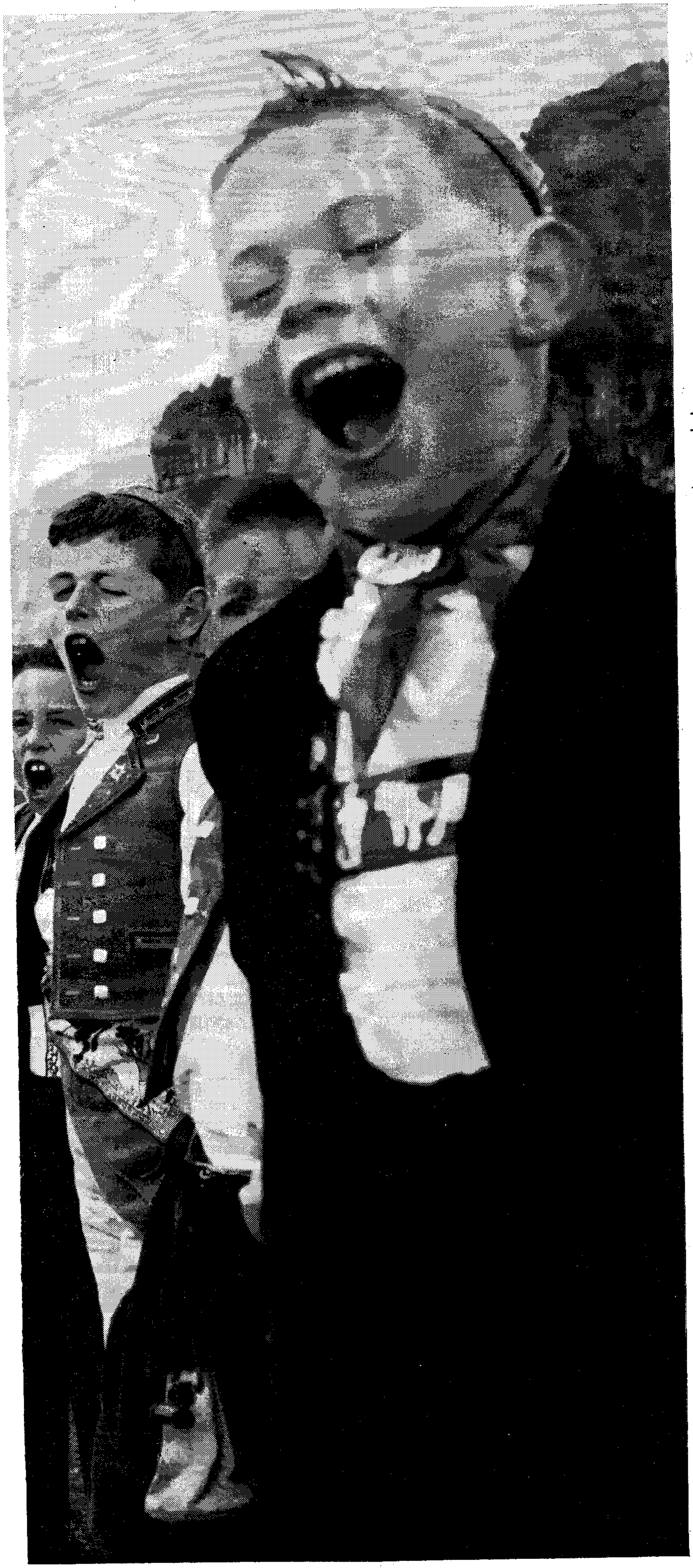

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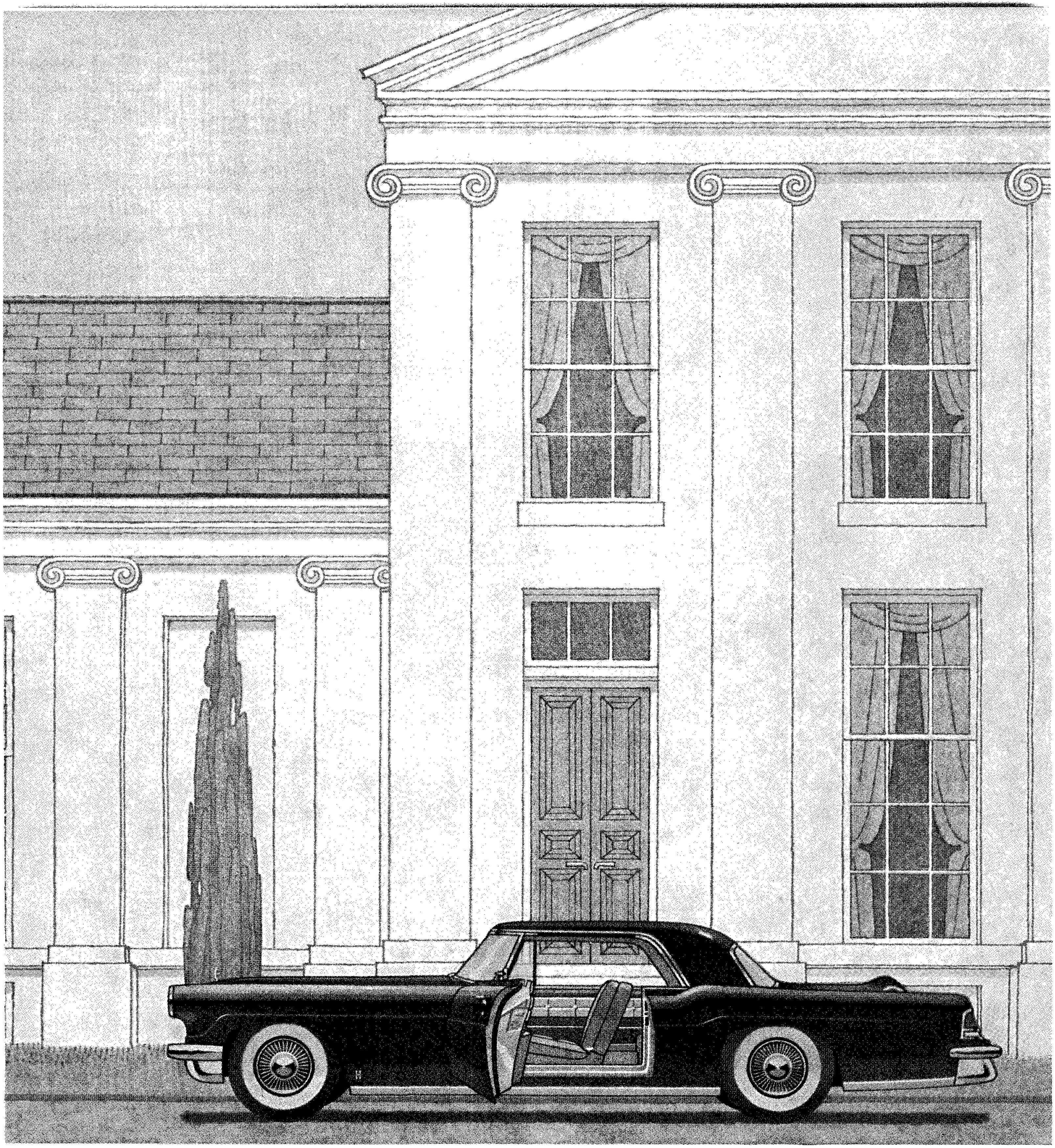

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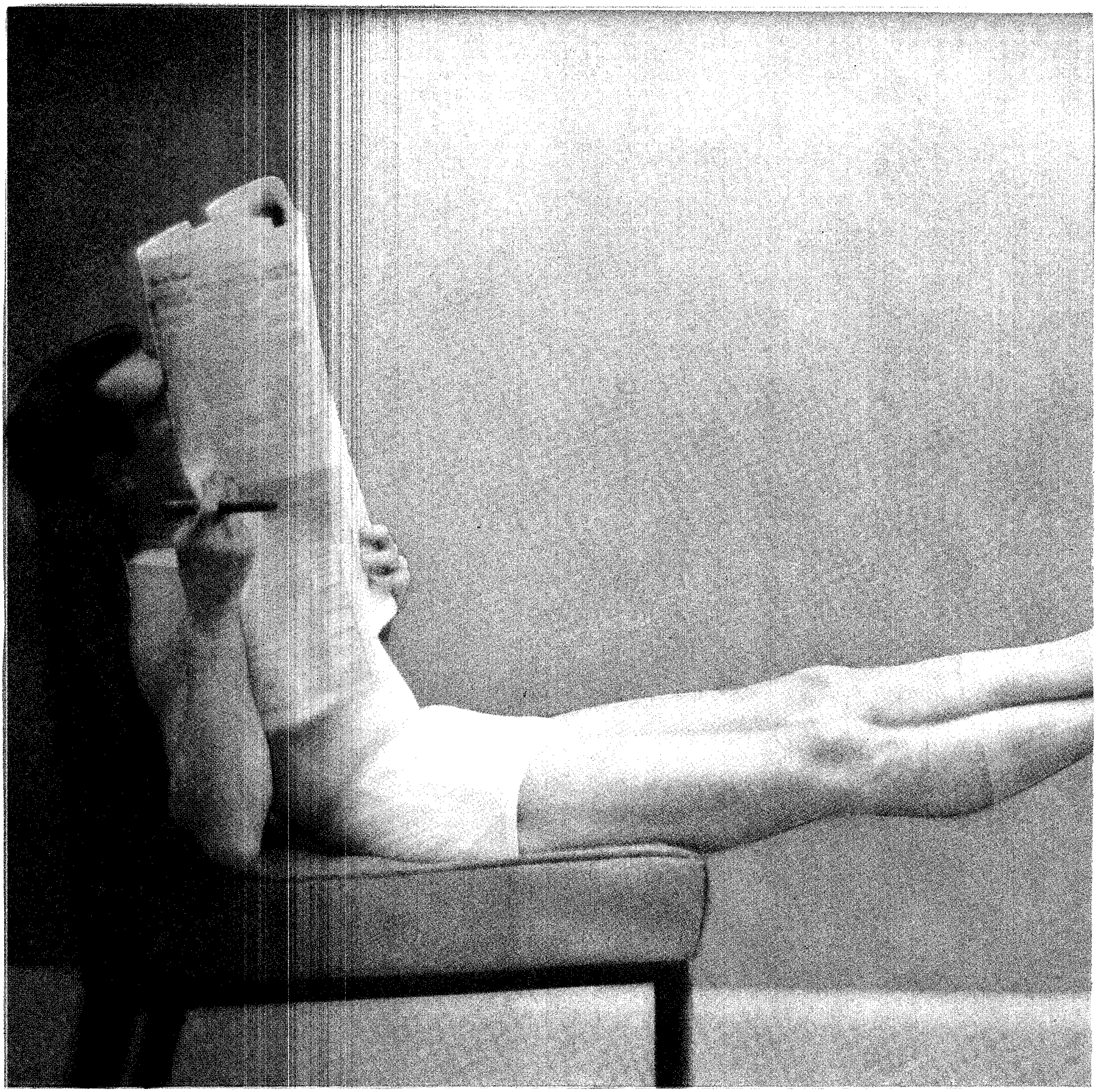
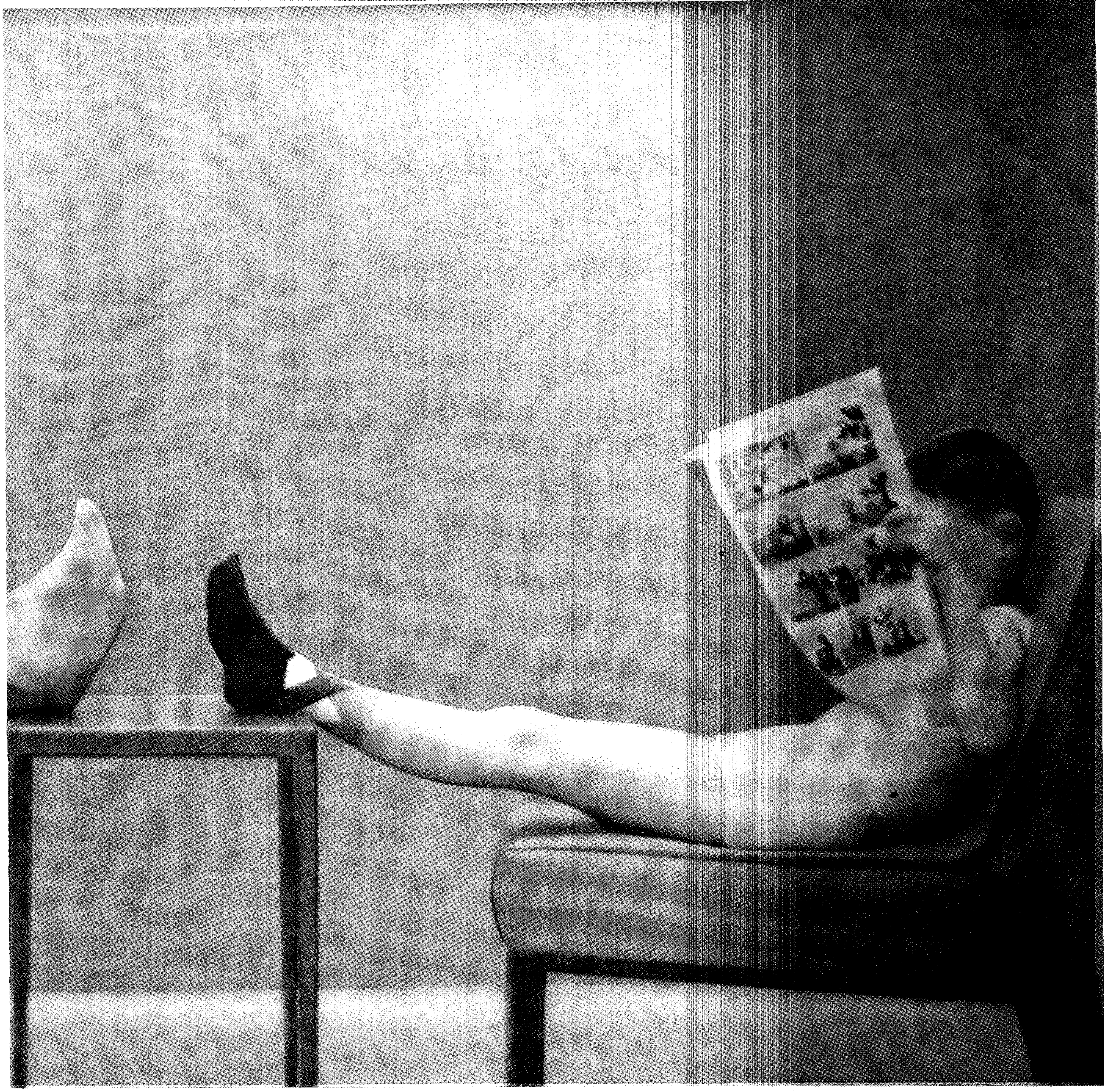


man, what comfort…in



nylon socks and underwear that STRETCH

Nothing like stretch nylon for letting 'em relax! Socks and underwear fit better, so a fellow just naturally feels better. (Unrumpled ankles make him look better, too!) Stretch processes mean more uses for today's stronger, better nylon yarn. Right now, a good share of that yarn is the product of a new maker, a new standard of perfection, a new and completely integrated plant. The new brand: *Chemstrand nylon.*

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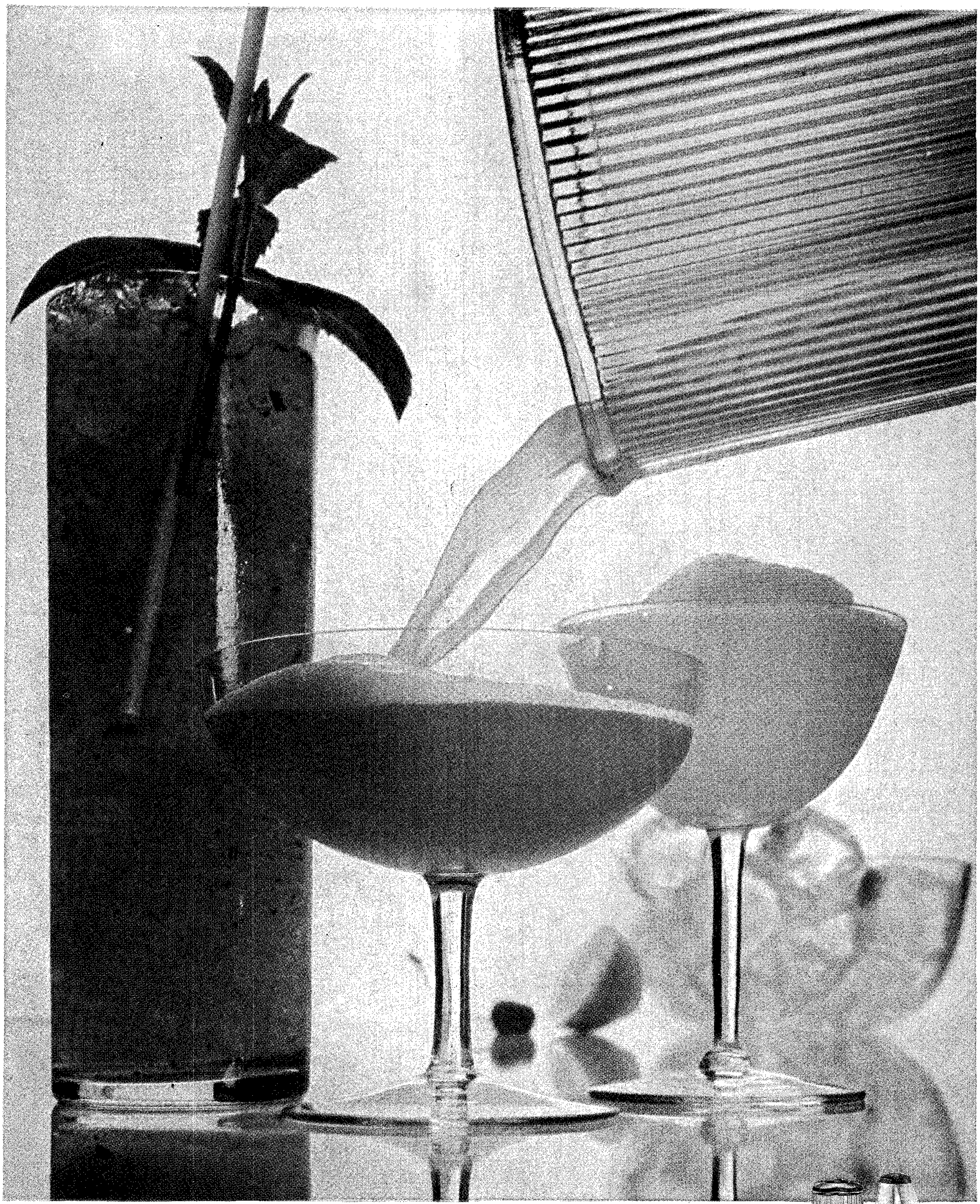
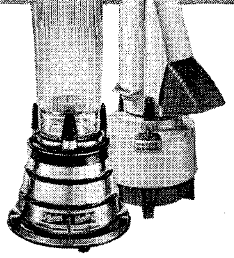


Done...in two shakes of a Waring Blendor

The Lady is divine, the Daiquiri exquisitely appointed, the Julep so easy. Cooling drinks ready in seconds with the Waring Blendor and the Ice Jet ice crusher attachment. A bevy of milk beverages for the kids, a covey of sauces and toppings—a profusion of unusual appetizers and desserts—in fact, the most of everything most delectable comes true with the Waring Blendor. WARING PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 25 W. 43rd St., New York City 36.



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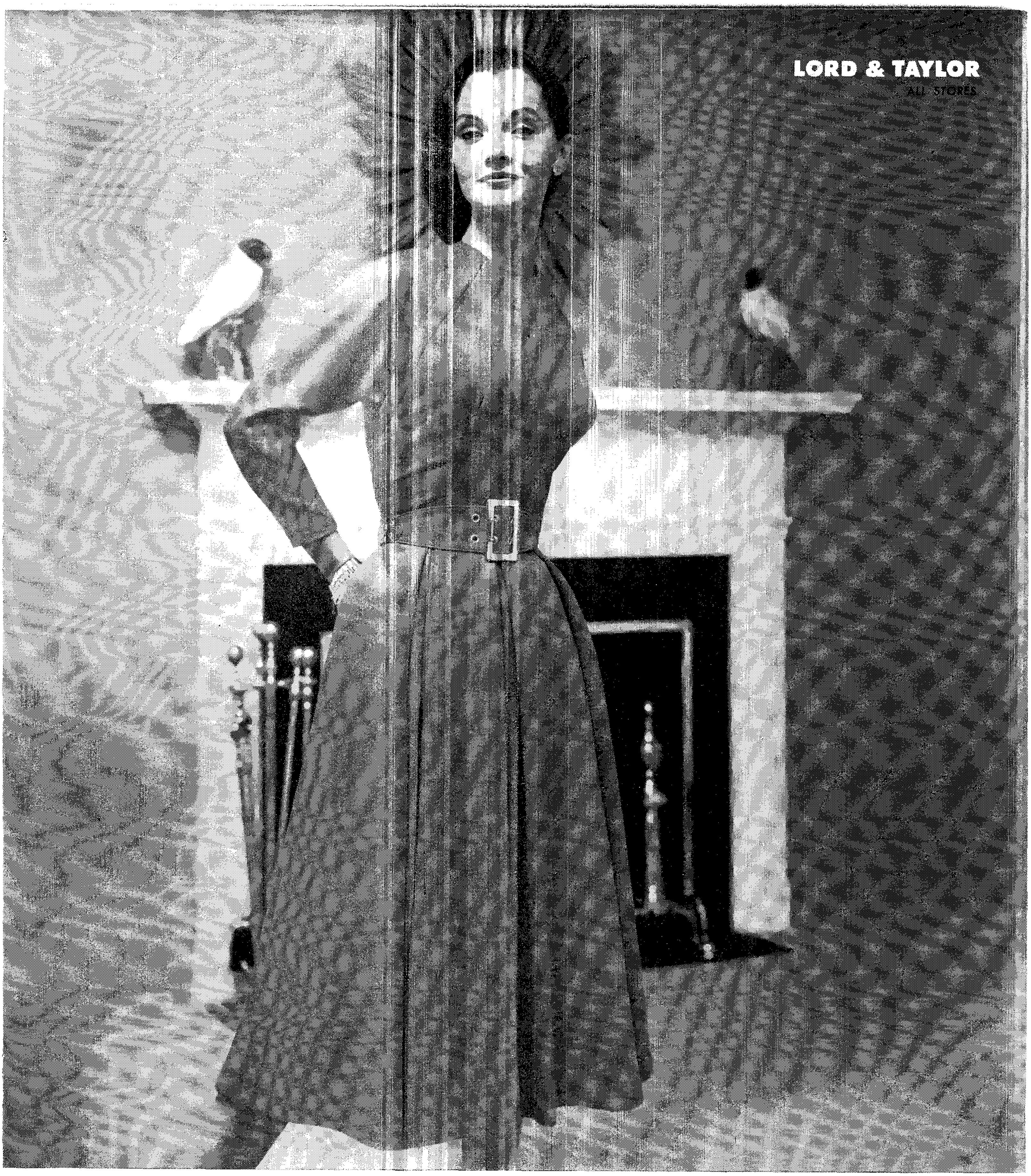

Parade designs a frankly flattering, definitely feminine dress to go happily wherever you go. The fabric, a soft drift of luxury, is a rich-textured, care-free blend of wool and wonderful V*icara* fiber. Red, blue, green. Sizes 8 to 16. 39.95.

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NEW YORK • PARIS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

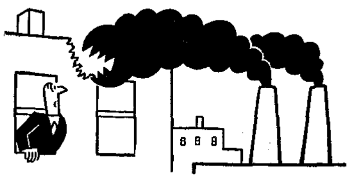
THE new, smaller taxicab, designed to accommodate prairie dogs and circus midgets, not only causes great physical pain to people with back trouble and makes pretty women look like freaks when they attempt to get in and out but is a poor vehicle to deliver a baby in. We have this on the word of a lady doctor who was called on to do it the other night. She was on duty in the emergency room of one of the large hospitals when a new, smaller cab drove up and discharged a big old husband, who was screaming. His wife was having a baby in the cab. The doctor wrapped the husband's head in swaddling clothes to quiet things down a bit and then tended the mother and child inside the cab. She reports that even the old, large, comparatively sensible cab was no bargain as the setting for an emergency delivery, and that the new, smaller, prairie-dog cab, with its handy ashtrays and de-luxe crash board, is an obstetrical nightmare. She says she was shaken by the ordeal. The birth was successful, and the husband has been released on good conduct. The cab situation is unchanged and will remain so until someone designs a lower, smaller, smoother, more modern cab with doors so low and so narrow that a pregnant woman will necessarily be prevented from getting in and making a fool of herself on the back seat.

No Smoke

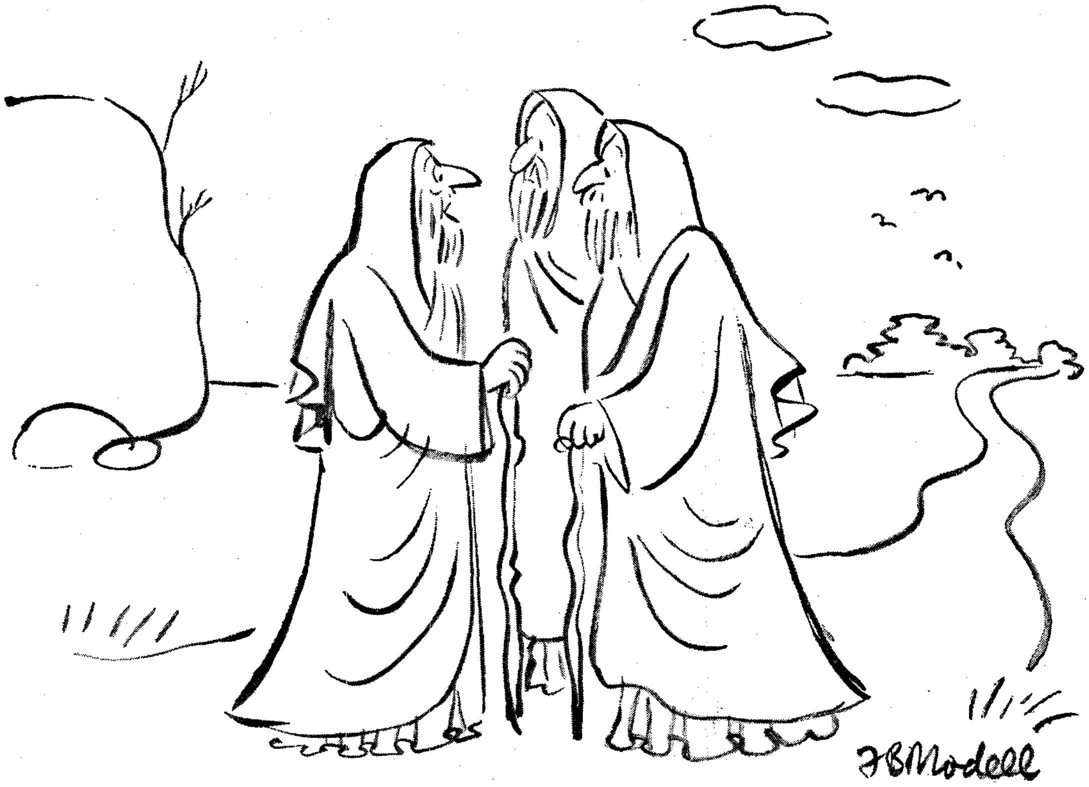
KNOW what week this is? Anthracite Week. (It's also National Sweater Week and Constitution Week, but a man can only live a week at a time.) Little did we guess when we were a boy back home, watching bright chunks of coal go roaring down a battered, shiny chute into our cellar, that we'd ever be celebrating Anthracite Week in New York. Seven whole days in which to sit around and think about coal! Hard coal, that is; bituminous can find a week of its own. The fact is we've done anthracite something of a silent injustice all these years by assuming that it had gone out of fashion as a local fuel; we'd have said that it was as dated as Moxie. Quite the contrary. Possibly a million and a half New York houses and no telling how many thousands of office buildings, loft buildings, apartment buildings, schools, hospitals, and the like are heated by anthracite. Moreover, though it's true that anthracite sales gradually dropped off here for the past couple of decades, the tide appears to have turned; so far this year, sales are a handsome twelve per cent above last year. How come? The coal men at the Anthracite Information Bureau, to whom we presented our compliments on their glorious week of weeks, assured us that there were a variety of reasons, all good. For one thing, anthracite coal is mined inside our own borders, and is therefore unaffected by troubled conditions abroad. (The anthracite people don't like to be too harsh on rival fuels, and the words "oil" and "Suez" were charitably skirted.) For another thing, coal furnaces have been improved to the point where they're just about as automatic as o-l and g-s furnaces; in some places, even the ashes can be disposed of automatically. Last but not least, anthracite not only is as economical as other fuels burned here but is said to be a lot healthier. "An increasing awareness of the danger of polluted air has proved an important factor in our present favorable picture," one of the Bureau men told us, in the measured tones of a man in white. "Any kind of fuel can be burned without causing pollution, provided it's carefully watched, but anthracite needs no watching whatever, because, being practically pure carbon and having practically no volatile matter, it can't be *made* to smoke."

"Five hundred and seventy-six New York City schools burn anthracite," said another Bureau man. "I call that good citizenship as well as good sense. If schools consent to pollute the air, what can we expect of ordinary businesses? The average person breathes about thirty-four pounds of air a day. We insist on pure food and water, so why not insist on pure air as well?"

"Some of the types of fuel—I won't mention any names—coming in here from outside the country have a sulphur content of over three per cent," the first Bureau man said. "Dr. Greenburg, Commissioner of Air Pollution Control, is trying to get the city to limit the sulphur content of fuel to one per cent. I'm glad to say that anthracite has a good fraction less than that. Sulphur is discharged from our smokestacks in the form of sulphur dioxide and has a terribly corrosive effect on buildings, so you can imagine the effect it must be having on us poor human beings. Five thousand cold-water flats in this city must be equipped with central heating by 1958. We're hoping that most of them will be heated with anthracite."



"Many of our best restaurants use anthracite for grilling meats," the second Bureau man said. "Why? Because it's so nice and clean. Gage & Tollner's has been using anthracite since 1879. We have an anthracite briquette on the market, for back-yard grilling. The



"No, thanks, fellows. I think I'll stay home tonight and curl up with a good scroll."

briquettes come in a box, and all you do is light the box. No fuss, no dust."

"Not that anthracite is what you'd call *dusty*," his colleague put in at once. "We've even had jewelry made of it, to show how clean it is." He handed us a pair of cuff links fashioned from polished anthracite nuggets and silver wire, and splendid-looking objects they were. "We also make and sell coal-and-silver tie clips, bracelets, and earrings," he said. "Most of our anthracite comes from an area in northeastern Pennsylvania that covers four hundred and eighty-four square miles and is one of the biggest beds of anthracite on earth. We've been burning the stuff in this country for well over a hundred and fifty years and we've got known reserves that will last a hundred and seventy-five more. It was good enough for our grandfathers and it's good enough for us. No fuel like an old—"

"Now, now, none of that," said the second Bureau man. "Not even in Anthracite Week."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Pax, described by its makers as "The Game of the Century," has been marked down by B. Altman's from ten dollars to two dollars and ninety-five cents.

Ticket Office

JAPAN AIR LINES has just opened a ticket office on the Promenade at Rockefeller Center. The office, an airy, white-walled room that resembles no ticket office we'd ever seen before and is beautiful simply as so much enclosed space, is the handiwork of our old friend Junzo Yoshimura, who also designed the Japanese house in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art and who, when we had a hurried walk-and-talk with him last March, was busy designing a restaurant and additional tourist accommodations for the Motel on the Mountain, at Suffern. Yoshimura has since returned to Japan, and the construction of the ticket office has been supervised by two architects who were associated with him in designing it—Antonin Raymond and L. L. Rado. When we went up to inspect the place, a day or so before it was opened, we were lucky enough to be shown about by Mr. Raymond, one of the most distinguished of contemporary architects, who is said to know more about Japanese architecture than any other man in the West. Mr. Raymond accompanied Frank Lloyd Wright to Tokyo in 1920 and assisted him in the construction of the Imperial Hotel there; he has spent much of the succeeding thirty-five years in Japan, both as a practicing architect and as a teacher of architects. Indeed, Yoshimura was among the young men whom Raymond taught, and it was easy to see, in the course of our visit to the ticket office, how proud the teacher was of one of his star pupils.

A slender, vigorous-looking man in his middle sixties, Raymond greeted us in front of half a dozen long blue banners screening the entrance to a back room. "These are *noren*," he said, stroking the smooth cloth. "Good-luck banners, which hang in the entrances of eating shops in Japan. Usually, they'll have an ancient poem on them; at the same time, they're useful for keeping away flies." He glanced around the room. "Junzo has done a wonderful job," he said. "Still, you must understand that nothing here is truly Japanese. Having been made in this country, how could it be? The basic difference between our architecture and that of Japan is philosophical and can be detected in what seem the merest trifles." He pointed to some pebbles in the basin of a fountain at one side of the room. "In architecture, as in all other things, the Oriental strives to be in harmony with nature, not to dominate it. Those pebbles there—they are pretty, they will do, but they were never chosen by a man who looks upon his personality as an embarrassing idiosyncrasy. In Japan, each pebble would have been chosen to match the others in color, size, and shape. Each pebble would have expressed the universal, not the individual. Or take that wooden screen there. Fine wood, the best Sitka spruce, straight-grained and as close as we could come to Japanese cypress. But, alas, it has been sadly violated by nails and sandpaper. Japanese carpenters never use nails in traditional buildings. How can you keep in harmony with nature when you drive metal into wood? The proper way to join wood is with wooden pegs. As for sandpaper!" Raymond threw up his hands in despair. "A Japanese carpenter doesn't bruise the wood with abrasives; he smooths it with a plane that he has made himself. Perhaps it is because he shows such respect for his materials that a carpenter in Japan is so respected. No one can touch the Japanese when it comes to the ancient crafts. Yet what they're most eager to learn is, of course, Western technology and Western ways. When I first went to Japan, all they wanted to hear about was Western architecture. Would you believe it, not a single school in the country taught Japanese architecture! Now, fortunately, they have come around to teaching their own as well as ours."

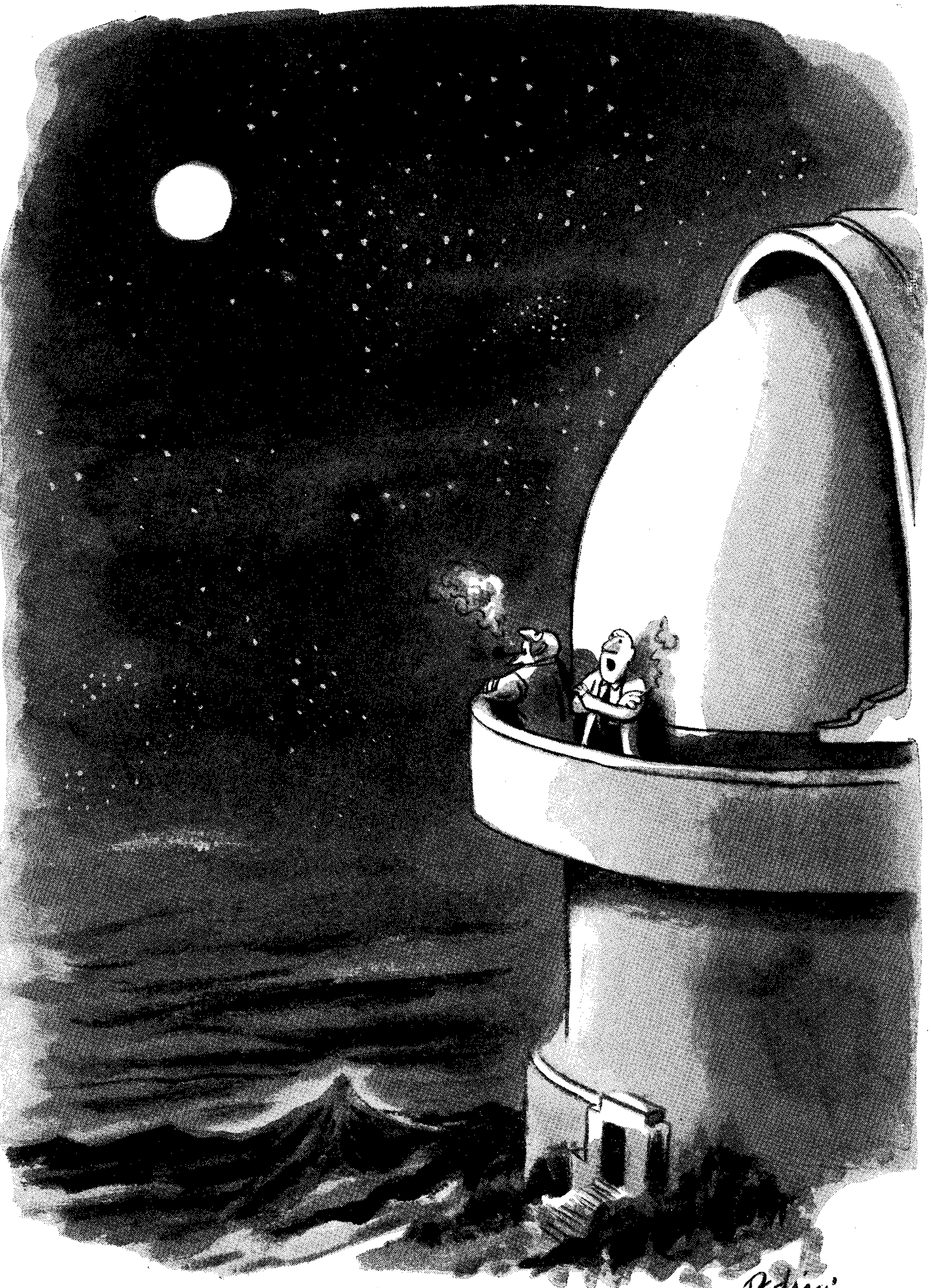
Raymond led the way to the fountain and stood admiring it. "Yes, Junzo has made a nice departure here," he said. "A fountain is traditional in Japan; water is one of the major elements of Japanese architecture. But instead of having water run down over the customary large stones, you see how Junzo has made these abstract metal forms serve as symbols of stones? Quite original. And wise, too, for really good stones are hard to come by in these parts. This should be a delightful place to transact business. A clerk will sit here"—he seated himself at one of four small round tables in the room—"and a customer will sit beside him, precisely as though he were in his own living room. Charming." Raymond's face softened and seemed about to break into a smile; a moment later, he clapped his hands to his ears with a look of pain, for from somewhere beyond the banners came the unmistakable sound of a carpenter violating wood with a hammer and nails.

Turn About

YOU need to know—and doubtless you would have guessed—that the background of the following event is a household in which psychology is freely discussed. Very well. Irritated for a number of reasons, among them the racket her eleven-year-old daughter and ten-year-old son were making, the lady of the house packed them off to bed fifteen minutes sooner than usual. Just before retiring, her daughter handed her this holograph:

DEAR MOTHER:

I think it's about time you made an apology to me and Earl. Imagine putting us in bed at 8:45! Being mean will get you no where, being mean to others when you're mean at yourself is noway to solve a



"I've learned one thing about the universe. There's no money in astronomy."

problem. I'd like to help you if you'd only let me.

Voice of Dogdom

"WE'RE the voice that speaks for America's twenty-two and a half million dogs," Mr. Walter Kendall, president of the National Dog Welfare Guild, said when we had a chat with him at the Biltmore last Saturday—which, by all that's holy, turned out to be just eight days before the opening of National Dog Week. "We sponsor National Dog Week; advocate good laws for dogs and fight unfair ones (in a certain city—I won't say which—it was legal to shoot a dog that walked across your property, until we got that law changed); encourage people to adopt homeless dogs (fifteen thousand were adopted as a result of Adopt-a-Dog Day during last year's National Dog Week); try to expand basic knowledge of specific dog diseases, such as rabies; make an effort to teach the dog-owner his responsibility to the non-dog-owner (a dog-owner should keep his dog at home and not let it run around his neighbor's garden); get leash-your-dog laws passed, so that the tramp dog won't give Fido a bad name; and, in general, work tirelessly to better the welfare of all dogs—mongrels as well as champions. We do this mostly through literature and television. We have an office here, run by an executive secretary. I live in Los Angeles and fly here several times a year for directors' meetings. We have an excellent advisory committee—Fannie Hurst, Lauritz Melchior, Lowell Thomas, Gene Tunney, and other fine people. Our honorary national chairman last year was Guy Lombardo. The year before, it was Ed Sullivan, and in 1953 it was Bob Hope."

"Who is it this year?" we asked.

"Admiral Byrd," Mr. Kendall said. "He speaks very highly of sled dogs. My wife and I have travelled all over the United States and Central America, and we've been to Nassau, noticing dogs wherever we go."

The Guild's president, a youthful-looking, bespectacled, mustached man in his late sixties, was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, the son of a broker. He himself ran a brokerage firm in Portland, Oregon, between 1916 and 1934. "I was always fond of dogs, and bred them," he said. "In 1934, I abandoned finance for the dog-food business. I organized Kendall Foods, of which I'm chairman of the board, and later moved it from Portland, Oregon, to Los Angeles. We're now a subsidiary of Standard Brands. We make an unusual biscuit. It comes in five shapes and colors and flavors. The meat-flavored biscuit is brown and square, the vegetable-flavored green and diamond-shaped, the charcoal-flavored black and oval, the ginger-flavored tan and triangular, the cheese-flavored yellow and round. They're known as Walter Kendall Fives. They're full of cod-liver oil. A friend of mine whose daughter wanted to eat some asked her doctor's opinion. He had a biscuit analyzed and said, 'Your dog is being fed better than your child.' The biscuits are a perfectly balanced diet for man or beast."

We asked Mr. Kendall what kinds of dogs he had bred, and he said, "English bull terriers, cocker spaniels, collies, and pointers. In 1930, I took up with a Scottish terrier, and now I have only Scottish terriers. Five of them—Killiecrankie MacTavish, Mar-Elis' Make Mine Manhattan, Glendoune Gay Gilda, and two puppies. Last year, at the Westminster Kennel Show, Make Mine Manhattan won Best-of-Winners among Scottish terriers. We owe so much to dogs. They give so much. You just don't know what they do for family life—teach the child responsibility, and so on. And where there are no children, they contribute so much and ask so little. When you leave your dog, he doesn't know whether you are ever coming back. That's why the little fellow is so exuberant when you *do* come back. We're doing our best for them in the Guild. It's a very wonderful movement. I'm awfully proud to be identified with it."

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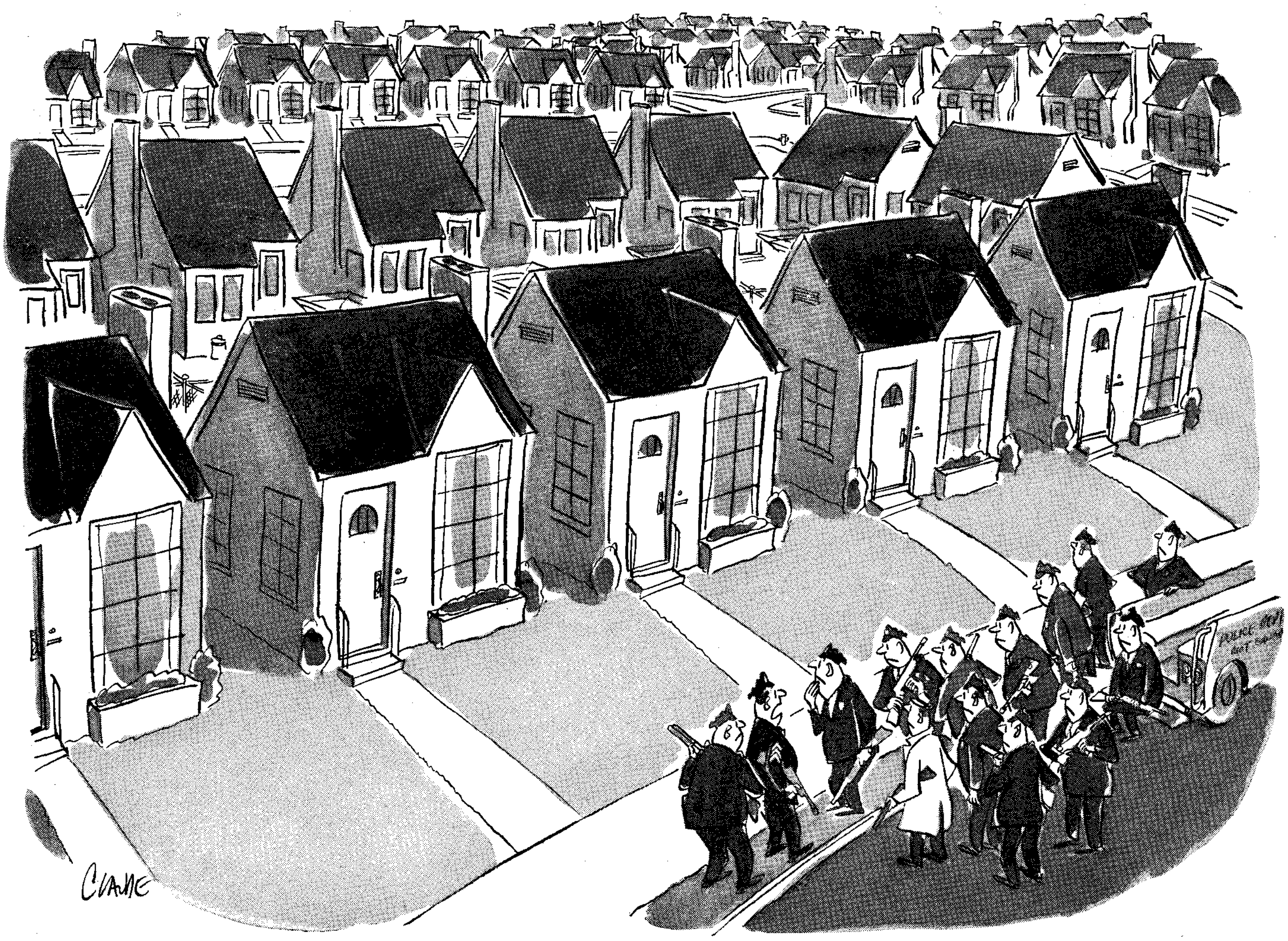
OVERHEARD at Stouffer's Fifty-seventh Street restaurant, one of a flowery-dressed twosome to waitress: "I'll have a bourbon-on-the-rocks, and my friend the Duchess will have Southern Comfort and 7-Up."

LONG ISLAND POTATOES 25¢

Set Free

WHAT a week for Weeks! Anthracite Week this week, Dog Week next week, and "Saint Joan" Week (or so it seemed) last week. In any case, the play had hardly opened at the Phoenix before we were being told about a forthcoming movie version. And what a soft touch we are! One minute, we were sitting at our desk with every intention of remaining there; the next, we were on our way to the Ambassador, to listen to a lot of pretty young girls babbling lines from Shaw's hardy perennial—simply because a man we've never seen and probably never *will* see got our ear by phone and announced that Otto Preminger had undertaken to produce and direct a movie based on the Shaw play; that Mr. Preminger was that day beginning a six-week search for an actress to play the lead; and that in the course of the search he would (here the flack's voice reverently dropped) "personally audition" no fewer than three thousand girls, in twenty cities in the United States, Canada, and Europe. We learned, further, that the girls were the winnowing of some eight hundred thousand applicants who had filled out entry blanks placed in fifteen thousand theatres on two continents. "We could have run the figures way up by smothering Latin America and the Far East with blanks," the flack said, candidly baring a soiled trick of his trade, "but O.P. insisted on making it one of the conditions that the winner be able to speak English. Otherwise, the contest was open to any female between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two who submitted a photograph of herself and was capable of learning a few lines from the play. O.P.'s staff went through all the photographs and weeded out any chicks who looked obviously unsuitable—for instance, cuties in bras and panties who were tied to a stake and making like Joan in flames. Two hundred candidates were chosen from the Greater New York area, and O.P. is spending the day at the Ambassador auditioning them. Come and see."

Up to the Ambassador we went, and saw. Squeezing through a couple of anterooms packed with assorted Joans, mothers of Joans, and agents of Joans, we entered a room that had been divided in two by screens. On the near side of the screens sat a dozen more



"What d'ya mean you're not sure?"

• •

Joans, some of them studying the Penguin edition of the play, others fumbling vacantly with their shiny ponytails. From behind the screens we heard a clear soprano voice cry out, "Perpetual imprisonment! Am I not then to be set free?" One of O.P.'s myrmidons sidled up to us with the news that his master had already listened to close to a hundred girls without a break and was still listening to each new Joan as if she were a veritable Bergman. "An iron constitution!" the myrmidon said. "Any other producer would be dead, taking such punishment."

We stepped around the screens and came on the Joan of the moment, who, in blouse, trousers, and Capezios, was striking a pose on a temporary platform covered with red velvet. A young man was perched on the edge of the platform, book in hand, prompting the girl, while the iron O.P. sat chewing his thumb in a corner of the room, apparently absorbed in the performance. After the girl had recited five or six sides, O.P. cut in with "Thank you. Thank you very much. Next, please," and turned to whisper comments to an assistant, who sat beside him taking notes. For some reason, the next Joan kicked off her shoes before starting her lines. As she wound up the "perpetual imprisonment" passage, O.P. asked her where she had studied acting.

"At the Royal Academy and with Uta Hagen," the girl said.

"And your age?" asked O.P.

"Twenty-two," she said, and then, with a look of anguish that made her for the first time seem a real Joan, blurted out, "No, twenty-three. Twenty-three on Monday. But I was twenty-two when I signed the blank."

"Perfectly all right," said O.P., with a benign smile. "Next, please."

The girl put her shoes on and vanished behind the screens. As we followed her, we heard still another clear soprano voice cry out, "Perpetual imprisonment! Am I not then to be set free?" We thought of the twenty-nine hundred times that O.P. had yet to hear that question, and we wondered how long it would be before he felt that it was rightly his to ask, not Joan's. There must be easier ways to make a movie, and maybe Shaw in Heaven wishes he were here to point them out.

Lapse

A ROBOT enthusiast we know managed to worm his way into the Univac room of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company down on Twenty-third Street the other day, and found three big contraptions busily turning out all kinds of clerical information about Metropolitan policyholders. Everything clicked along perfectly for a while, with each Univac disgorging Lord knows how many typewritten sheets a minute, and then something suddenly went wrong with Univac No. 3. In a trice, the faulty mechanical marvel had produced twenty-five pages of zeros. When our friend asked the lady in charge of the Univac what had happened, she shrugged her shoulders and murmured, "Tilt, I think."

MISS WAPSHOT

Miss Honora Wapshot's bedroom is pleasant. Its walls are painted a light blue. The high, slender posts of her bed support a bare wooden frame that is meant to support, in turn, a canopy. The family has urged her to have this frame removed, because it has fallen several times and might crash down in the middle of the night and brain the old lady while she dreams. She has not heeded these warnings and sleeps peacefully in her Damoclean antique.

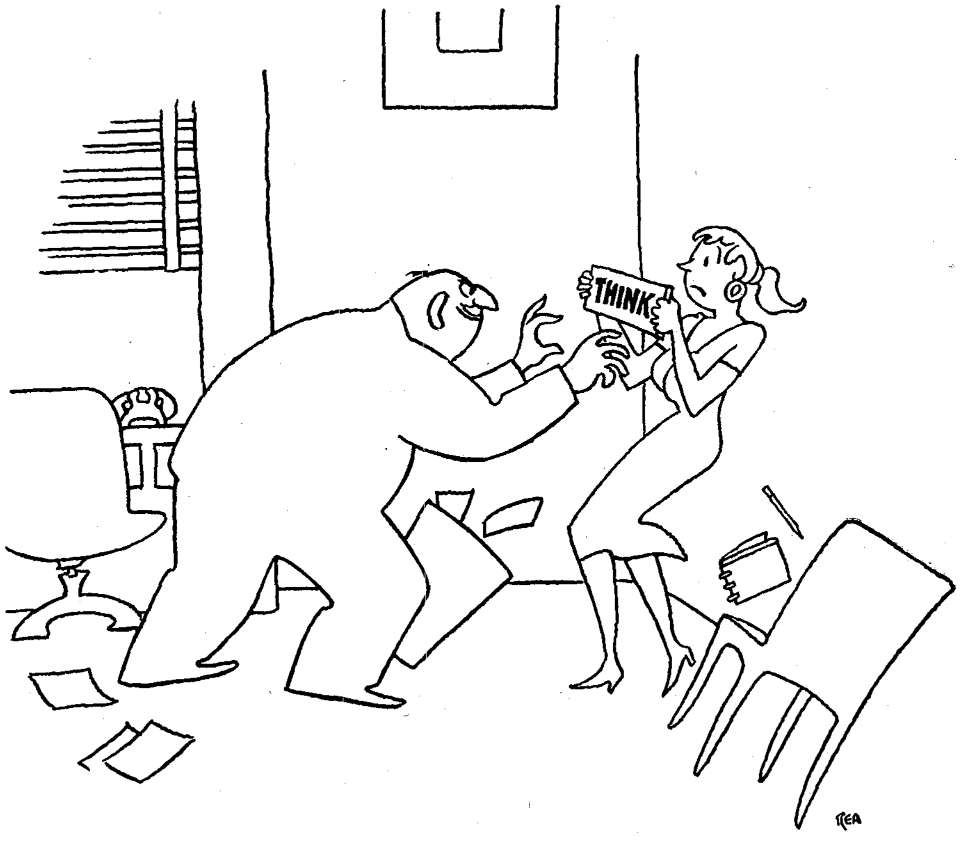
Honora is waked this morning by the whistling of the seven-eighteen as it comes into the station, and, still half asleep, she mistakes this sound for the trumpeting of an angel. She is very religious and has joined with enthusiasm and parted with bitterness from nearly every religious organization in Travertine and St. Botolph's. Hearing the train, she sees in her mind an angel in snowy robes with a slender trumpet. She has been called, she thinks cheerfully. She has been summoned to some unusual task. She always expected as much. She rises up on her pillows to hear the message, and the train hoots again. The image of a locomotive replaces the angel, but she is not very disappointed. She gets out of bed, dresses, and sniffs the air, which seems to smell of lamb chops. She goes down to breakfast with a good appetite. She walks with a stick.

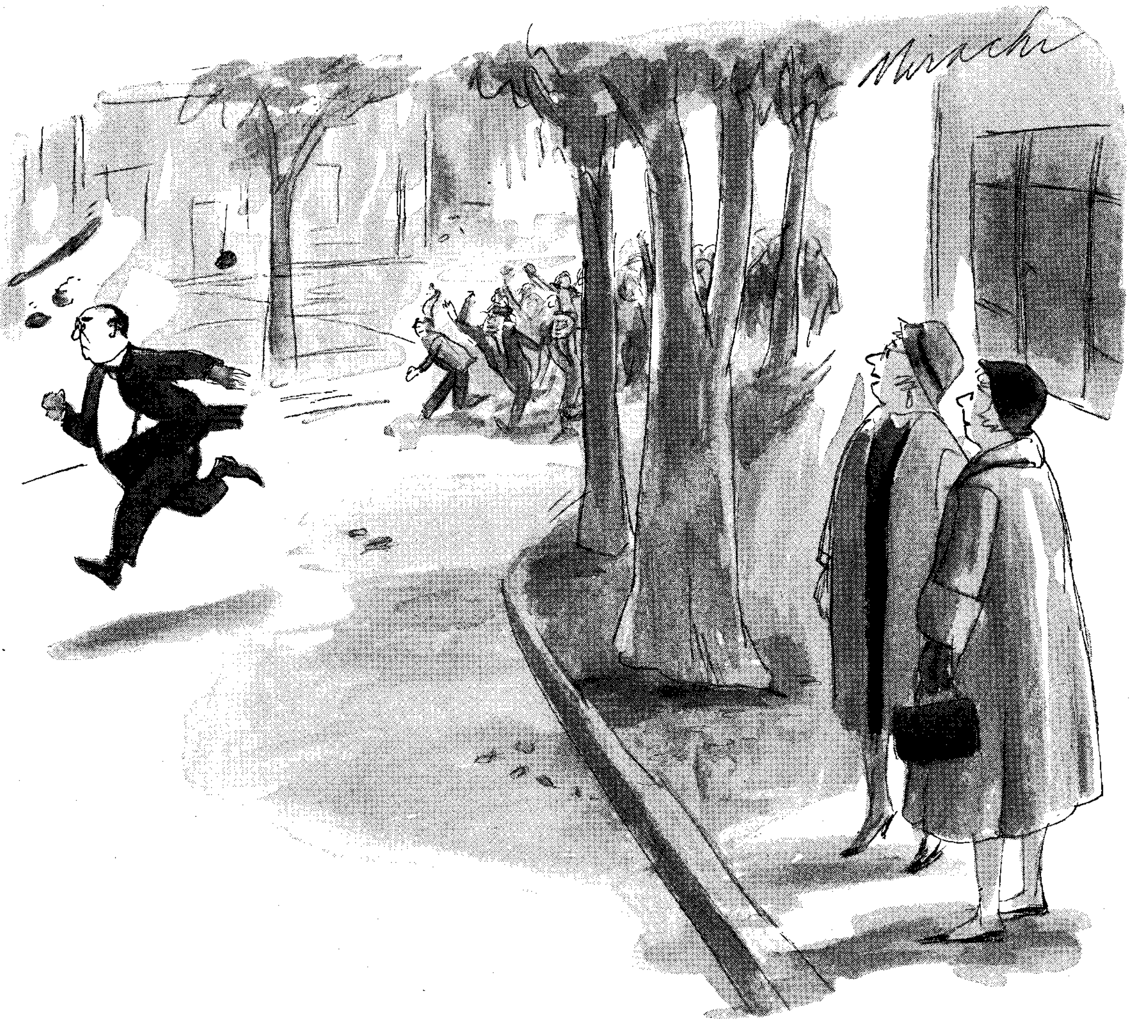
A fire is burning in her dining room this September morning, and she warms her hands at this to get the chill of age out of her bones. Maggie, her cook, brings a covered dish to the table, and Honora, expecting lamb chops, is disappointed to discover a perch. This makes her very irritable—for she is subject to severe attacks of irritability, night sweats, and other forms of nervousness. She does not have to admit these infirmities, for if she feels out of sorts, she can throw a dish at her cook. She bangs the metal cover against the platter now, like a cymbal, and when Maggie comes into the room she exclaims, "Perch. What ever made you think I wanted perch for breakfast? Perch. Take it away. Take it away and cook me some bacon and eggs, if it's not too much trouble." Maggie removes the fish and sighs, but not with any real despair. She is used to this treatment. People often ask why Maggie remains with Honora. Maggie is not dependent on Honora—she could get a better job tomorrow—and she does not love her. She has been in love, and what she seems to recognize in the old lady is some naked human force.

Maggie cooks bacon and eggs, and brings them to the table. She hears the mailman's step on the walk, and the letters fall through the brass slot and spill onto the floor. She picks up the mail—there are a dozen letters—and puts them on the table beside Honora's plate. Honora hardly glances at her mail. There may be letters here from old friends, checks from the Appleton Trust Company, bills, pleas, and invitations. No one will ever know. Honora glances at the pile of envelopes, picks them up, and throws them into the fire. Admiring that which is most easily understood, we may long for the image of some gentle old woman, kind to her servant and opening her letters with a silver knife, but how much more poetry there is to Honora, casting off the claims of life the instant they are made. When she has stowed away her breakfast, she gets up and calls over her shoulder to Maggie, "I'll be in the garden if anyone wants me."

Mark, her gardener, is already at work. He comes to work at seven. "Good morning, Mark," Honora says gaily, though Mark is deaf and dumb. Before she employed Mark, Honora ran through every gardener in the village. The one before Mark was an Italian, who behaved badly. He threw down his rake and shouted, "She'sa no good working for you, Missa Honora! She'sa no good. She'sa planta this, she'sa pullupa that, she'sa changes her mind every five minutes, she'sa no good." When he finished, he put on his coat and hat and flung himself out of the garden, leaving Honora in tears. Maggie took the old lady in her arms, saying, "You mustn't pay any attention to him, Miss Wapshot. Everybody knows what a wonderful woman you are." Mark, being deaf, is protected from Honora's interference, and when she tells him to move all the rosebushes, she might as well be talking to a stone.

It is hard for Honora to get down on her knees, but she does, and works in her garden until the middle of the morning. Then she goes into the house quietly, washes her hands, gets a hat, gloves, and a bag, and goes out through her garden to the Four Corners, where she catches a bus to Travertine. Whether this fairly stealthy departure is calculated or not, no one will ever know. If Honora asks people for tea and is not home when they, wearing their best clothes, arrive, she has not consciously done something that will make them feel ill at ease; she has simply acted characteristically. At any rate, a few minutes after she leaves her garden a trust officer of the Appleton bank rings her front doorbell. Honora has not signed





"Why, it's Senator Matson! I heard he was back home to mend his fences."

a form approving the bank's management of her financial affairs. The trust officer has been told not to leave St. Botolph's until he has her signature. He rings the doorbell for some time before Maggie throws open a window and tells him that Miss Wapshot is in the garden. Talking with Mark is hopeless, of course, and when the trust officer rings the doorbell again, Maggie shouts at him, "If she ain't in the garden, I don't know where she's at, but she might be at the farm where the other Wapshots live. That's over on Route 40. A big house beside the river." The trust officer starts for Route 40 just as Honora boards the bus for Travertine.

Honora doesn't put a dime into the fare box, like the rest of the passengers. As she says, she can't be bothered. She sends the transportation company a check for twenty dollars each Christmas. They've written her, telephoned her, and sent representatives to her house, but they've got nowhere. The bus is decrepit, and the seats and several of the windows are held together with friction tape. Jarring and rattling, it gives, for a vehicle, an impression of unusual frailty. This is one of those lines that seem to carry the leftovers of the world—sweet-natured but browbeaten women shoppers, hunchbacks, and drunks. Honora looks out the window, at the river and the houses—at those poignant landscapes against which she has played out most of her life and where she is known as the Wonderful Honora, the Splendid Honora, the Grand Honora Wapshot. When the bus stops in Travertine, she gets off and goes up the street to Mr. Hiram's fish market. Mr. Hiram is in back, opening a crate of salt fish. Honora goes around and behind the counter to where there is a small tank of sea water for lobsters. She puts down her bag and stick, rolls up one sleeve, and plunges her hand into the tank, coming up with a good four-pound lobster just as Mr. Hiram walks in from the back. "Put that down, Miss Honora!" he shouts. "They ain't pegged. They ain't pegged yet!"

"Well, they don't seem to be doing me any harm," says Honora. "Just get me a paper bag."

"George Wolf just brought them in," says Mr. Hiram, scurrying around for a paper bag, "and if one of those four-pounders took ahold of you, you could lose a finger."

He holds the paper bag open, and Honora drops the lobster into it, turns, and plunges her hand into the tank again. Mr. Hiram sighs, but Honora comes up quickly with another lobster and gets it into the bag. When she has paid Mr. Hiram, she carries her lobsters out to the street and walks to the corner where the bus is waiting to pick up passengers for St. Botolph's. She hands the bag of lobsters to the bus driver. "Here," she says. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

She starts for the drygoods store, but as she walks by the five-and-ten, the smell of frankfurters draws her in. She sits at the lunch counter. "Your frankfurters smell so delicious," she tells the waitress, "that I can't resist having one." She eats two frankfurters and a dish of ice cream. "That was delicious," she tells the counter girl, and gathers up her things. Starting down the street again toward the bus stop, she notices the sign above the Neptune movie theatre: "ROSE OF THE WEST." What harm can there be, she thinks, in an old lady going to a movie? But when she buys her ticket and steps into the dark, smelly theatre, she suffers all the abrasive sensations of someone forced into moral uncleanliness. She does not have the courage of her vices. It is wrong, she knows, to go into a dark place when the world outside shines with light. It is wrong, and she is a miserable sinner. She buys a box of popcorn and takes an aisle seat in the last row—a noncommittal position that seems to lighten her burden of guilt. She munches her popcorn and watches the movie suspiciously.

In the meantime, Maggie is keeping

IN INDIA

In India, the people form among the trees
With a rubbery quiet; on farthest roads
Surround you with a rubbery tread.
I stand in their circles of wonder like a light
Shining in eyes grown vague with centuries
Of stunned obedience and heartbreaking loads.
Not tall, I tower above them by a head;
Pale, I pass through their never-ending night.

A crow came to my window by the sea
At four o'clock in the Taj Mahal Hotel;
He cocked his eye and when I turned my back
Flew to my tea tray with a hideous clack
Of beak and claws, turning over the tea
And making off with the cake. The crow did well,
For down below me, where the street was black
With white-clad Hindus, what was there to take?

And foreigners say the poverty is the cause,
Thinking that gold can cure the old disease,
Thinking that oil can make the old wheel turn.
I see a new landmark on the long skyline,
An edifice of seamless stone and glass
Topped by the great word *Standard* in the skies.
Toward the Arabian Sea I watch it burn
And, being American, feel that it is mine!

And still the native voices, soft as sand,
Cry "Master, Master!" as a professional saint
Might roll his eyes and faint into his god
In the middle of traffic. Still they call aloud
"Sahib, Master!" and hold out their hand.
And lovely women with a moon of paint
Daubed on their foreheads shake hands and fade
Into silence, bowing with a praying bow.

These beautiful, small millions turn to stone
Before your eyes, become soft sculpture swarming up
The slant of temples, where their thighs protrude
Half out of joint, the angles of their arms
Twist in voluptuous torsion, and their bones
Fold into symbols pliable as rope.
The walls are sluggish with their multitude
Of gods and dancers and half-human forms.

But are they gods or droppings of the gods?
Is this the mire in which they all submerge,
This bog of holiness which ingurgitates
Prophet and hero, turning them to stone?
Which are the deities, which the human clods?
Or in this jungle do they truly merge?
And where is Reason in this hive of faith—
The one god missing from this pantheon?

I see a new god carved in fresh relief,
The brown saint in the shining spectacles
Who took the hand of the untouchables,
Who wove all India from a skein of thread.
Now he and all their spinning wheels are gone,
For a young Hindu, under whose homespun
Lay a revolver, knelt and, in good faith,
Received his blessing and then shot him dead.

—Karl Shapiro

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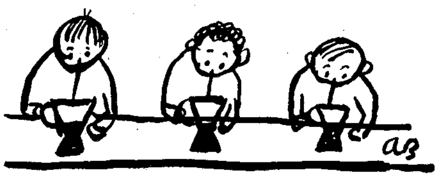
her lunch warm on the back of the stove, and her lobsters, battling for life in the paper bag, have made the trip to St. Botolph's and are now on their way back to Travertine. Mr. Burstyn, the trust officer, has driven to West Farm. Sarah Wapshot, Honora's first cousin by marriage, has been courteous and helpful. "I haven't seen Honora myself," she says, "but she's expected. She's interested in some furniture in the barn. She may be there." He walks down the driveway to the barn. Mr. Burstyn is a city boy, and the size of the barn and its powerful smells make him uneasy. A large yellow spider on the barn floor comes straight toward him, and he makes a wide circle around the insect. There is a staircase up to the loft. Two of the risers are broken, and a third is about to break, and when he gets up into the loft there is no one there, although it is hard to make sure, for the loft is lighted by a single window hung thickly with spider webs and drifted over with hayseed.

Honora sits through the movie twice. When she leaves the theatre, she feels weary and sad, like any sinner. The lobby of the theatre slopes like a kind of tunnel down toward the sidewalk. There is a small stretch here of some slippery composition stone, and on it a spot of water or moisture from the iceman's load or a child's pop bottle. Someone may even have spat. Honora slips on this and crashes down onto the stone. Her purse flies in one direction and her stick in another, and her three-cornered hat rides down over her nose. The girl, the woman—the hag, in fact—in the ticket window sees all of this, and her heart seems to stop beating, for she sees here, in the fallen old woman, the ruthlessness of time. She fumbles around for the key to the cash register and locks up the money. Then she opens the door to her little tower, sanctuary, or keep, and hurries to where Honora lies. She kneels beside her. "Oh, Miss Wapshot!" she says. "Dear Miss Wapshot!"

Honora raises herself by her arms and gets to her knees. Then, slowly, she swings her head around to this Samaritan. "Leave me alone," she says. "Please leave me alone." The voice is not harsh or imperious. It sounds small, plaintive, the voice of a child with some inner trouble; a plea for dignity. Now more and more people come to her side. Honora is still on her hands and knees. "Please leave me alone," she tells the gathering. "Please mind your own business." They recognize that what she is expressing is the privateness of pain, and



they move back. She straightens her hat and, using her stick for a support, gets to her feet. Someone hands her the purse. Her dress is torn and dirty, but she walks straight through the gathering to the corner where the bus to St. Botolph's is waiting. The driver who brought her to Travertine earlier in the day has gone home to supper and has been replaced by a young man.

"What have you done with my lobsters?" Honora asks him.

The bus driver tells her that the lobsters have been delivered, and he has the good sense not to ask for her fare. So they travel up the River Road to St. Botolph's, and Honora gets off at the Four Corners and enters her garden by the back gate.

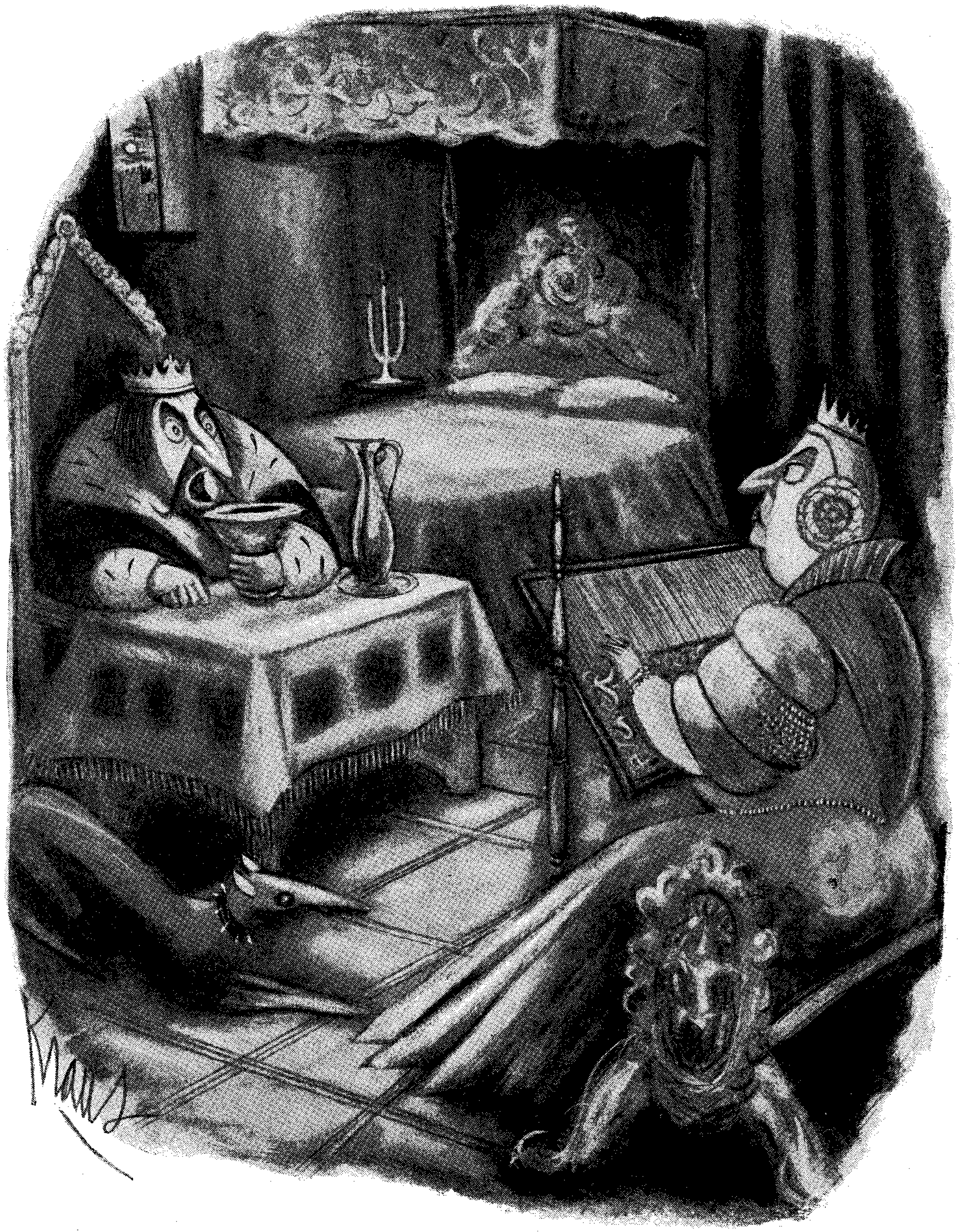
Mark has done a good job. The paths and the flower beds look neat in the twilight—for it is nearly dark. The day has pleased her, and she liked the movie. By half closing her eyes she can still see the colored plains and the Indians riding down from the butte. Her kitchen windows are lighted and open on this September night, and as she approaches the house, she sees Maggie sitting at the kitchen table with her younger sister. She hears Maggie's voice.

" 'Perch,' she says, rattling the dish cover and breathing smoke and fire. 'What ever in the world made you think I wanted perch for breakfast?' For weeks she's been telling me how she'd like a bit of perch, and I bought a couple from the little Townsend boy yesterday with my own money, and I cooked them for her nicely, and all the thanks I get is this. 'Perch,' she says. 'What ever made you think I wanted perch for breakfast!' "

Maggie is not bitter. Far from it; she and her sister are laughing uproariously at the memory of Honora, who stands now outside the lighted windows of her own house, in the dusk. "Well, then," says Maggie, "I hear Mr. MacGrath coming up the walk and putting the mail into the slot, and so I go down the hall to get her letters, and I give them to her, and you know what she does?" Maggie rocked back and forth in her chair with laughter. "She takes these letters—there must be twelve of them altogether—and throws them into the fire. Oh, Lord, she's better than a three-ring circus!"

Honora walks past the window on the soft grass, but they have not heard her; they are laughing too loudly. Halfway down the house, she stops and leans heavily, with both hands, on her cane, engrossed in an emotion so violent and so strange that she wonders if this feeling of loneliness and bewilderment is what is meant by the mysteriousness of life. Poignance seems to drench her until her knees are weak, and she yearns so earnestly for understanding that she raises her head and says half a prayer. Then she gathers her forces, enters the front door, and calls cheerfully down the hall, "It's me, Maggie." Upstairs in her bedroom, she drinks a water glass full of port, and while she is changing her clothes, the telephone rings. It is poor Mr. Burstyn, who has taken a room at the Viaduct House, which is no place for a respectable man to stay. "Well, if you want to see me, come and see me," Honora says. "I'm not very hard to find. Excepting to visit Travertine, I haven't been out of St. Botolph's in nearly seven years. You can go and tell those men at the bank that if they want someone to talk with me, they'd better get someone with more gumption than it takes to find an old lady." Then she hangs up the receiver and goes down to supper with a good appetite.

—John Cheever



"Damn it, woman, why can't you let history be my judge?"

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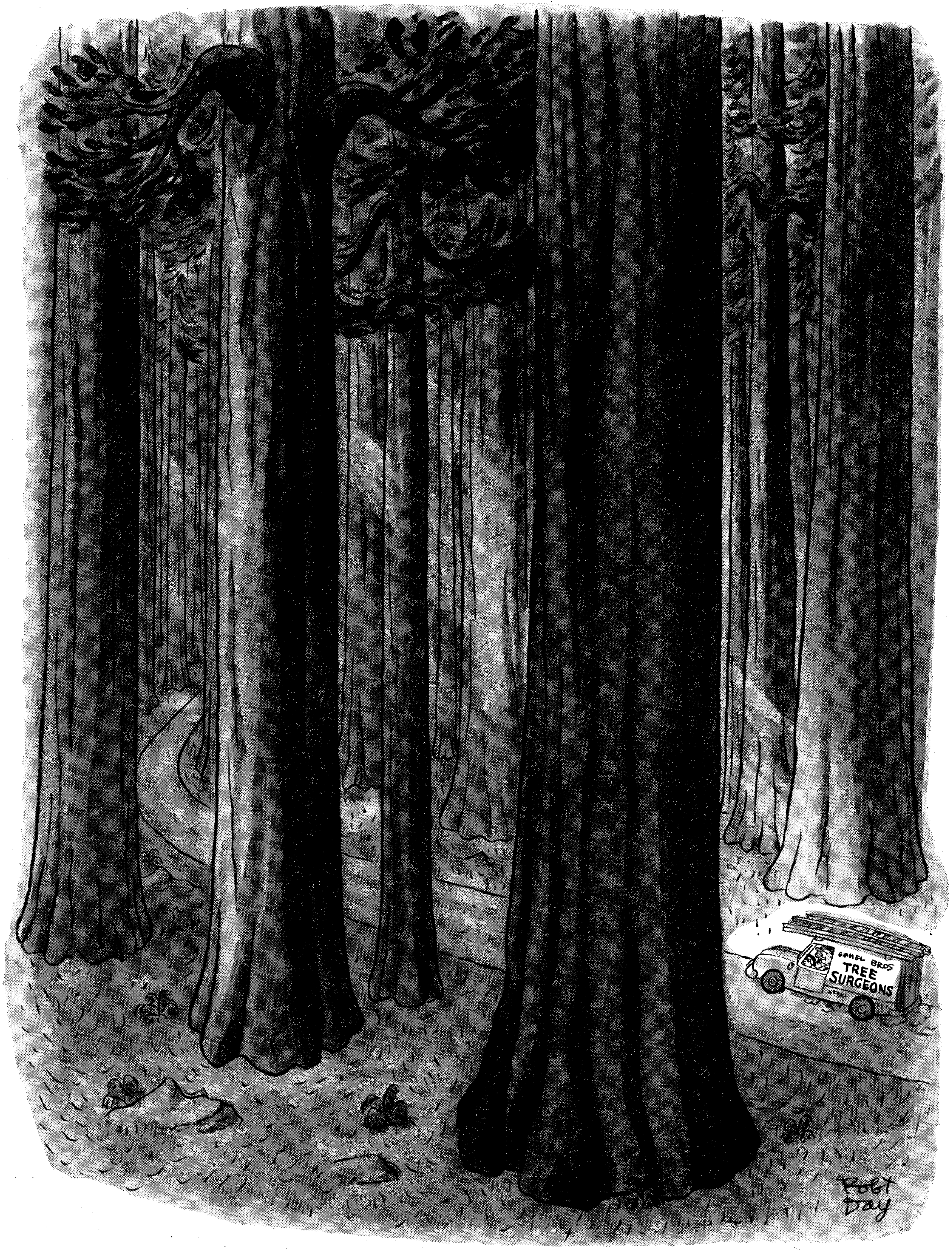
Tradition has it that Boy Scouts, scorning matches, rub two stocks together to start a fire.—*The Times.*

Let's have it—which two?


BROS
TREE
SURGEONS
Robt
Day

"This would be a nice account to have."

FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME

THE TIGRESS AND HER MATE

PROUDFOOT, a tiger, became tired of his mate, Sabra, a few weeks after they had set up housekeeping, and he fell to leaving home earlier and earlier in the morning, and returning later and later at night. He no longer called her "Sugar Paw," or anything else, but merely clapped his paws when he wanted anything, or, if she was upstairs, whistled. The last long speech he ever made to her at breakfast was "What the hell's the matter with you? I bring you rice and peas and coconut oil, don't I? Love is something you put away in the attic with your wedding dress. Forget it." And he finished his coffee, put down the *Jungle News*, and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" Sabra asked.

"Out," he said. And after that, every time she asked him where he was going, he said, "Out," or "Away," or "Hush."

When Sabra became aware of the coming of what would have been, had she belonged to the chosen species, a blessed event, and told Proudfoot about it, he snarled, "Growp." He had now learned to talk to his mate in code, and "growp" meant "I hope the cubs grow up to be xylophone players or major generals." Then he went away, as all male tigers do at such a moment, for he did not want to be bothered by his young until the males were old enough to box with and the females old enough to insult. While waiting for the unblessed event to take place, he spent his time fighting water buffaloes and riding around with plainclothes tigers in a prowl car.

When he finally came home, he said to his mate, "Eeps," meaning "I'm going to hit the sack, and if the kids keep me awake by yowling, I'll drown them like so many common house kittens." Sabra stalked to the front door of their house, opened it, and said to her mate, "Scat." The fight that took place was terrible but brief. Proudfoot led with the wrong paw, was nailed with the swiftest right cross in the jungle, and never really knew where he was after that. The next morning, when the cubs, male and female, tumbled eagerly down the stairs demanding to know what they could do, their mother said, "You can go in the parlor and play with your father. He's the tiger rug just in front of the fireplace. I hope you'll like him."

The children loved him.

Moral: Never be mean to a tiger's wife, especially if you're the tiger.

THE MAGPIE'S TREASURE

ONE day when the sun made everything that glitters glitter and everything that sparkles sparkle, a magpie picked up something from a gutter and carried it off to her nest. A crow and a rabbit had seen her swoop down and fly away, and each decided she had found something good to eat. "I'm sure it's a carrot," said the rabbit, "for I heard her say something about carrots."

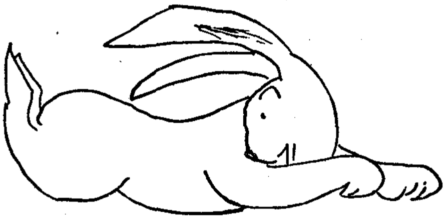
"I saw it glitter," said the crow, "and it glittered edibly, like a yellow grain of corn."

"Corn is for the commoner," said the rabbit scornfully.

"You can have your carrots, and welcome to them," said the crow. They smacked their lips as they approached the magpie's nest. "I'll find out what she's got," said the crow. "If it's a grain of corn, I'll eat it. If it's a carrot, I'll throw it down to you."

So the crow flew to the edge of the magpie's nest while the rabbit waited below. The magpie happily showed the crow what she had found in the gutter. "It's a fourteen-carat diamond set in a golden ring," she said. "I wanted rings from the time I could fly, but my parents were worm collectors. If I had had my way, I'd be a wealthy bird today, surrounded by rings and other lovely things."

"You are living in the pluperfect subjunctive," said the crow disdainfully.



"It's serene there, and never crowded, except for old regrets," the magpie said.

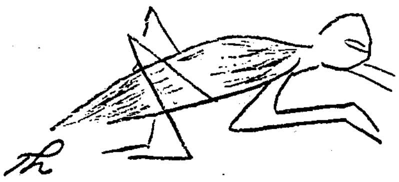
The crow dropped down to the ground and explained to the rabbit that the "carrots" the magpie had talked about were only carats. "One carrot is worth fourteen carats," the rabbit said. "You can multiply that by twenty and it will still be true."

"If I can't eat it, I don't want it," said the crow. "Seeing is deceiving. It's eating that's believing." And the crow and the rabbit swallowed their disappointment, for want of anything else, and left the magpie to the enjoyment of her treasure. The light made everything that sparkles sparkle, and everything that glitters glitter, and the magpie was content until the setting of the sun.

Moral: Chacun à son gout is very very true, but why should we despise the apples of others' eyes?

THE CRICKET AND THE WREN

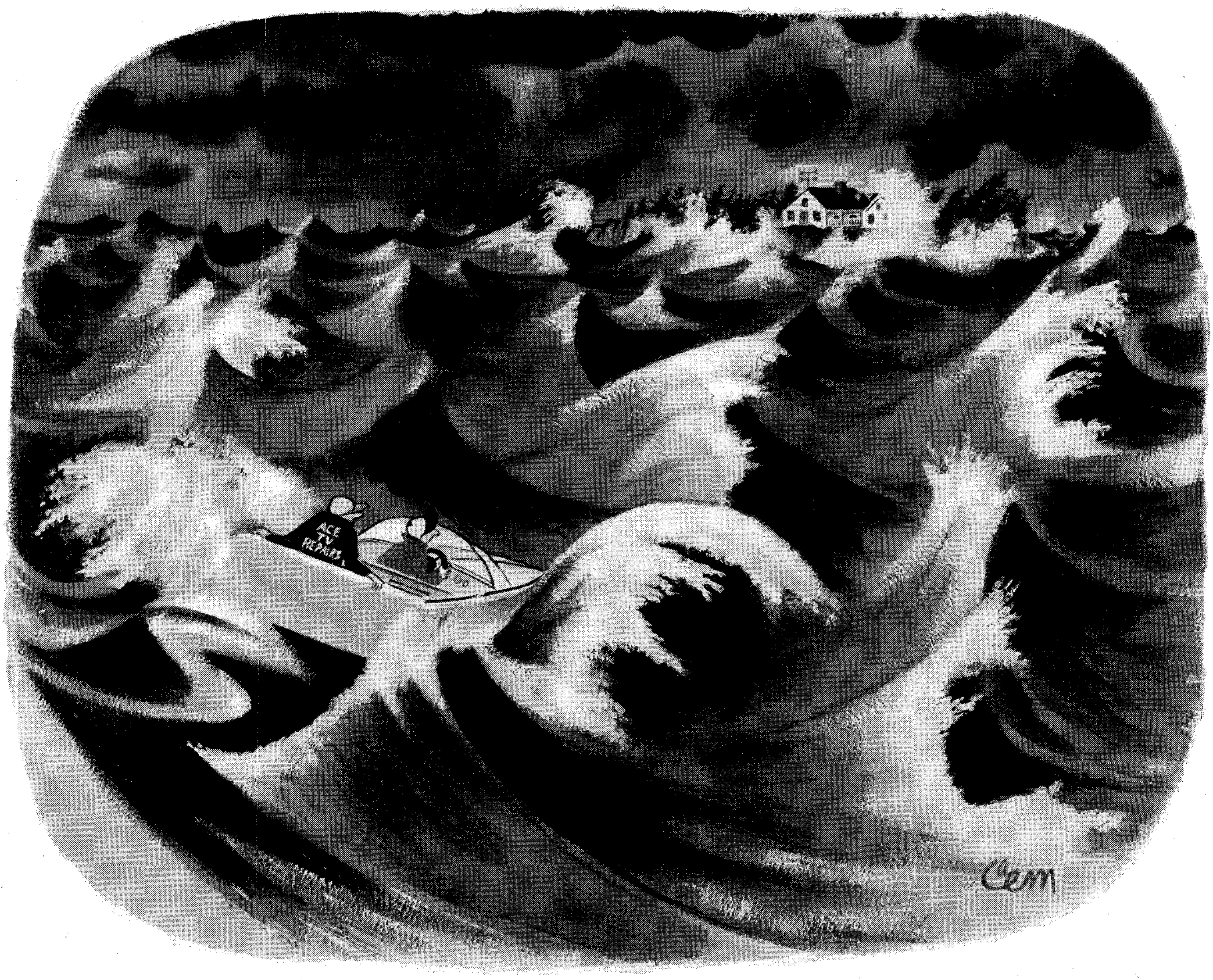
AT a music festival one summer in Tangletale Wood, a score of soloists came together to compete for the annual Peacock Awards. The Cricket was asked to pick the winner because of his fame as a fiddler, and his many appearances on radio, where he is employed to let audiences know when it is night.



The Cricket was met at the station by the Wren, who flew him to an inn, bought him a drink, carried his bags upstairs to his room, and was in general so courteous and attentive that the Cricket thought he was the proprietor of the inn.

"I am not a proprietor, but a competitor," the Wren said. "It is a greater honor to be judged by you, even if I should lose, than to win the highest award from a lesser critic and cricket. As small tokens of my esteem, here are a bottle of wine and a cherry pie, and the key to the boudoir of as charming a lady cricket as you would attract in a year of chirping."

That afternoon, the Wren flew the



Cricket out to the concert field, where he heard the Frog scrape his cello, the Lark blow his clarion trumpet, the Nightingale strum his lyre of gold, the Blackbird play his boxwood flute, the Catbird run his bright piano arpeggios, and the Partridge show off on his drums. The vocalists came next, beginning with the Canary, a temperamental visitor from abroad, who had sat up all night bragging of his ability and was, as a consequence, in lousy voice. "The Owl can do better than that even if all he can sing is 'Who,' " said the Wren, who had slipped quietly into a chair next to the Cricket's. He gave the critic a cigar, a light, and a swig from a flask. "I shall sing a group of lieder," said the Wren, "all of them Henley's 'Take, Dear, This Little Sheaf of Songs.' I composed the music myself, and dedicated it to my mate and to you."

The Mockingbird sang next, and those in the audience who hoped the amiable Wren would win with his bright little group of songs, all of them the same song, began to worry, for the Mockingbird had slept all night, dreaming of victory, and as a consequence, was in heavenly voice. "I should say his tongue is sharp rather than sweet," whispered the Wren. "When I told him last night that you were a finer fiddler than all the finest fiddlers in the field, he remarked that, to him, you looked like a limousine come to grief at an intersection." The Cricket rubbed his legs together angrily, producing two low, ominous notes. "In my opinion," the Wren went on, "you look like a shining piece of mechanism, handsome and authoritative, such as the trigger action of a Colt. Here is a lozenge for your cough, and a pillow for your chair, and a footstool for your feet."

When it came time for the Wren to sing, his group of songs, all of them the same song, delighted everybody in the audience except the other soloists and their friends and families.

"I could do better than that," sneered the Mockingbird, "with my beak closed."

"I have thrashed singers with voices ten times better than that," said the Brown Thrasher.

"*Gott im Himmel!*" cried the Canary. "*Er klingt wie ein rostiges eisernes Tor das geölt werden muss.*"

In awarding first prize to the Wren, the Cricket said, in part and in parting, "His voice is like some bright piece of mechanism, such as the works of a golden music box, and he gives his group of one song an infinite variety. This artist also has a keen appreciation of values and a fine critical perception."

In departing, or, to be precise, escaping from, the music festival, the Cricket was fortunate enough to have at his disposal a private airplane, none other than the victorious Wren himself.

Moral: It is not always more blessed to give than to receive, but it is frequently more rewarding.

—JAMES THURBER

THE DRAWBACK

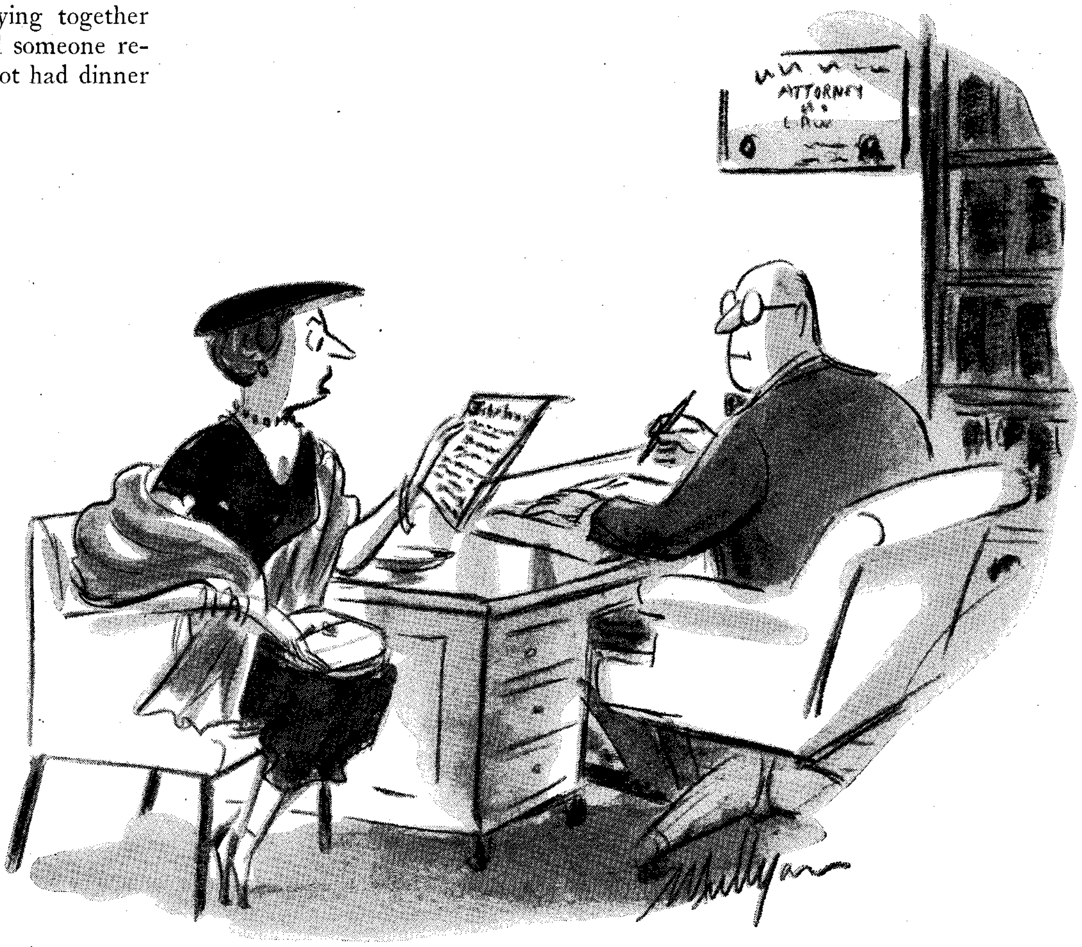
I REMEMBER, almost to the hour, when I first began to question my religion. I don't mean that my ideas changed radically just at that time. I was only twelve, and for years afterward I continued to go to church faithfully and to say something that could pass for prayers each night before I went to sleep. But I never felt quite the same. For the first time in my life, it had occurred to me that when I grew up I might actually leave the Methodist faith.

It all happened just a few days after my brother died. He was five years old, and his illness was so brief and his death so unexpected that my whole family was almost crazed with grief. My three aunts, each of whom lived within a few blocks of our house, and my mother were all firm believers in religion, and they turned in unison, and without reservation, to this last support. For about a week, a kind of religious frenzy seized our household. We would all sit in the living room—my mother, my aunts, my two sisters, and I, and sometimes the Methodist minister, too—saying prayers in low voices, comforting one another, staying together for hours at a time, until someone remembered that we had not had dinner or that it was time for my sisters and me to be in bed.

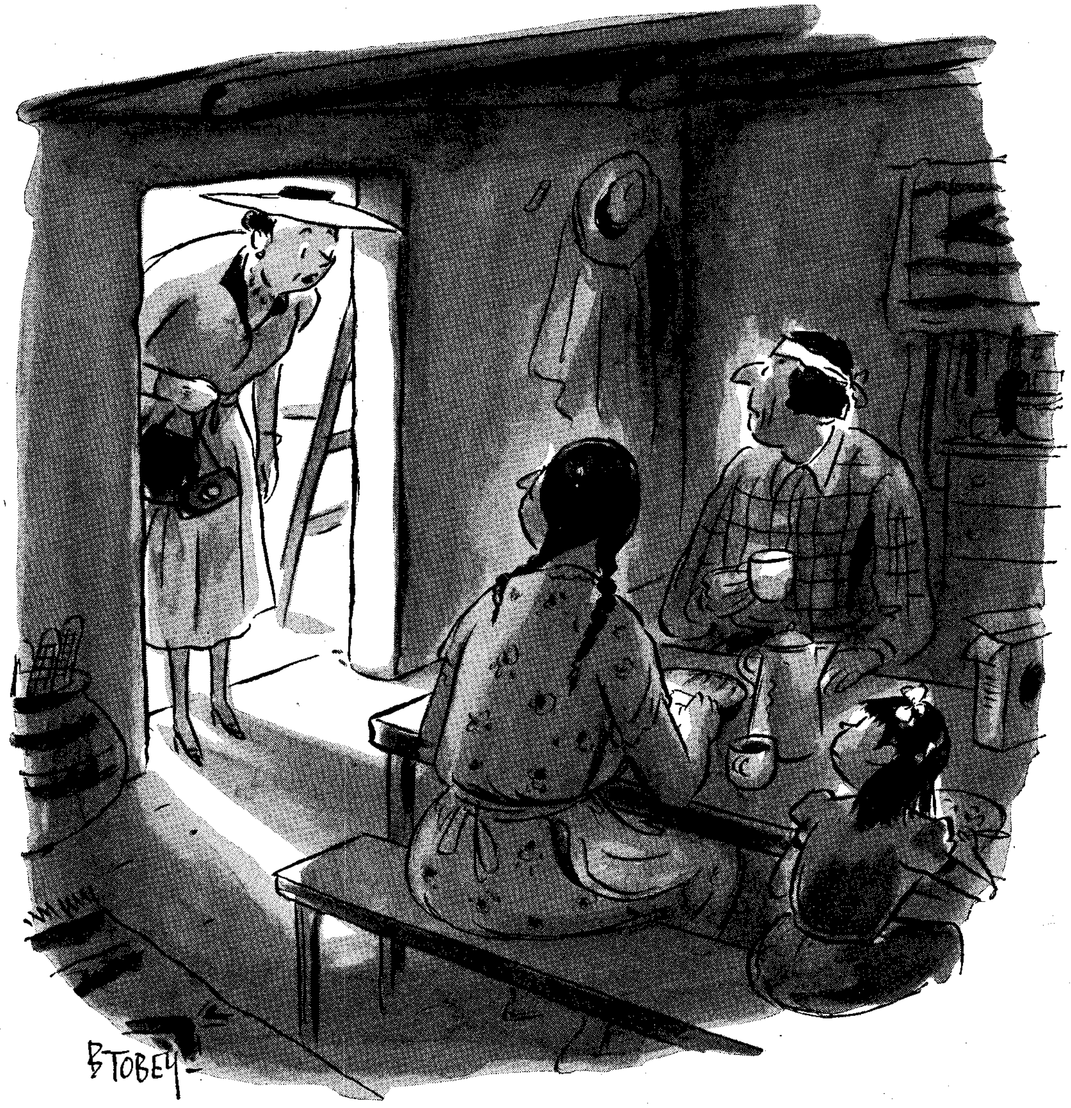
I was quite swept up by the mood that had come over the house. When I went to bed, I would say the most elaborate, intricate prayers. In the past, when I had finished my "Now I lay me down to sleep," I would bless individually all the members of my immediate family and then my aunts, and let it go at that. Now, however, I felt that I had to bless everyone in the world whose name I could remember. I would go through all my friends at school, including the teachers, the principal, and the janitor, and then through the names of people I had heard my mother and father mention, some of whom I had never even met. I did not quite know what to do about my brother, whom I wanted to pray for more than for anyone else. I hesitated to take his name out of its regular order, for fear I would be committed to believing that he had really died. But then I *knew* that he had died, so at the end of my prayers, having just barely mentioned his name as I went along, I would start blessing him over and over again, until I finally fell asleep.

THE only one of us who was unmoved by this religious fervor was my father. Oddly enough, considering what a close family we were and how strongly my mother and aunts felt about religion, my father had never shown the least interest in it. In fact, I do not think that he had ever gone to church. Partly for this reason, partly because he was a rather brusque, impatient man, I always felt that he was something of a stranger in our home. He spent a great deal of time with us children, but through it all he seemed curiously unapproachable. I think we all felt constrained when he played with us and relieved when, at last, we were left to ourselves.

At the time of my brother's death, he was more of a stranger than ever. Except for one occasion, he took no part in the almost constant gatherings of the family in the living room. He was not going to his office that week, and he was always around the house, but no one ever seemed to know exactly where. One of my aunts—Sarah, my mother's eldest sister—felt very definitely that my father should not be left to himself, and she was continually saying to me, "Jack, go upstairs and see if you can find him and talk to him." I remember going timidly along the hallway of the second floor and peeking into the bedrooms, not knowing what I should say if I found him and half afraid that he would scold me for going around looking into other people's rooms. One afternoon, not finding him in any of the bedrooms, I went up into the attic, where we had a sort of playroom. I remember discovering him there by the window. He was sitting absolutely motionless in an old wicker chair, an empty pipe in his hands, staring out



"Regan vs. Regan! That certainly sums up the story of our marriage."



"Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought you were extinct."

fixedly over the treetops. I stood in the doorway for several minutes before he was aware of me. He turned as if to say something, but then, looking at me or just above my head—I was not sure which—he seemed to lose himself in his thoughts. Finally, he gave me a strangely awkward salute with his right hand and turned again to the window.

About the only times my father was with the rest of us were when we had meals or when, in the days immediately following the funeral, we all went out to the cemetery, taking fresh flowers or wreaths. But even at the cemetery he always stood slightly apart—a tall, lonely figure. Once, when we were at the grave and I was nearest him, he reached over and squeezed me around the shoulders. It made me feel almost embarrassed, as though he were breaking through some inviolable barrier between us. He must have felt as I did, because he at once removed his arm and looked away, as though he had never actually embraced me at all.

IT was the one occasion when my father was sitting in the living room with us that started me to wondering about my religion. We had just returned from the cemetery—two carloads of us. It was three or four days after the funeral and just at the time when, the shock having worn off, we were all experiencing our first clear realization of what had happened. Even I, young as I was, sensed that there was a new air of desolation in our home.

For a long time, we all sat there in silence. Then my aunts, their eyes moist, began talking about my brother, and soon my mother joined in. They started off softly, telling of little things he had done in the days before his illness. Then they fell silent and dried their eyes, and then quickly remembered some other incident and began speaking again. Slowly the emotion mounted, and before long the words were flooding out. "God will take care of him!" my Aunt Sarah cried, almost ecstatically. "Oh, yes, He will! He will!" Presently, they were all talking in chorus—saying that my brother was happy at last and that they would all be with him again one day.

I believed what they were saying and I could barely hold back my tears. But swept up as I was, I had the feeling that they should not be talking that way while my father was there. The feeling was one that I did not understand at all at the moment. It was just that when I looked over to the corner where he was sitting and saw the deep, rigid lines of his face, saw him sitting there silently, all alone, I felt guilty. I wanted everyone to stop for a while—at least until he had gone upstairs. But there was no stopping the torrent once it had started.

"Oh, he was too perfect to live!" Aunt Agnes, my mother's youngest sister, cried. "He was never a bad boy. I've never seen a boy like that. I mean he was never even naughty. He was just too perfect."

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes," my mother sighed.

"It's true," Aunt Sarah said. "Even when he was a baby, he never really cried. There was never a baby like him. He was a saint."

"He *was* a saint!" Aunt Agnes cried. "That's why he was taken from us!"

"He was a perfect baby," my mother said.

"He was taken from us," Aunt Agnes went on, "because he was too perfect to live."

All through this conversation, my father's expression had been growing more and more tense. At last, while Aunt Agnes was speaking, he rose from his chair. His face was very pale, and his eyes flashed almost feverishly. "Don't talk like that, Agnes!" he exclaimed, with a strange violence that was not anger but something much deeper. "I won't have you talking like that any more. I don't want anybody talking like that!" His whole body seemed to tremble. I had never seen him so worked up before. "Of course he was a bad boy at times!" he cried. "Every boy's bad once in a while. What do you have to change him for? Why don't you leave him as he was?"

"But he was such a perfect baby," Aunt Sarah said.

"He *wasn't* perfect!" my father almost shouted, clenching his fist. "He was no more perfect than Jack here or Betty or Ellen. He was just an ordinary little boy. He wasn't perfect. And he wasn't a saint. He was just a little boy, and I won't have you making him over into something he wasn't!"

He looked as though he were going to go on talking like this, but just then he closed his eyes and ran his hand up over his forehead and through his hair. When he spoke again, his voice was subdued. "I just wish you wouldn't talk that way," he said. "That's all I mean." And then, after standing there silently for a minute, he left the living room and walked upstairs.

I sat watching the doorway through which he had gone. Suddenly, I had no feeling for what my mother and my aunts had been saying. It was all a mist, a dream. Out of the many words that had been spoken that day, it was those few sentences of my father's that explained to me how I felt about my brother. I wanted to be with my father to tell him so.

I went upstairs and found him once again in the playroom in the attic. As before, he was silent and staring out the window when I entered, and we sat without speaking for what seemed to me like half an hour or more. But I felt that he knew why I was there, and I was not uncomfortable with him.

Finally, he turned to me and shook his head. "I don't know what I can tell you, Jack," he said, raising his hands and letting them drop into his lap. "That's the worst part of it. There's just nothing I can say that will make it any better."

Though I only half understood him then, I see now that he was telling me of a drawback—that he had no refuge, no comfort, no support. He was telling me that you were all alone if you took the path that he had taken. Listening to him, I did not care about the drawback. I had begun to see what a noble thing it was for a man to bear the full loss of someone he had loved.

—Richard T. Gill

MS. FOUND UNDER A SERVIETTE IN A LOVELY HOME

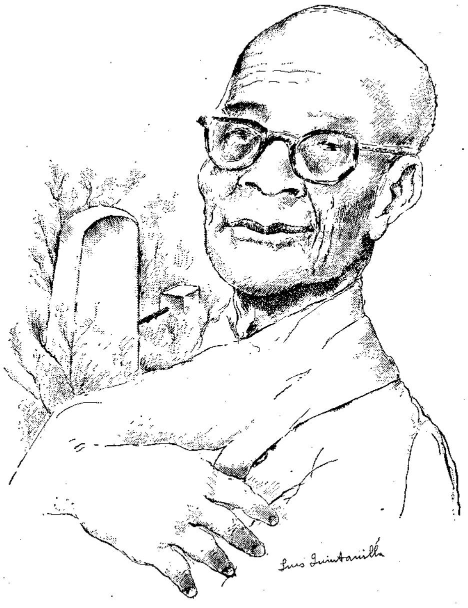
> ... our outlook is totally different from that of our American cousins, who have never had an aristocracy. Americans relate all effort, all work, and all of life itself to the dollar. Their talk is of nothing but dollars. The English seldom sit happily chatting for hours on end about pounds.—*Nancy Mitford in "Noblesse Oblige."*

Dear Cousin Nancy:
You probably never heard of me or Cousin
Beauregard or Cousin Yancey,
But since you're claiming kin all the way
across the ocean, we figure you must be
at least partwise Southern,
So we consider you not only our kith and kin
but also our kithin' couthern.
I want to tell you, when Cousin Emmy Lou showed
us your piece it stopped the conversation flat,
Because I had twenty dollars I wanted to talk about,
and Cousin Beauregard had ten dollars he
wanted to talk about, and Cousin Yancey didn't
have any dollars at all, and he wanted to
talk about that.
But Cousin Emmy Lou looked over her spectacles,
which the common people call glasses,
And she offered us a dollar to stop talking about
dollars and start talking about the English
upper classes.
Cousin Beauregard wanted to know why the English
aristocracy was called English when most of their
names were French to begin with,
And now anybody with an English name like Hobbs
or Stobbs has to accumulate several
million of those pounds they seldom
chat about, to buy his way in with.
Cousin Yancey said he could understand that—the
St. Aubyns beat the hell out of the Hobbses
in 1066—but there was a more important point
that he could not determine,
Which is why the really aristocratic English
aristocrats have names that are translated
from the German.
Cousin Emmy Lou is pretty aristocratic herself; in
spite of her weakness for hog jowl and pot-
likker, she is noted for her highborn pale
and wan flesh,
And where most people get gooseflesh she gets
swan flesh,
And she said she thought you ought to know that
she had been over the royal roster
And she had spotted at least one impostor.
She noticed that the Wicked Queen said "Mirror,
mirror on the wall" instead of "Looking glass,
looking glass on the wall," which is perfectly true,
So the Wicked Queen exposed herself as not
only wicked but definitely non-U.
We finally agreed with you that the English
aristocracy has a tough row to hoe, but it
has one spectacular solace:
When there is unrest overseas and all other envoys
have failed, it can call on a charming
royal personage, whereas we can only
offer John Foster Dulles.
After that, we all loosened our collars
And resumed our conversation about dollars.

—Ogden Nash

PROFILES

MR. HUNTER'S GRAVE



George H. Hunter

WHEN things get too much for me, I put a wild-flower book and a couple of sandwiches in my pockets and go down to the South Shore of Staten Island and wander around awhile in one of the old cemeteries down there. I go to the cemetery of the Woodrow Methodist Church on Woodrow Road in the Woodrow community, or to the cemetery of St. Luke's Episcopal Church on the Arthur Kill Road in the Rossville community, or to one on the Arthur Kill Road on the outskirts of Rossville that isn't used any longer and is known as the old Rossville burying ground. The South Shore is the most rural part of the island, and all of these cemeteries are bordered on at least two sides by woods. Scrub trees grow on some of the graves, and weeds and wild flowers grow on many of them. Here and there, in order to see the design on a gravestone, it is necessary to pull aside a tangle of vines. The older gravestones are made of slate, brownstone, and marble, and the designs on them—death's-heads, angels, hourglasses, hands pointing upward, recumbent lambs, anchors, lilies, weeping willows, and roses on broken stems—are beautifully carved. The names on the gravestones are mainly Dutch, such as Winant, Housman, Woglom, Decker, and Van Name, or Huguenot, such as Dissosway, Seguine, De Hart, Manee, and Sharrott, or English, such as Ross, Drake, Bush, Cole, and Clay. All of the old South Shore farming and oyster-planting families are represented, and members of half a dozen generations of some families lie side by side. In St. Luke's cemetery there is a huge old apple tree that drops a sprinkling of small, wormy, lopsided apples on the graves beneath it every September, and in the Woodrow Methodist cemetery there is a patch of wild strawberries. Invariably, for some reason I don't know and don't want to know, after I have spent an hour or so in one of these cemeteries, looking at gravestone designs and reading inscriptions and identifying wild flowers and scaring rabbits out of the weeds and reflecting on the end that awaits me and awaits us all, my spirits lift, I become quite cheerful, and then I go for a long walk. Sometimes I walk along the Arthur Kill, the tidal creek that separates Staten Island from New Jersey; to old-time Staten Islanders, this is "the inside shore." Sometimes I go over on the ocean side, and walk along Raritan Bay; this is "the outside shore." The interior of the South Shore is crisscrossed with back roads, and sometimes I walk along one of them, leaving it now and then to explore an old field or a swamp or a stretch of woods or a clay pit or an abandoned farmhouse.

The back road that I know best is Bloomingdale Road. It is an old oyster-shell road that has been thinly paved with asphalt; the asphalt is cracked and pocked and rutted. It starts at the Arthur Kill, just below Rossville, runs inland for two and a half miles, gently uphill most of the way, and ends at Amboy Road in the Pleasant Plains community. In times past, it was lined with small farms that grew vegetables, berries, and fruit for Washington Market. During the depression, some of the farmers got discouraged and quit. Then, during the war, acid fumes from the stacks of smelting plants on the New Jersey side of the kill began to drift across and ruin crops, and others got discouraged and quit. Only three farms are left, and one of these is a goat farm. Many of the old fields have been taken over by sassafras, gray birch, blackjack oak, sumac, and other wasteland trees, and by reed grass, blue-bent grass, and poison ivy. In several fields, in the midst of this growth, are old woodpecker-ringed apple and pear trees, the remnants of orchards. I have great admiration for one of these trees, a pear of some old-fashioned variety whose name none of the remaining farmers can remember, and every time I go up Bloomingdale Road I jump a ditch and pick my way through a thicket of poison ivy and visit it. Its trunk is hollow and its bark is matted with lichens and it has only three live limbs, but in favorable years it still brings forth a few pears.

In the space of less than a quarter of a mile, midway in its length, Bloomingdale Road is joined at right angles by three other back roads—Woodrow Road, Clay Pit Road, and Sharrott's Road. Around the junctions of these roads, and on lanes leading off them, is a community that was something of a mystery to me until quite recently. It is a Negro community, and it consists of forty or fifty Southern-looking frame dwellings and a frame church. The church is painted white, and it has purple, green, and amber windowpanes. A sign over the door says, "AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL ZION." On one side of the church steps is a mock-orange bush, and on the other side is a Southern dooryard plant called Spanish bayonet, a kind of yucca. Five cedar trees grow in the churchyard. The majority of the dwellings appear to be between fifty and a hundred years old. Some are long and narrow, with a chimney at each end and a low porch across the front, and some are big and rambling, with wings and ells and lean-tos and front porches and side porches. Good pine lumber and good plain carpentry went into them, and it is obvious that attempts have been made to keep them up. Nevertheless, all but a few are beginning to look dilapidated. Some of the roofs sag, and banisters are missing on some of the porches, and a good many rotted-out clapboards have been replaced with new boards that don't match, or with strips of tin. The odd thing about the community is it usually has an empty look, as if everybody had locked up and gone off somewhere. In the summer, I have occasionally seen an old man or an old woman sitting on a porch, and I have occasionally seen children playing in a back yard, but I have seldom seen any young or middle-aged men or women around, and I have often walked through the main part of the community, the part that is on Bloomingdale Road, without seeing a single soul.

For years, I kept intending to find out something about this community, and one afternoon several weeks ago, in St. Luke's cemetery in Rossville, an opportunity to do so presented itself.

I had been in the cemetery a couple of hours and was getting ready to leave when a weed caught my eye. It was a stringy weed, about a foot high, and it had small, lanceolate leaves and tiny white flowers and tiny seed pods, and it was growing on the grave of Rachel Dissosway, who died on April 7, 1802, "in the 27th Yr of her Age." I consulted my wild-flower book, and came to the conclusion that it was either peppergrass (*Lepidium virginicum*) or shepherd's-purse (*Capsella bursa-pastoris*), and squatted down to take a closer look at it. "One of the characteristics of peppergrass," the wild-flower book said, "is that its seed pods are as hot as pepper when chewed." I deliberated on this for a minute or two, and then curiosity got the better of me and I stripped off some of the seed pods and started to put them in my mouth, and at just that moment I heard footsteps on the cemetery path and looked up and saw a man approaching, a middle-aged man in a black suit and a clerical collar. He came over to the grave and looked down at me.

"What in the world are you doing?" he asked.

I tossed the seed pods on the grave and got to my feet. "I'm studying wild flowers, I guess you might call it," I said. I introduced myself, and we shook hands, and he said that he was the rector of St. Luke's and that his name was Raymond E. Brock.

"I was trying to decide if the weed on this grave is peppergrass or shepherd's-purse," I said.

Mr. Brock glanced at the weed. "Peppergrass," he said. "A very common weed in some parts of Staten Island."

"To tell you the truth," I said, "I like to look at wild flowers, and I've been studying them off and on for years, but I don't know much about them. I'm only just beginning to be able to identify them. It's mostly an excuse to get out and wander around."

"I've seen you from a distance several times wandering around over here in the cemetery," Mr. Brock said.

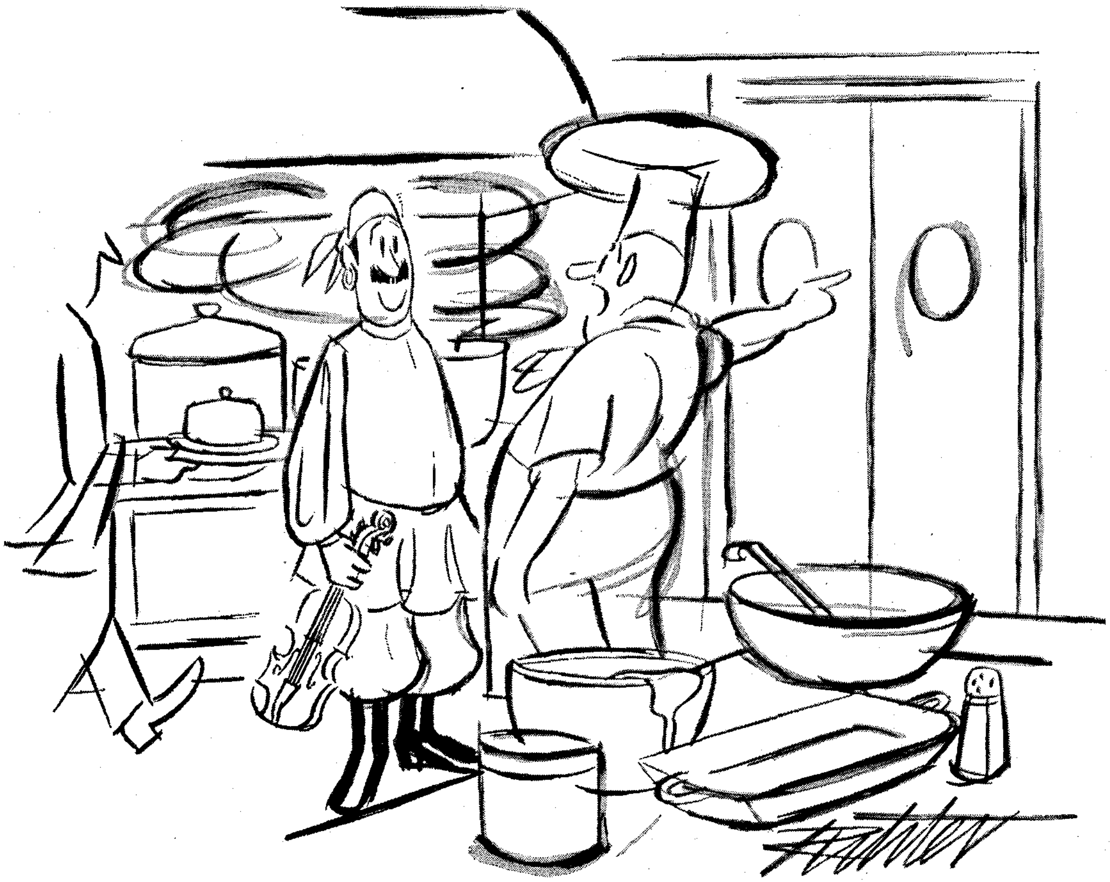
"I hope you don't mind," I said. "In New York City, the best places to look for wild flowers are old cemeteries and old churchyards."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Brock, "I'm aware of that. In fact, I'll give you a tip. Are you familiar with the Negro community over on Bloomingdale Road?"

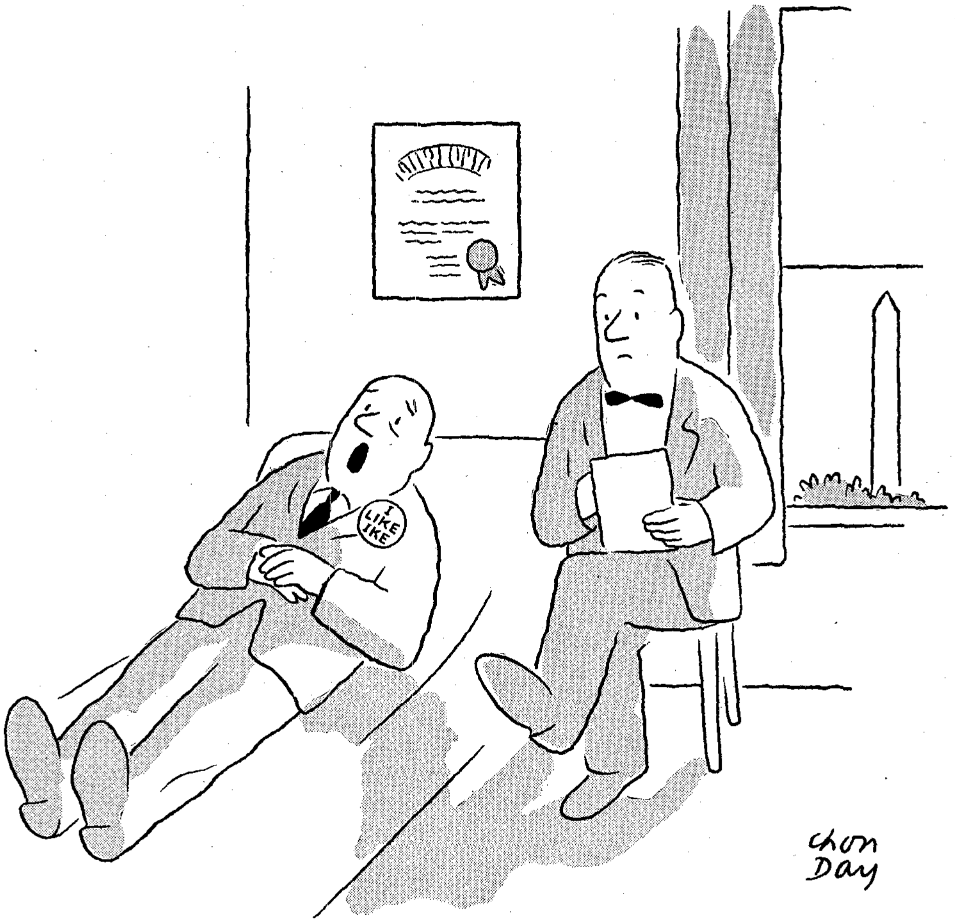
I said that I had walked through it many times, and had often wondered about it.

"The name of it is Sandy Ground," said Mr. Brock, "and it's a relic of the old Staten Island oyster-planting business. It was founded back before the Civil War by some free Negroes who came up here from the Eastern Shore of Maryland to work on the Staten Island oyster beds, and it used to be a flourishing community, a garden spot. Most of the people who live there now are descendants of the original free-Negro families, and most of them are related to each other by blood or marriage. Quite a few live in houses that were built by their grandfathers or great-grandfathers. On the outskirts of Sandy Ground, there's a dirt lane running off Bloomingdale Road that's called Crabtree Avenue, and down near the end of this lane is an old cemetery. It covers an acre and a half, maybe two acres, and it's owned by the African Methodist church in Sandy Ground, and the Sandy Ground families have been burying in it for a hundred years. In recent generations, the Sandy Grounders have had a tendency to kind of let things slip, and one of the things they've let slip is the cemetery. They haven't cleaned it off for years and years, and it's choked with weeds and scrub. Most of the gravestones are hidden. It's surrounded by woods and old fields, and you can't always tell where the cemetery ends and the woods begin. Part of it is sandy and part of it is loamy, part of it is dry and part of it is damp, some of it is shady and some of it gets the sun all day, and I'm pretty sure you can find just about every wild flower that grows on the South Shore somewhere in it. Not to speak of shrubs and herbs and ferns and vines. If I were you, I'd take a look at it."

A man carrying a long-handled shov-



"Go out there and play as you've never played before. There's too much vinegar in the sauce béarnaise."



"I don't know—sometimes I get the feeling he doesn't like *me."*

el in one hand and a short-handled shovel in the other came into the cemetery and started up the main path. Mr. Brock waved at him, and called out, "Here I am, Joe. Stay where you are. I'll be with you in a minute." The man dropped his shovels. "That's Mr. Damato, our gravedigger," said Mr. Brock. "We're having a burial in here tomorrow, and I came over to show him where to dig the grave. You'll have to excuse me now. If you do decide to visit the cemetery in Sandy Ground, you should ask for permission. They might not want strangers wandering around in it. The man to speak to is Mr. George H. Hunter. He's chairman of the board of trustees of the African Methodist church. I know Mr. Hunter. He's eighty-seven years old, and he's one of those strong, self-contained old men you don't see much any more. He was a hard worker, and he retired only a few years ago, and he's fairly well-to-do. He's a widower, and he lives by himself and does his own cooking. He's got quite a reputation as a cook. His church used to put on clambakes to raise money, and they were such good clambakes they attracted people from all over this part of Staten Island, and he always had charge of them. On some matters, such as drinking and smoking, he's very disapproving and strict and stern, but he doesn't feel that way about eating; he approves of eating. He's a great Bible reader. He's read the Bible from cover to cover, time and time again. His health is good, and his memory is unusually good. He remembers the golden age of the oyster business on the South Shore, and he remembers its decline and fall, and he can look at any old field or tumble-down house between Rossville and Tottenville and tell you who owns it now and who owned it fifty years ago, and he knows who the people were who are buried out in the Sandy Ground cemetery—how they lived and how they died, how much they left, and how their children turned out. Not that he'll necessarily tell you what he knows, or even a small part of it. If you can get him to go to the cemetery with you, ask him the local names of the weeds and wild flowers. He can tell you. His house is on Bloomingdale Road, right across from the church. It's the house with the lightning rods on it. Or you could call him on the phone. He's in the book."

I thanked Mr. Brock, and went straightway to a filling station on the Arthur Kill Road and telephoned Mr. Hunter. I told him I wanted to visit the Sandy Ground cemetery and look for wild flowers in it. "Go right ahead," he said. "Nobody'll stop you." I told him I also wanted to talk to him about Sandy Ground. "I can't see you today," he said. "I'm just leaving the house. An old lady I know is sick in bed, and I made her a lemon-meringue pie, and I'm going over and take it to her. Sit with her awhile. See if I can't cheer her up. You'll have to make it some other time, and you'd better make it soon. That cemetery is a disgrace, but it isn't going to be that way much longer. The board of trustees had a contractor look it over and make us a price how much he'd charge to go in there with a bulldozer and tear all that mess out by the roots. Clean it up good, and build us a road all the way through, with a turn-around at the farther end. The way it is now, there's a road in there, but it's a narrow little road and it only goes halfway in, and sometimes the pallbearers have to carry the coffin quite a distance from the hearse to the grave. Also, it comes to a dead end, and the hearse has to back out, and if the driver isn't careful he's liable to back into a gravestone, or run against the bushes and briars and scratch up the paint on his hearse. As I said, a disgrace. The price the contractor made us was pretty steep, but we put it up to the congregation, and if he's willing to let us pay a reasonable amount down and the balance in installments, I think we're going ahead with it. Are you busy this coming Saturday afternoon?" I said that I didn't expect to be. "All right," he said, "I tell you what you do. If it's a nice day, come on down, and I'll walk over to the cemetery with you. Come around one o'clock. I've got some things to attend to Saturday morning, and I ought to be through by then."

SATURDAY turned out to be nice and sunny, and I went across on the ferry and took the Tottenville bus and got off in Rossville and walked up Bloomingdale Road to Sandy Ground. Remembering Mr. Brock's instructions, I looked for a house with lightning rods on it, and I had no trouble finding it. Mr. Hunter's house is fully equipped with lightning rods, the tips of which are ornamented with glass balls and metal arrows. It is a trim, square, shingle-sided, two-story-and-attic house. It has a front porch and a

Sir Cyril Eardrop,
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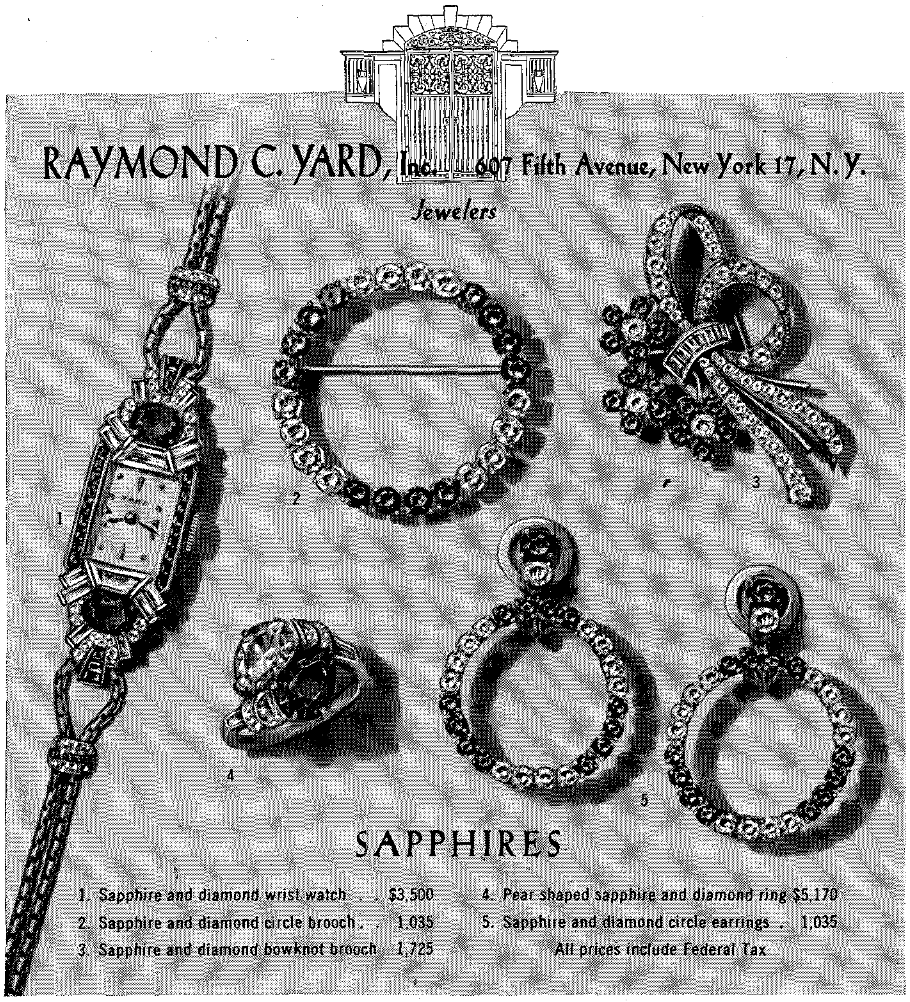

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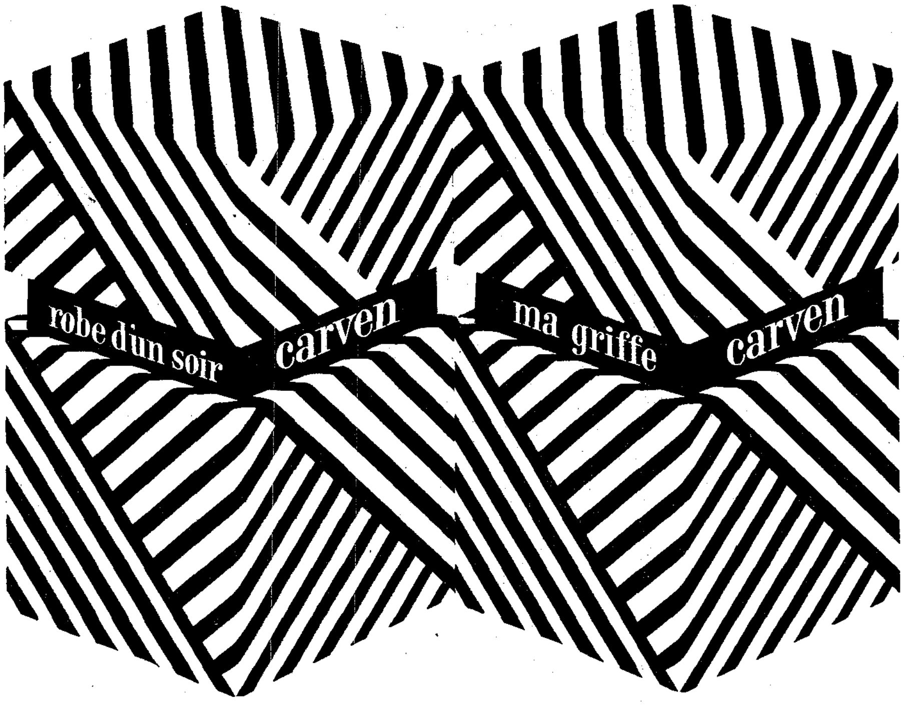

robe d'un soir **ma griffe**
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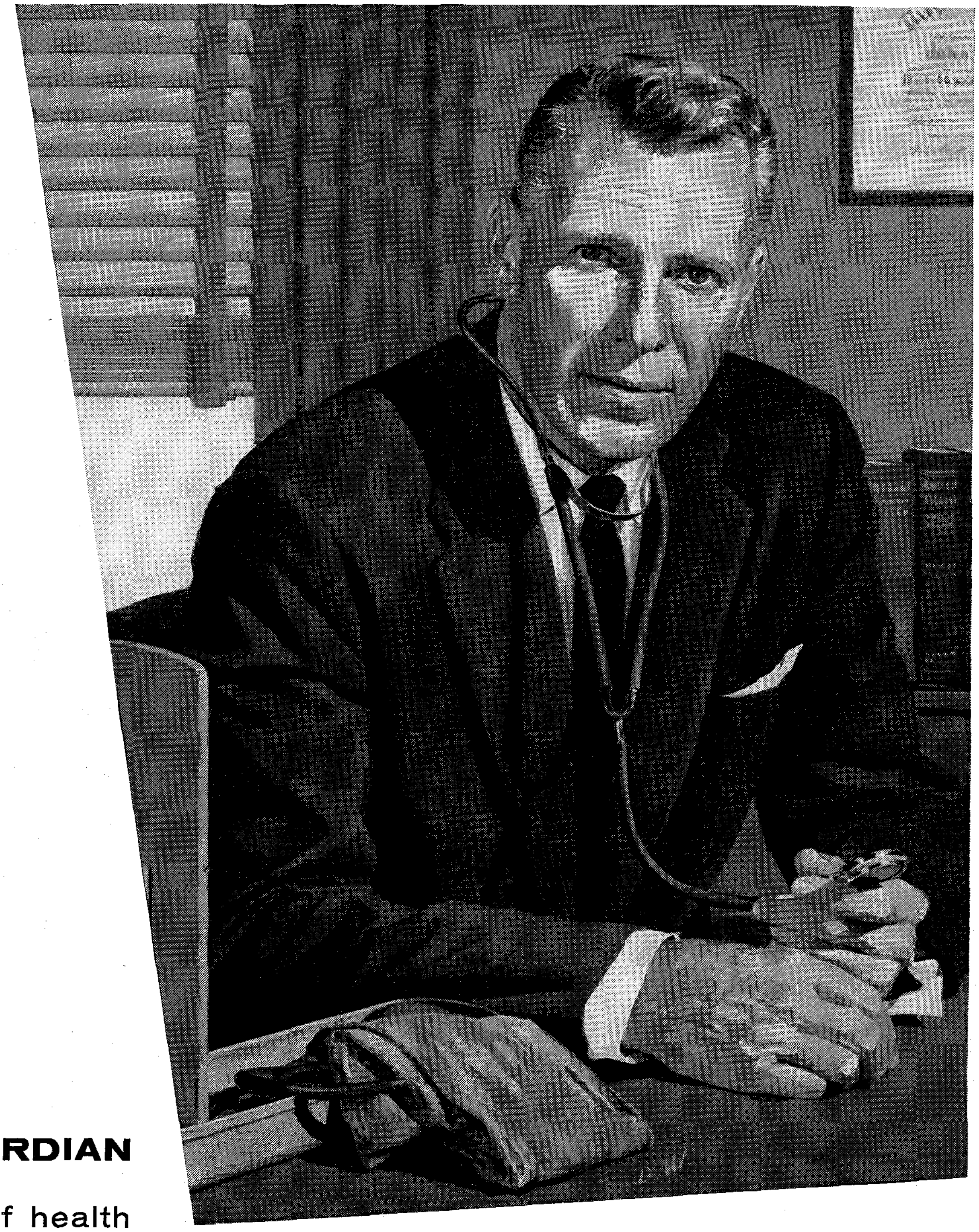
back porch, both screened. The front porch is shaded by a rambler rose growing on a trellis. I knocked on the frame of the screen door, and a bespectacled, elderly Negro man appeared in the hall. He had on a chef's apron, and his sleeves were rolled up. He was slightly below medium height, and lean and bald. Except for a wide, humorous mouth, his face was austere and a little forbidding, and his eyes were sad. I opened the door and asked, "Are you Mr. Hunter?" "Yes, yes, yes," he said. "Come on in, and close the door. Don't stand there and let the flies in. I hate flies. I despise them. I can't endure them." I followed him down the hall, past the parlor, past the dining room, and into the kitchen. There were three cake layers and a bowl of chocolate icing on the kitchen table.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," he said. "Let me put the icing on this cake, and then we'll walk over to the cemetery. Icing or frosting. I never knew which was right. I looked up icing in the dictionary one day, and it said 'Frosting for a cake.' So I looked up frosting, and it said 'Icing for a cake.' 'Ha!' I said. 'The dictionary man don't know, either.' The preacher at our church is a part-time preacher, and he doesn't live in Sandy Ground. He lives in Asbury Park, and runs a tailor shop during the week, and drives over here on Sundays. Reverend J. C. Ramsey, a Southern man, comes from Wadesboro, North Carolina. Most Sundays, he and his wife take Sunday dinner with me, and I always try to have something nice for them. After dinner, we sit around the table and drink Postum and discuss the Bible, and that's something I do enjoy. We discuss the prophecies in the Bible, and the warnings, and the promises—the promises of eternal life. And we discuss what I call the mysterious verses, the ones that if you could just understand them they might explain everything—why we're put here, why we're taken away—but they go down too deep; you study them over and over, and you go down as deep as you can, and you still don't touch bottom. 'Do you remember that verse in Revelation,' I say to Reverend Ramsey, 'where it says such and such?' And we discuss that awhile. And then he says to me, 'Do you remember that verse in Second Thessalonians, where it says so and so?' And we discuss that awhile. This Sunday, in addition to the preacher and his wife, I've got some other company coming. A gospel chorus from down South is going to sing at the



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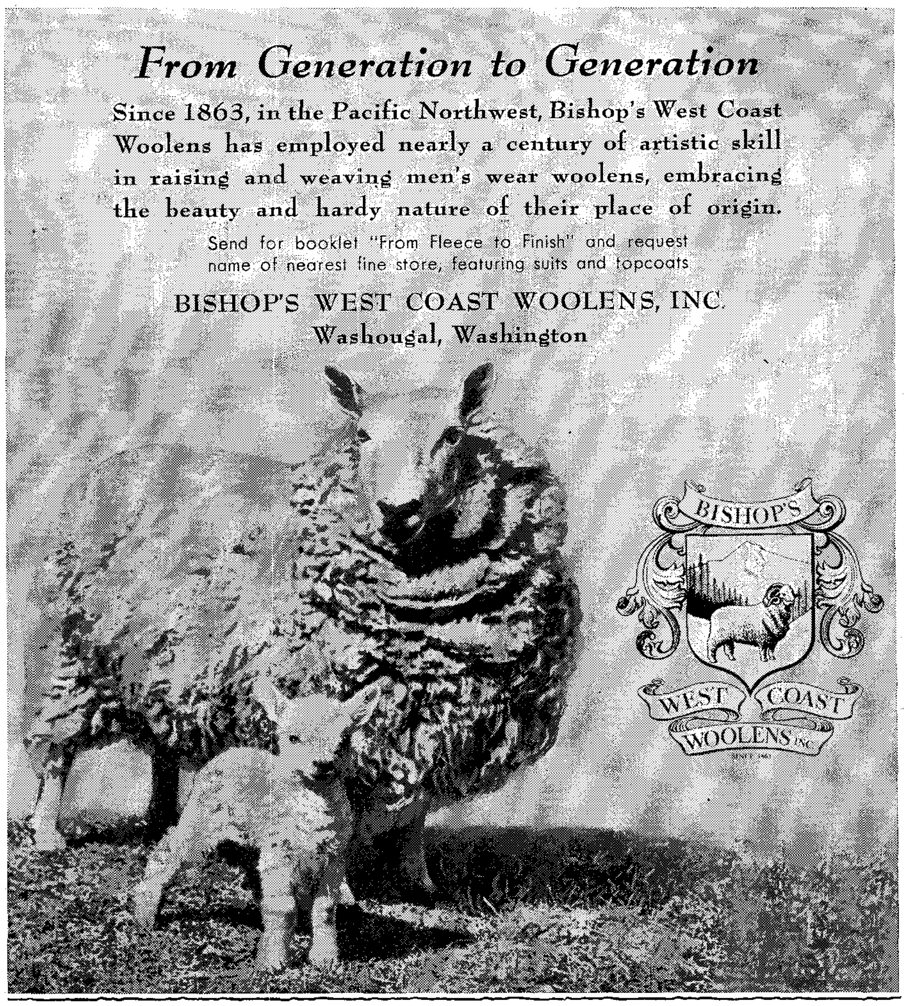

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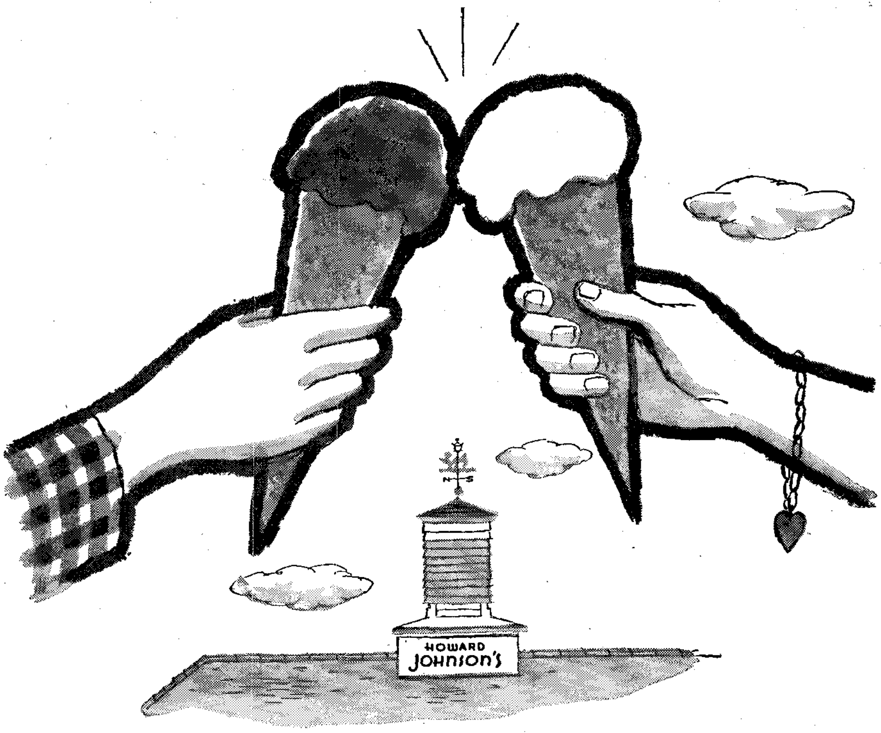

"to Togetherness"*

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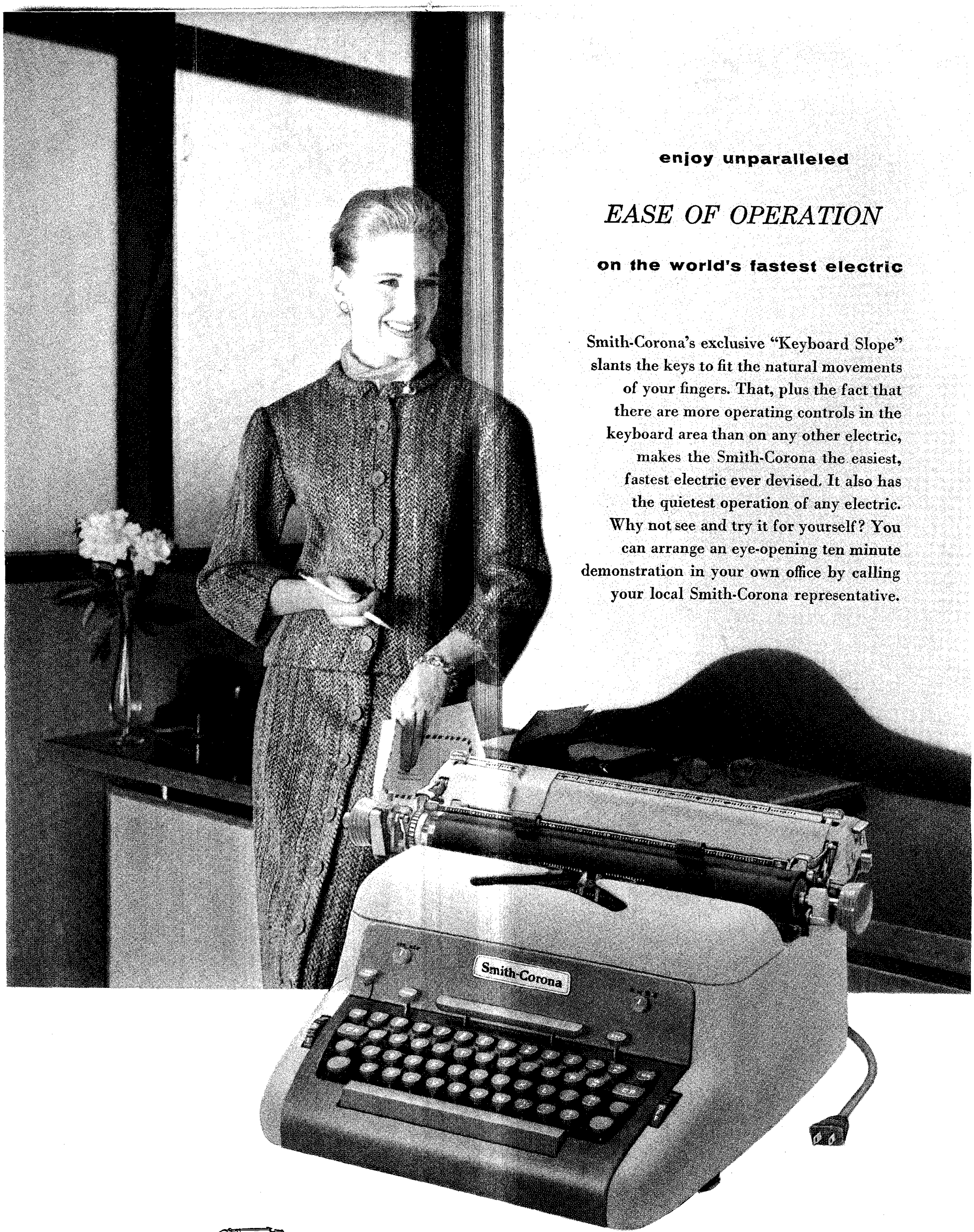
church Sunday morning, a group of men and women from in and around Norfolk, Virginia, that call themselves the Union Gospel Chorus. They sing old hymns. Reverend Ramsey heard about them, and got into some correspondence with them. There's seven of them, and they're coming up on the bus today, and they'll spend the night in Asbury Park, and tomorrow, after they sing, they're coming to my house for Sunday dinner. That'll be ten for dinner, including the preacher and his wife and me, and that's nothing. I have twenty to dinner sometimes, like at Thanksgiving, and do it all myself, and it doesn't bother me a bit. I'm going to give them chicken fricassee and dumplings for the main course. Soon as I finish this cake, I'll take you in the dining room and show you what else I'm going to give them. Did you have your lunch?"

"I had a sandwich and some coffee on the ferryboat coming over," I said.

"Now, *you* know, I like to do that," Mr. Hunter said. "I never go cross on the ferryboat without I step up to the lunch counter and buy a little something—a sandwich, or a piece of raisin cake. And then I sit by the window and eat it, and look at the tugboats go by, and the big boats, and the sea gulls, and the Statue of Liberty. Oh, my! It's such a pleasure to eat on a boat. Years and years ago, I was cook on a boat. When I was growing up in Sandy Ground, the mothers taught the boys to cook the same as the girls. The way they looked at it—you never know, it might come in handy. My mother was an unusually good cook, and she taught me the fundamentals, and I was just naturally good at it, and when I was seventeen or eighteen there was a fleet of fishing boats on Staten Island that went to Montauk and up around there and fished the codfish grounds, and I got a job cooking on one of them. It was a small boat, only five in the crew, and the galley was just big enough for two pots and a pan and a stirring spoon and me. I was clumsy at first. Reach for something with my right hand and knock it over with my left elbow. After awhile, though, I got so good the captain of the biggest boat in the fleet heard about my cooking and tried to hire me away, but the men on my boat said if I left they'd leave, and my captain had been good to me, so I stayed. I was a fishing-boat cook for a year and a half, and then I quit and took up a different line of work altogether. I'll be through with this cake in just a minute. I make my icing thicker than most people do,



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and I put more on. Frosting. Speaking of wild flowers, do you know pokeweed when you see it?"

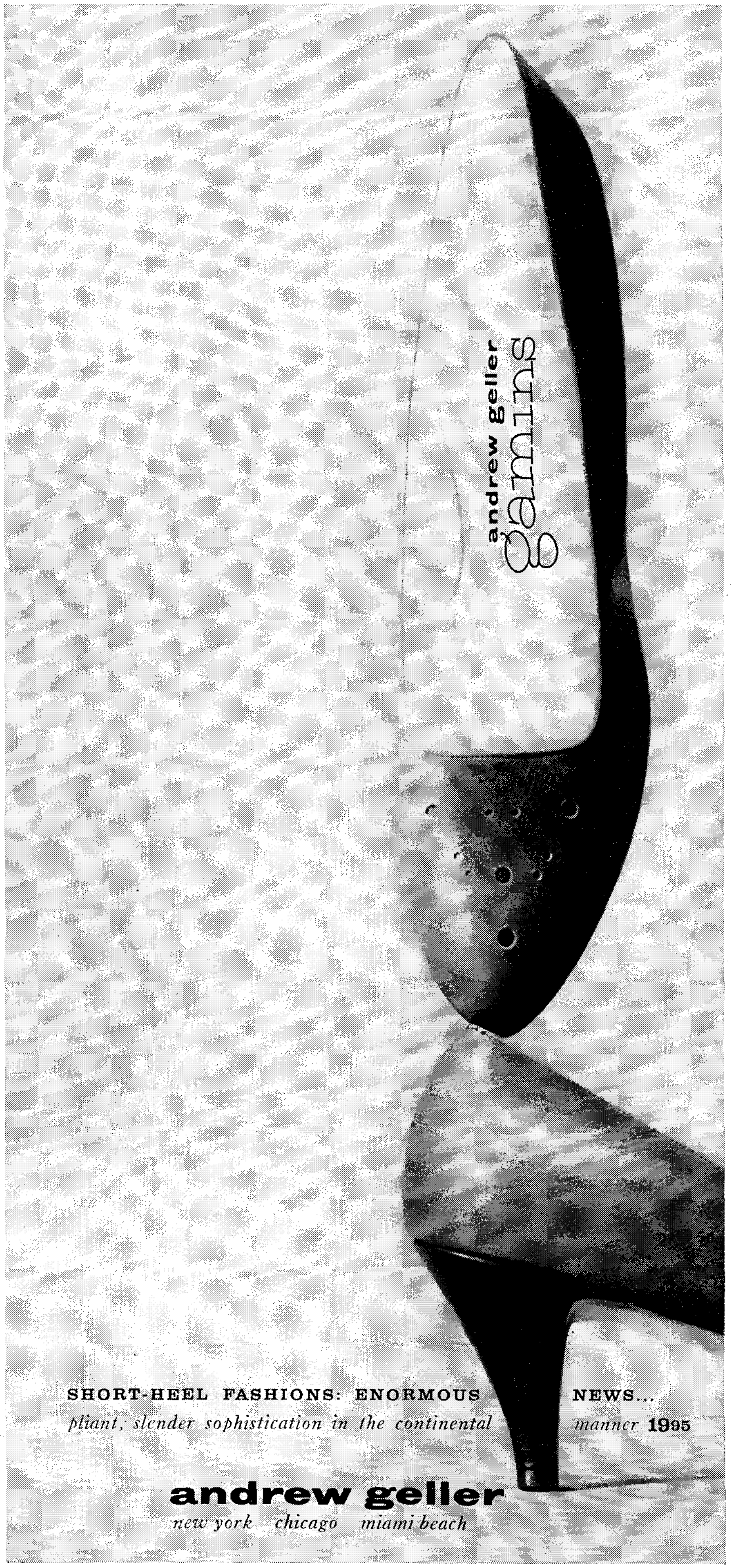
"Yes," I said.

"Did you ever eat it?"

"No," I said. "Isn't it supposed to be poisonous?"

"It's the root that's poisonous, the root and the berries. In the spring, when it first comes up, the young shoots above the root are good to eat. They taste like asparagus. The old women in Sandy Ground used to believe in eating pokeweed shoots, the old Southern women. They said it renewed your blood. My mother believed it. Every spring, she used to send me out in the woods to pick pokeweed shoots. And I believe it. So every spring, if I think about it, I go pick some and cook them. It's not that I like them so much—in fact, they give me gas—but they remind me of the days gone by, they remind me of my mother. Now, away down here in the woods in this part of Staten Island, you might think you were fifteen miles on the other side of nowhere, but just a little ways up Arthur Kill Road, up near Arden Avenue, there's a bend in the road where you can sometimes see the tops of the skyscrapers in New York. Just the tallest skyscrapers, and just the tops of them. It has to be an extremely clear day. Even then, you might be able to see them one moment and the next moment they're gone. Right beside this bend in the road there's a little swamp, and the edge of this swamp is the best place I know to pick pokeweed. I went up there one morning this spring to pick some, but we had a late spring, if you remember, and the pokeweed hadn't come up. The fiddleheads were up, and golden club, and spring beauty, and skunk cabbage, and bluets, but no pokeweed. So I was looking here and looking there, and not noticing where I was stepping, and I made a misstep, and the next thing I knew I was up to my knees in mud. I floundered around in the mud a minute, getting my bearings, and then I happened to raise my head and look up, and suddenly I saw, away off in the distance, miles and miles away, the tops of the skyscrapers in New York shining in the morning sun. I wasn't expecting it, and it was amazing. It was like a vision in the Bible."

Mr. Hunter smoothed the icing on top of the cake with a table knife, and stepped back and looked at it. "Well," he said, "I guess that does it." He placed a cover on the cake, and took off his apron. "I better wash my hands," he said. "If you want to see something



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pretty, step in the dining room and look on the sideboard." There was a walnut sideboard in the dining room, and it had been polished until it glinted. On it were two lemon-meringue pies, two coconut-custard pies, a pound cake, a marble cake, and a devil's-food cake. "Four pies and four cakes, counting the one I just finished," Mr. Hunter called out. "I made them all this morning. I also got some corn muffins put away, to eat with the chicken fricassee. That ought to hold them." Above the dining-room table, hanging from the ceiling, was an old-fashioned lampshade. It was as big as a parasol, and made of pink silk, and fringed and tasselled. On one wall, in a row, were three religious placards. They were printed in ornamental type, and they had floral borders. The first said "JESUS NEVER FAILS." The second said "NOT MY WILL BUT THINE BE DONE." The third said "THE HOUR IS COMING IN WHICH ALL THAT ARE IN THE GRAVES SHALL HEAR HIS VOICE, AND SHALL COME FORTH; THEY THAT HAVE DONE GOOD, UNTO THE RESURRECTION OF LIFE; AND THEY THAT HAVE DONE EVIL, UNTO THE RESURRECTION OF DAMNATION." On another wall was a framed certificate stating that George Henry Hunter was a life member of St. John's Lodge No. 29 of the Most Worshipful Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. While I was looking at this, Mr. Hunter came into the room. "I'm proud of that," he said. "There's several Negro Mason organizations, but Prince Hall is the biggest, and I've been a member since 1906. I joined the Masons the same year I built this house. Did you notice my floors?" I looked down. The floor boards were wide and made of some kind of honey-colored wood, and they were waxed and polished. "Virgin spruce," he said. "Six inches wide. Tongue and groove. Built to last. In my time, that was the idea, but in this day and time, that's not the idea. They've got more things nowadays—things, things, things; kitchen stoves you could put in the parlor just to look at, refrigerators so big they're all out of reason, cars that reach from here to Rossville—but they aren't built to last, they're built to wear out. And that's the way the people want it. It's immaterial to them how long a thing lasts. In fact, if it don't wear out quick enough, they beat it and bang it and kick it and jump up and down on it, so they can get a new one. Most of what you buy nowadays, the outside is everything, the inside don't matter. Like

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MACINTOSH

—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged.

those tomatoes you buy at the store, and they look so nice and shiny and red, and half the time, when you get them home and slice them, all that's inside is mush, red mush. And the people are the same. You hardly ever see a son any more as good as his father. Oh, he might be taller and stronger and thicker in the shoulders, playing games at school and all, but he can't stand as much. If he tried to lift and pull the way the men of my generation used to lift and pull, he'd be ruptured by noon, they'd be making arrangements to operate. How'd I get started talking this way? I'm tired, that's why. I been on my feet all morning, and I better sit down a few minutes." He took a tablecloth from a drawer of the sideboard and shook it out and laid it gently over the cakes and pies. "Let's go on the back porch," he said.

THERE were two wicker rocking chairs on the back porch, and we sat down. Mr. Hunter yawned and closed his eyes and slowly lowered his chin to his chest. I looked at his back yard, in which there were several rows of sweet potatoes, a row of tomatoes, a weeping willow, and a feeding table for birds. Mr. Hunter dozed for about five minutes, and then some blue jays flew into the yard, shrieking, and they aroused him. He sat up, pressing his elbows against the chair, and followed the jays with his eyes as they swooped and swirled about the yard. When they flew away, he laughed. "I enjoy birds," he said. "I enjoy their colors. I enjoy the noise they make, and the commotion. Even blue jays. Most mornings, I get up real early and go out in the yard and scatter bread crumbs and sunflower seeds on the feeding table, and then I sit up here on the porch and watch. Oh, it's nice out here in the early morning! Everything is so fresh. As my mother used to say, 'Every morning, the world anew.' Some mornings, I see a dozen different kinds of birds. There were redbirds all over the yard this morning, and a surprising number of brown thrashers and red-winged blackbirds. I see a good many I don't recognize; I do wish I knew their names. Every so often, a pair of pheasants land on the feeding table. Some of the old fields around here are full of them. I was picking some tomatoes the other day, and a pair of pheasants scuttled out from under the tomato bushes and flew up right in my face. Whoosh! Up goes the cock bird. A second later—whoosh! Up goes the hen bird. One of her wings brushed against me. I had my mind on

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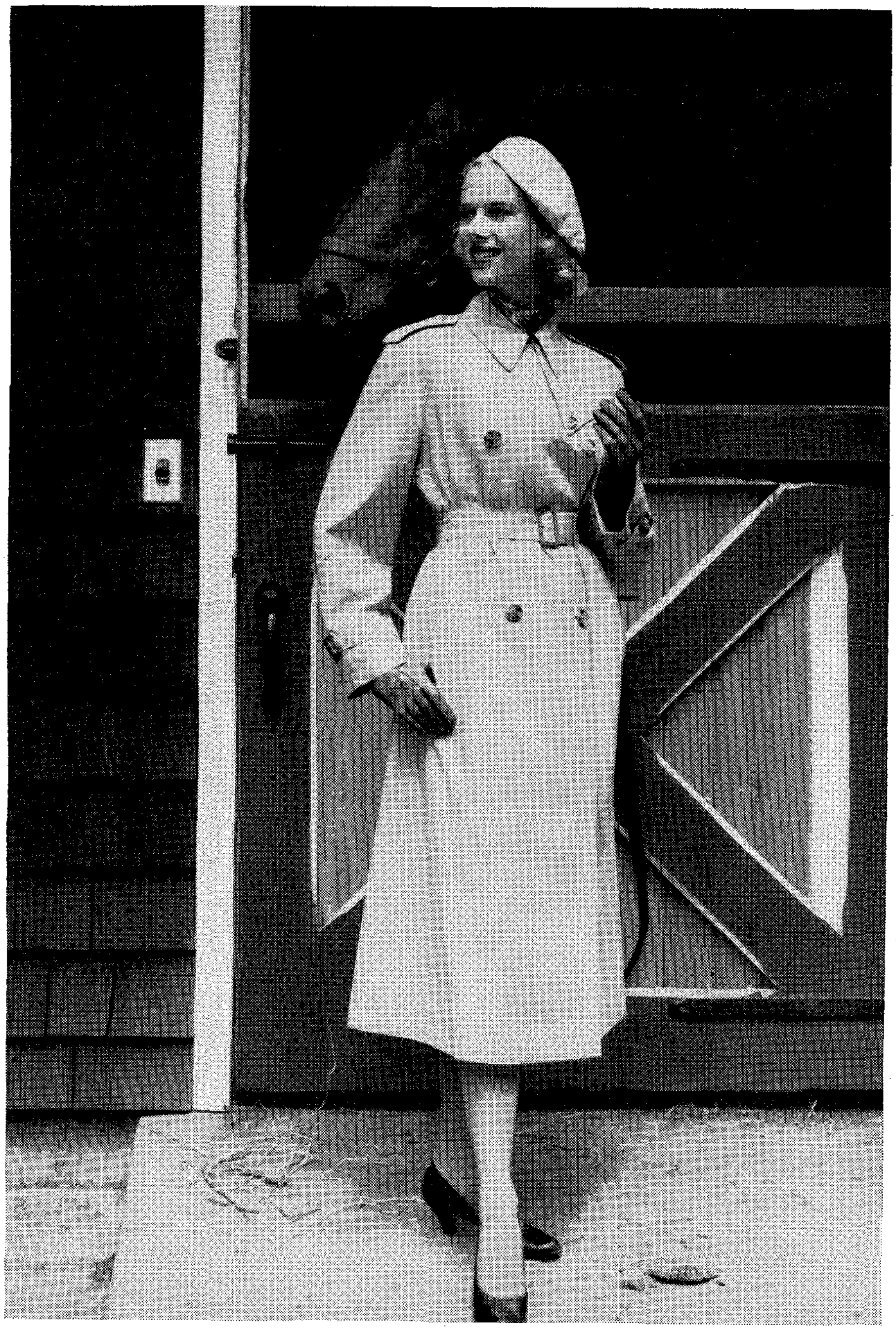

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something else, or I could've caught her. I better not get on the subject of birds, or I'll talk your ears off. You said on the phone you wanted to know something about Sandy Ground. What do you want to know? How it began?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Oysters!" said Mr. Hunter. "That's how it began." There was a fly swatter on the floor beside Mr. Hunter's chair, and a few feet in front of his chair was an old kitchen table with a chipped enamel top. He suddenly reached down and grabbed the swatter and stood up and took a step toward the table, on which a fly had lit. His shadow fell on the fly, and the fly flew away. Mr. Hunter stared wildly into space for several moments, looking for the fly and muttering angrily, and then he sat back down, still holding the swatter.

"It's hard to believe nowadays, the water's so dirty," he continued, "but up until about the year 1800 there were tremendous big beds of natural-growth oysters all around Staten Island—in the Lower Bay, in the Arthur Kill, in the Kill van Kull. Some of the richest beds of oysters in the entire country were out in the lower part of the Lower Bay, the part known as Raritan Bay. Most of them were on shoals, under ten to twenty feet of water. They were supposed to be public beds, open to anybody, but they were mainly worked by Staten Islanders, and the Staten Islanders considered they owned them. Between 1800 and 1820, all but the very deepest of these beds gradually petered out. They had been raked and scraped until they weren't worth working any more. But the Staten Islanders didn't give up. What they did, they began to bring immature oysters from other localities and put them on the best of the old beds and leave them there until they reached market size, which took from one to four years, all according to how mature the oysters were to begin with. Then they'd rake them up, or tong them up, and load them on boats, and send them up the bay to the wholesalers in New York. They took great pains with these oysters. They cleaned the empty shells and bottom trash off the beds that they put them on, and they spread them out as evenly as possible. Handled this way, oysters grew faster than they did all scrouged together on natural beds. Also, they grew more uniform in size and shape. Also, they had a better flavor. Also, they brought higher prices, premium prices. The center of the business was the little town of Prince's Bay, over on the outside shore. There's not much to Prince's Bay now, but it used to be

Ever consider how much of your everyday life is affected by labor unions? Multiply what you find by the population. You'll discover how much the state of the union depends upon the state of the unions.

Keeping you informed of the state of the unions is Abe Raskin's assignment on The New York Times. In the 18 years he has handled it his by-line has become recognized all over the country. What appears under it is respected by labor, industry and just plain citizens for authority, fairness, objectivity.

Fresh out of New York's City College, A. H. Raskin joined The New York Times in the depression year 1931. One-fourth of the city's work force was without work. Raskin had plenty of it covering the news of relief agencies.

By 1938 people were beginning to work again. Raskin's assignment was broadened to cover labor. Labor means industry. Inevitably Raskin's labor assignment broadened still further to include many aspects of industry.

In 1942 Raskin's talents were tapped by the Army. His 3-year stint as chief of the Labor Branch of the Army's Industrial Services Division won him the Distinguished Service Medal. In 1947 he was consultant to the President's Advisory Commission on Universal Training, in 1951 to the National Security Training Commission.

In 1951 also he helped organize and served as first director of the Defense Department's Division of Industrial Relations. His superior reporting of labor and industry won him the Sidney Hillman Memorial Award in 1951, the George Polk Memorial Award in 1953. His expose of racket infiltration of the unions led the American Federation of Labor in 1952 to set up a special anti-racketeering committee.

Abe Raskin is one of hundreds of reporters who help widen your world every day in The New York Times. They make it colorful, clear, complete. Wake up to the times...The New York Times. It's so much more interesting – and you will be, too.

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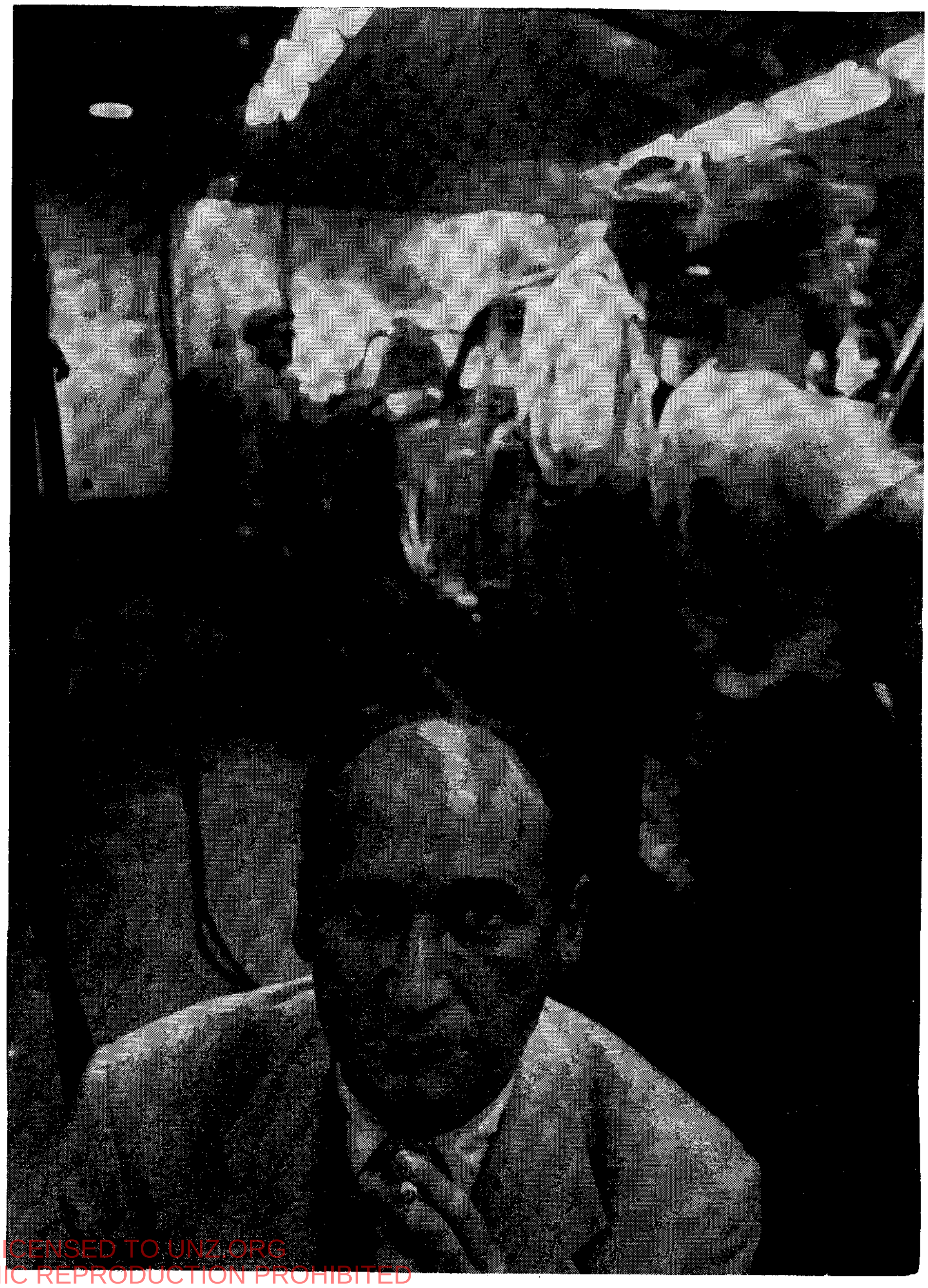
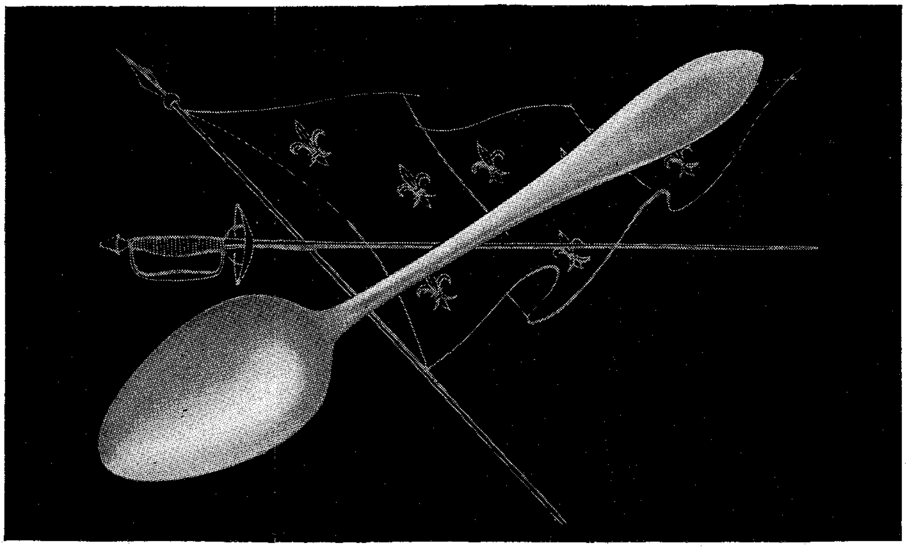
State of the unions



Arnold Newman

A Return to Elegance



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"At first, the Staten Islanders used sloops and bought their seed stock close by, in bays in New Jersey and Long Island, but the business grew very fast, and in a few years a good many of them were using schooners that could hold five thousand bushels and were making regular trips to Maryland and Virginia. Some went into inlets along the ocean side of the Eastern Shore, and some went into Chesapeake Bay. They bought from local oystermen who worked natural beds in the public domain, and they usually had to visit a whole string of little ports and landings before they got a load. At that time, there were quite a few free Negroes among the oystermen on the Eastern Shore, especially in Worcester County, Maryland, on the upper part of Chincoteague Bay, and the Staten Island captains occasionally hired gangs of them to make the trip North and help distribute the oysters on the beds. Now and then, a few would stay behind on Staten Island for a season or two and work on empty beds, cleaning them off and getting them ready for new seed stock. Late in the eighteen-thirties or early in the eighteen-forties, a number of these men left their homes in and around Snow Hill, Maryland, the county seat of Worcester County, and came up to Staten Island to live. They brought their families, and they settled over here in the Sandy Ground section. The land was cheap in Sandy Ground, and it was in easy walking distance of Prince's Bay, and a couple of Negro families were already living over here, a family named Jackson and a family named Henry. The records of our church go back to 1850, and they show the names of most of the original men from Snow Hill. Three of them were Purnells—Isaac Purnell, George Purnell, and Littleton Purnell. Two were Lambdens, spelled L-a-m-b-d-e-n, only their descendants changed the spelling to L-a-n-d-i-n—Landin. One was a Robbins, and one was a Bishop, and one was a Henman. The Robbins family died out or moved away many years ago, but Purnells, Landins, Bishops, and Henmans still live in Sandy Ground. They've always been the main Sandy Ground families. There's a man from Sandy Ground who works for a trucking concern in New York, drives trailer trucks, and he's driven through Maryland many times, and stopped in Snow Hill, and he says there's still people down there with these names, plenty of them, white and Negro. Especially

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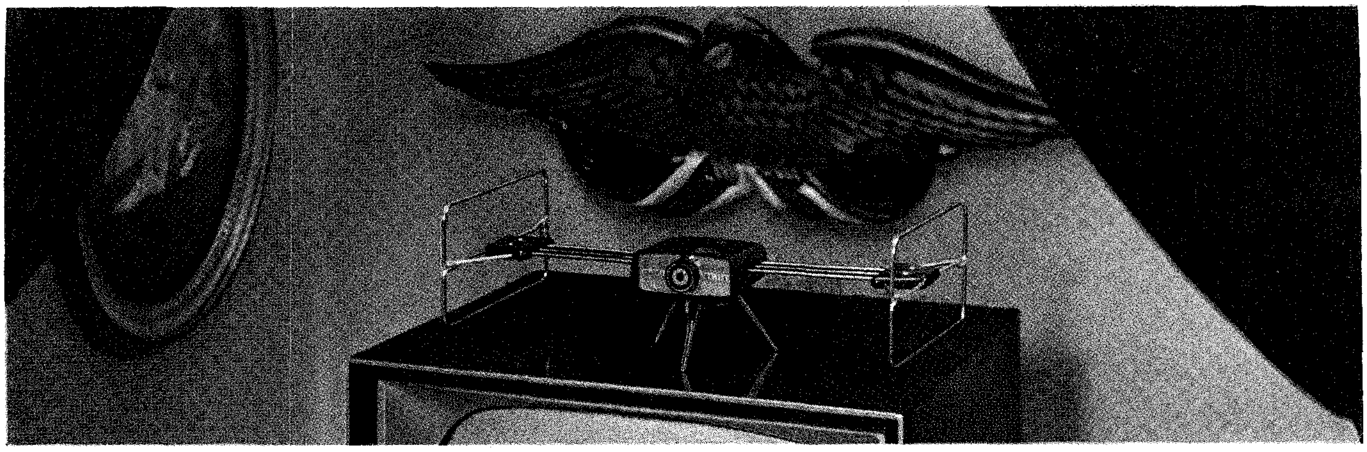

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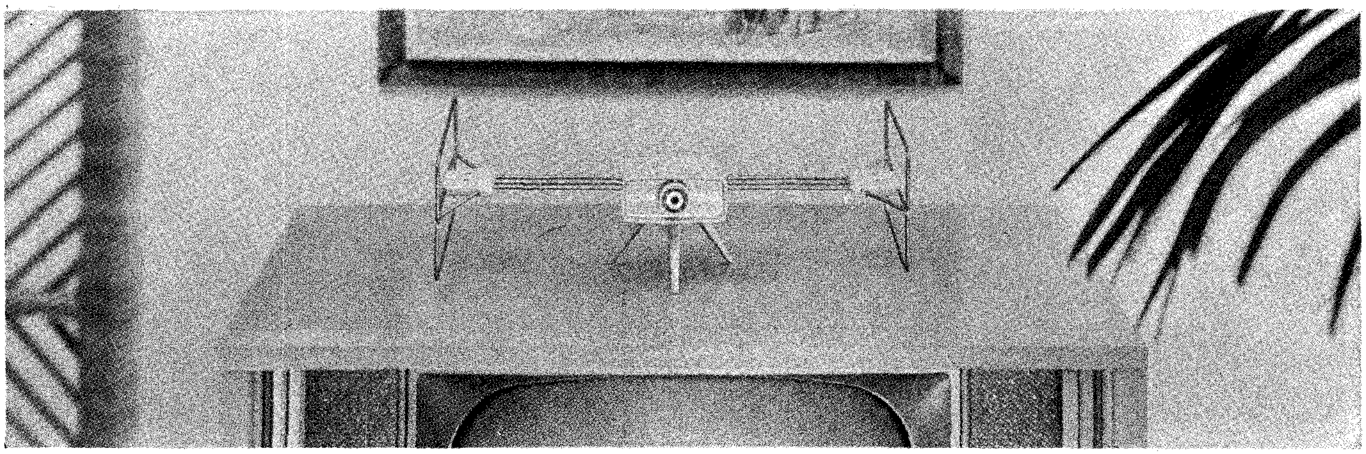

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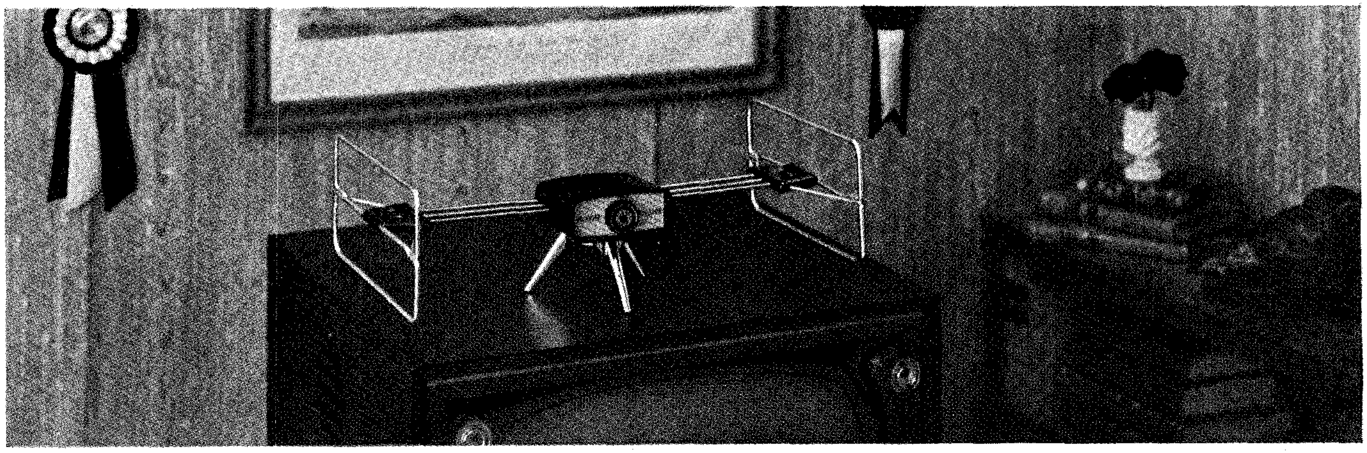

The Channel Master Showman comes in colors to match any room scheme. Choose from blond or mahogany with gold... ebony with silver. At better stores everywhere, $17.95. Channel Master Corp., Ellenville, N. Y.

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CHANNEL MASTER

WORLD'S LARGEST TV ANTENNA MAKER

Purnells and Bishops. Every second person you run into in Snow Hill, just about, he says, is either a Purnell or a Bishop, and there's one little crossroad town near Snow Hill that's named Bishop and another one that's named Bishopville. Through the years, other Negro families came to Sandy Ground and settled down and intermarried with the families from Snow Hill. Some came from the South, but the majority came from New York and New Jersey and other places in the North. Such as the Harris family, the Mangin family, the Fish family, the Williams family, the Finney family, and the Roach family."

All of a sudden, Mr. Hunter leaned forward in his chair as far as he could go and brought the fly swatter down on the table. This time, he killed the fly.

"I wasn't born in Sandy Ground myself," he continued. "I came here when I was a boy. My mother and my stepfather brought me here. Two or three of the original men from Snow Hill were still around then, and I knew them. They were old, old men. As a matter of fact, they were about as old as I am now. And the widows of several others were still around. Two of those old widows lived near us, and they used to come to see my mother and sit by the kitchen range and talk and talk, and I used to like to listen to them. The main thing they talked about was the early days in Sandy Ground—how poor everybody had been, and how hard everybody had had to work, the men and the women. The men all worked by the day for the white oystermen in Prince's Bay. They went out in skiffs and anchored over the beds and stood up in the skiffs from sunup to sundown, raking oysters off the bottom with big old claw-toothed rakes that were made of iron and weighed fourteen pounds and had handles on them twenty-four feet long. The women all washed. They washed for white women in Prince's Bay and Rossville and Tottenville. And there wasn't a real house in the whole of Sandy Ground. Most of the families lived in one-room shacks with lean-tos for the children. In the summer, they ate what they grew in their gardens. In the winter, they ate oysters until they couldn't stand the sight of them.

"When I came here, early in the eighteen-eighties, that had all changed. By that time, Sandy Ground was really quite a prosperous little place. Most of the men were still breaking their backs raking oysters by the day, but several of them had saved their money and worked up to where they owned and operated pretty good-sized oyster sloops

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and didn't take orders from anybody. Old Mr. Dawson Landin was the first to own a sloop. He owned a forty-footer named the Pacific. He was the richest man in the settlement, and he took the lead in everything. Still and all, people liked him and looked up to him; most of us called him Uncle Daws. His brother, Robert Landin, owned a thirty-footer named the Independence, and Mr. Robert's son-in-law, Francis Henry, also owned a thirty-footer. His was named the Fannie Ferne. And a few others owned sloops. There were still some places here and there in the Arthur Kill and the Kill van Kull where you could rake up natural-growth seed oysters if you spliced two rake handles together and went down deep enough, and that's what these men did. They sold the seed to the white oystermen, and they made out all right. In those days, the oyster business used oak baskets by the thousands, and some of the Sandy Ground men had got to be good basket-makers. They went into the woods around here and cut white-oak saplings and split them into strips and soaked the strips in water and wove them into bushel baskets that would last for years. Also, several of the men had become blacksmiths. They made oyster rakes and repaired them, and did all kinds of ironwork for the boats. One of those men was Mr. William Bishop, and his son, Joe Bishop, still runs a blacksmith shop over on Woodrow Road. It's the last real old-time blacksmith shop left on the island.

"The population of Sandy Ground was bigger then than it is now, and the houses were newer and nicer-looking. Every family owned the house they lived in, and a little bit of land. Not much—an acre and a half, two acres, three acres. I guess Uncle Daws had the most, and he only had three and three-quarter acres. But what they had, they made every inch of it count. They raised a few pigs and chickens, and kept a cow, and had some fruit trees and grapevines, and planted a garden. They planted a lot of Southern stuff, such as butter beans and okra and sweet potatoes and mustard greens and collards and Jerusalem artichokes. There were flowers in every yard, and rosebushes, and the old women exchanged seeds and bulbs and cuttings with each other. Back then, this was a big strawberry section. The soil in Sandy Ground is ideal for strawberries. All the white farmers along Bloomingdale Road grew them, and the people in Sandy Ground took it up; you can grow a lot of strawberries on an acre. In those days, a river steam-

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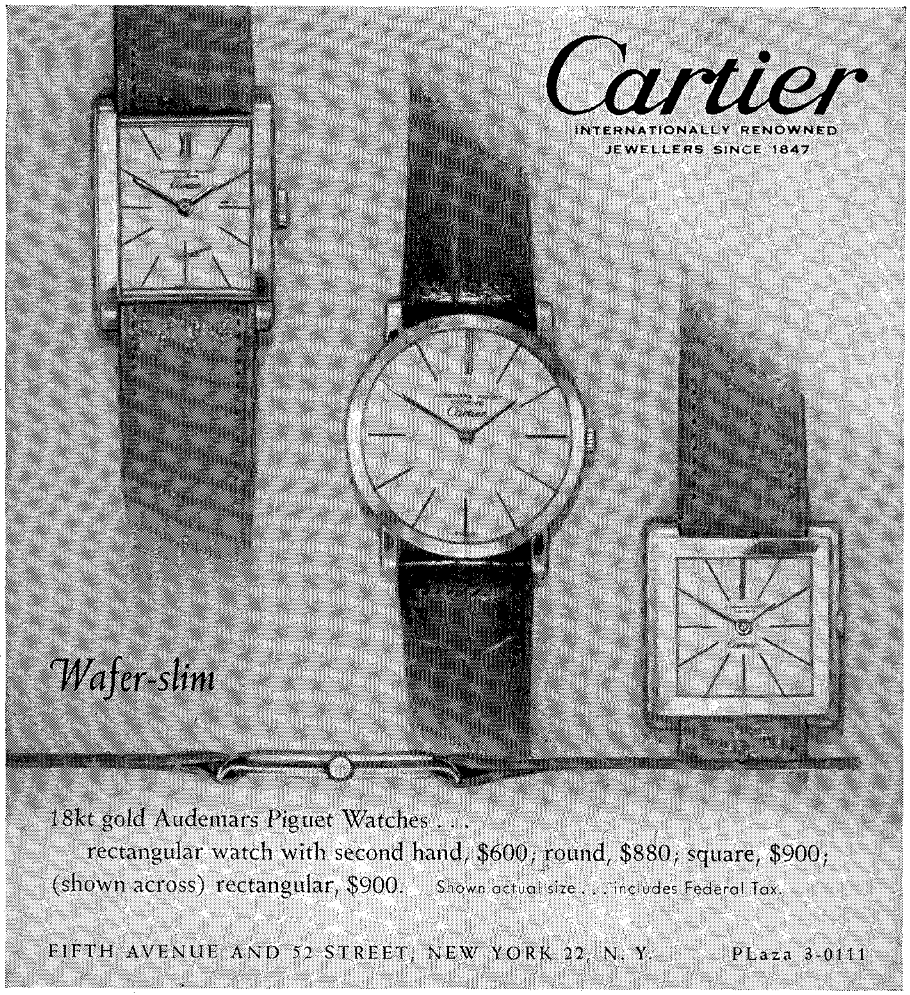
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er left New Brunswick, New Jersey, every morning, and came down the Raritan River and entered the Arthur Kill and made stops at Rossville and five or six other little towns on the kill, and then went on up to the city and docked at the foot of Barclay Street, right across from Washington Market. And early every morning during strawberry season the people would box up their strawberries and take them down to Rossville and put them on the steamer and send them off to market. They'd lay a couple of grape leaves on top of each box, and that would bring out the beauty of the berries, the green against the red. Staten Island strawberries had the reputation of being unusually good, the best on the market, and they brought fancy prices. Most of them went to the big New York hotels. Some of the families in Sandy Ground, strawberries were about as important to them as oysters. And every family put up a lot of stuff, not only garden stuff, but wild stuff—wild-grape jelly, and wild-plum jelly, and huckleberries. If it was a good huckleberry year, they'd put up enough huckleberries to make deep-dish pies all winter. And when they killed their hogs, they made link sausages and liver pudding and lard. Some of the old women even made soap. People looked after things in those days. They patched and mended and made do, and they kept their yards clean, and they burned their trash. And they taught their children how to conduct themselves. And they held their heads up; they were as good as anybody, and better than some. And they got along with each other; they knew each other's peculiarities and took them into consideration. Of course, this was an oyster town, and there was always an element that drank and carried on and didn't have any more moderation than the cats up the alley, but the great majority were good Christians who walked in the way of the Lord, and loved Him, and trusted Him, and kept His commandments. Everything in Sandy Ground revolved around the church. Every summer, we put up a tent in the churchyard and held a big camp meeting, a revival. We owned the tent. We could get three or four hundred people under it, sitting on sawhorse benches. We'd have visiting preachers, famous old-time African Methodist preachers, and they'd preach every night for a week. We'd invite the white oystermen to come and bring their families, and a lot of them would. Everybody was welcome. And once a year, to raise money for church upkeep, we'd put on an ox roast, what they call

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a barbecue nowadays. A Southern man named Steve Davis would do the roasting. There were tricks to it that only he knew. He'd dig a pit in the churchyard, and then a little off to one side he'd burn a pile of hickory logs until he had a big bed of red-hot coals, and then he'd fill the pit about half full of coals, and then he'd set some iron rods across the pit, and then he'd lay a couple of sides of beef on the rods and let them roast. Every now and then, he'd shovel some more coals into the pit, and then he'd turn the sides of beef and baste them with pepper sauce, or whatever it was he had in that bottle of his, and the beef would drip and sputter and sizzle, and the smoke from the hickory coals would flavor it to perfection. People all over the South Shore would set aside that day and come to the African Methodist ox roast. All the big oyster captains in Prince's Bay would come. Captain Phil De Waters would come, and Captain Abraham Manee and Captain William Haughwout and Captain Peter Polworth and good old Captain George Newbury, and a dozen others. And we'd eat and laugh and joke with each other over who could hold the most.

"All through the eighties, and all through the nineties, and right on up to around 1910, that's the way it was in Sandy Ground. Then the water went bad. The oystermen had known for a long time that the water in the Lower Bay was getting dirty, and they used to talk about it, and worry about it, but they didn't have any idea how bad it was until around 1910, when reports began to circulate that cases of typhoid fever had been traced to the eating of Staten Island oysters. The oyster wholesalers in New York were the unseen powers in the Staten Island oyster business; they advanced the money to build boats and buy Southern seed stock. When the typhoid talk got started, most of them decided they didn't want to risk their money any more, and the business went into a decline, and then, in 1916, the Department of Health stepped in and condemned the beds, and that was that. The men in Sandy Ground had to scratch around and look for something else to do, and it wasn't easy. Mr. George Ed Henman got a job working on a garbage wagon for the city, and Mr. James McCoy became the janitor of a public school, and Mr. Jacob Finney went to work as a porter on Ellis Island, and one did this and one did that. A lot of the life went out of the settlement, and a kind of don't-care attitude set in. The church was

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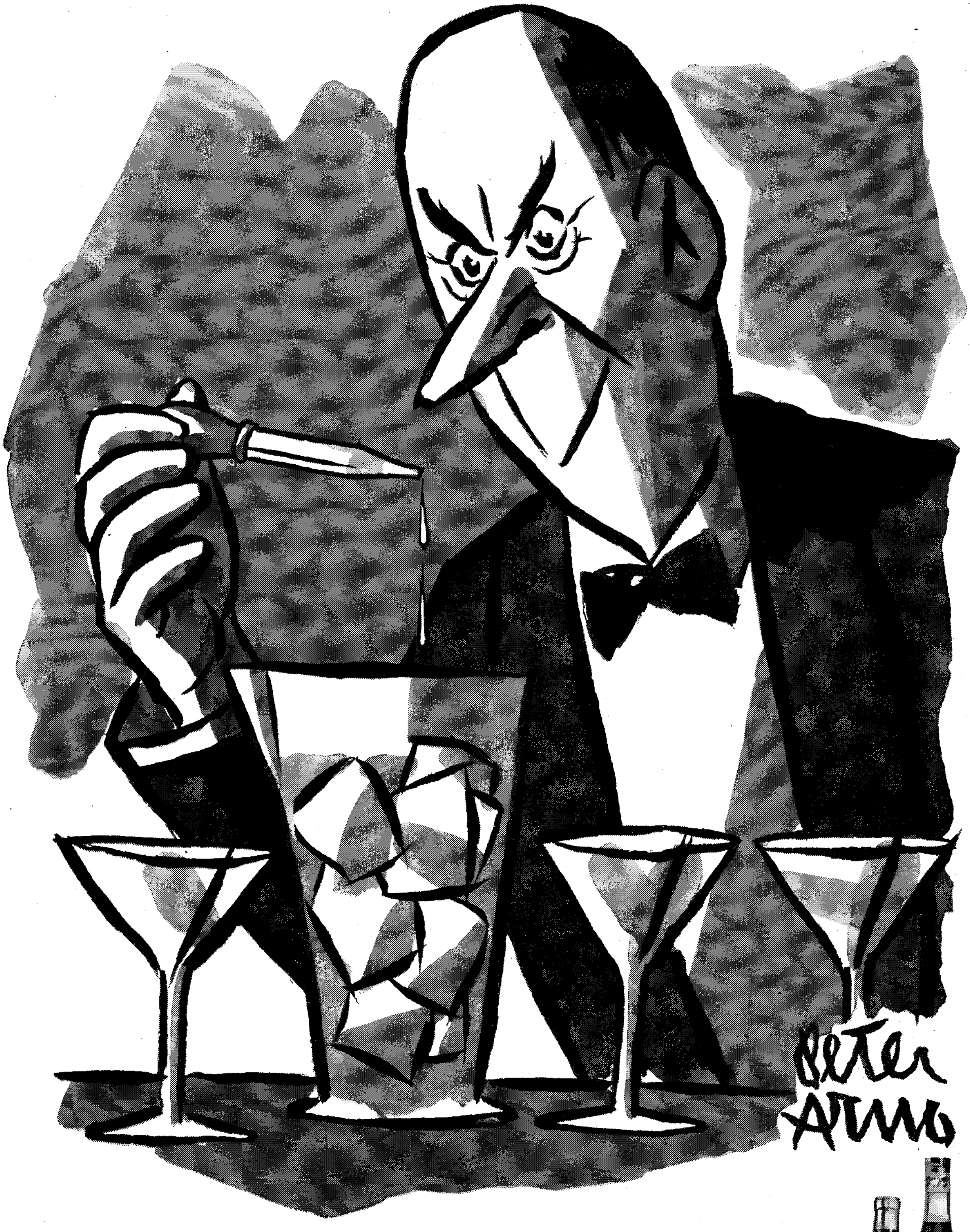

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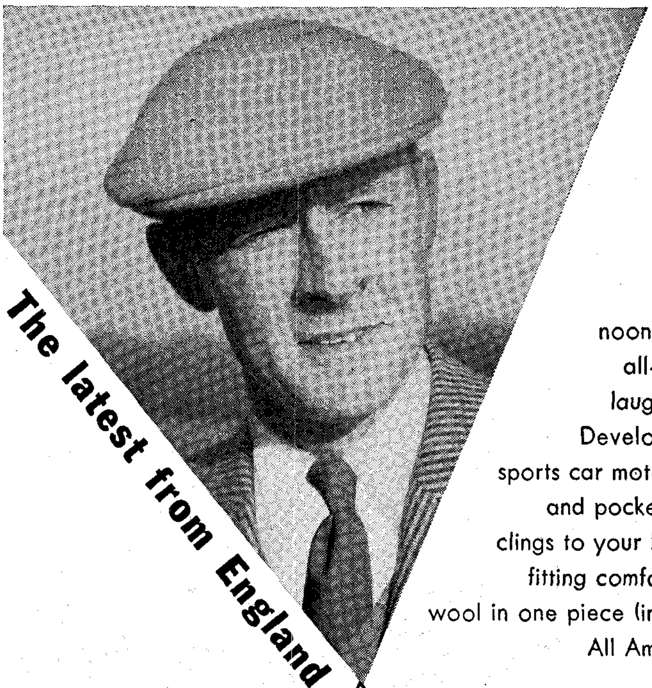

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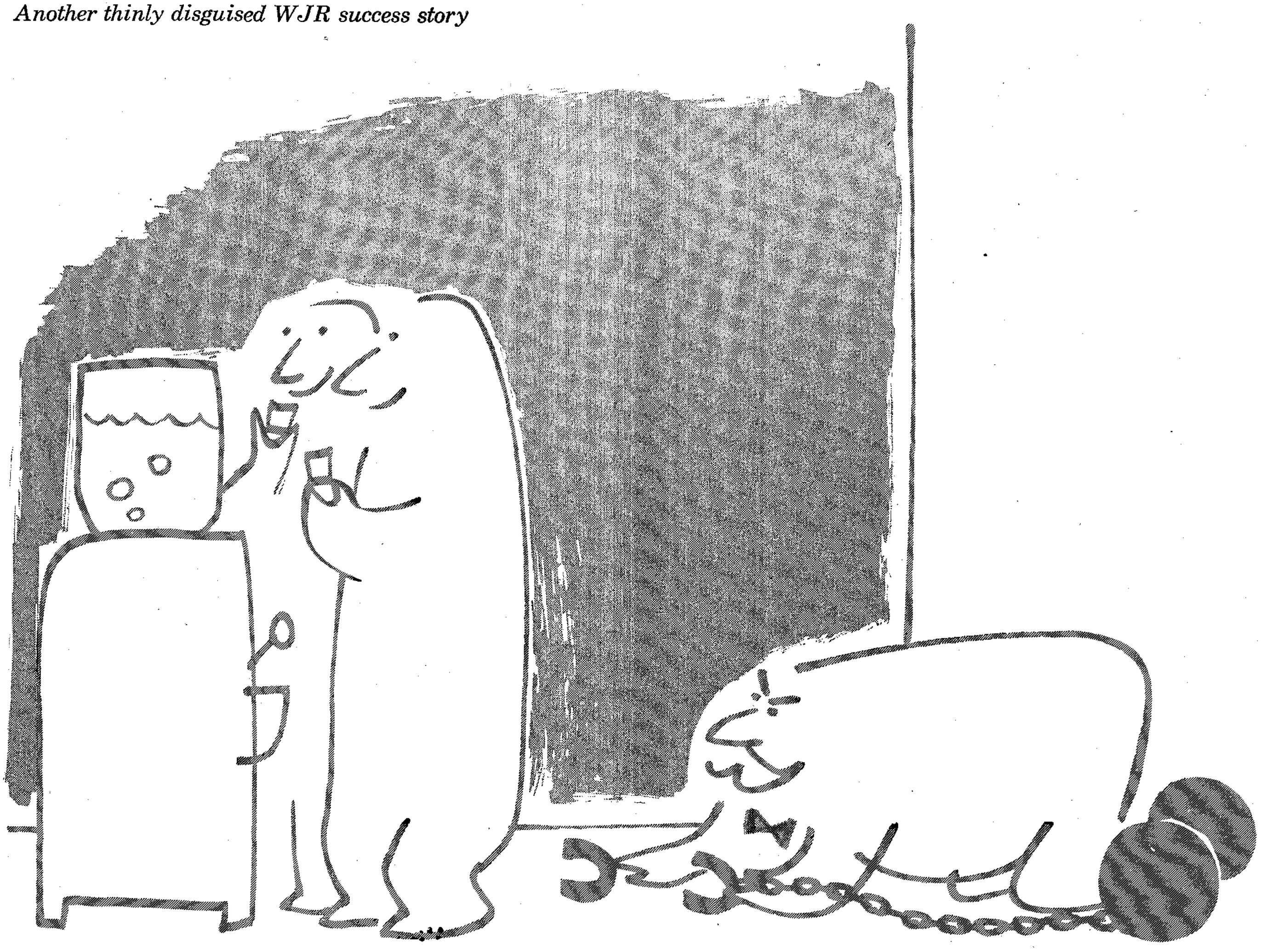
especially hard hit. Many of the young men and women moved away, and several whole families, and the membership went down. The men who owned oyster sloops had been the main support of the church, and they began to give dimes where they used to give dollars. Steve Davis died, and it turned out nobody else knew how to roast an ox, so we had to give up the ox roasts. For some years, we put on clambakes instead, and then clams got too expensive, and we had to give up the clambakes.

"The way it is now, Sandy Ground is just a ghost of its former self. There's a disproportionate number of old people. A good many of the big old rambling houses that used to be full of children, there's only old men and old women living in them now. And you hardly ever see them. People don't sit on their porches in Sandy Ground as much as they used to, even old people, and they don't do much visiting. They sit inside, and keep to themselves, and listen to the radio or look at television. Also, in most of the families in Sandy Ground where the husband and wife are young or middle-aged, both of them go off to work. If there's children, a grandmother or an old aunt or some other relative stays home and looks after them. And they have to travel good long distances to get to their work. The women mainly work in hospitals, such as Sea View, the big t.b. hospital way up in the middle of the island, and I hate to think of the time they put in riding those rattly old Staten Island buses and standing at bus stops in all kinds of weather. The men mainly work in construction, or in factories across the kill in New Jersey. You hear their cars starting up early in the morning, and you hear them coming in late at night. They make eighty, ninety, a hundred a week, and they take all the overtime work they can get; they have to, to pay for those big cars and refrigerators and television sets. Whenever something new comes out, if one family gets one, the others can't rest until they get one too. And the only thing they pay cash for is candy bars. For all I know, they even buy them on the installment plan. It'll all end in a mess one of these days. The church has gone way down. People say come Sunday they're just too tired to stir. Most of the time, only a handful of the old reliables show up for Sunday-morning services, and we've completely given up Sunday-evening services. Oh, sometimes a wedding or a funeral will draw a crowd. As far as gardens, *Another thinly disguised WJR success story*



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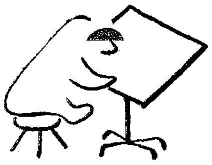
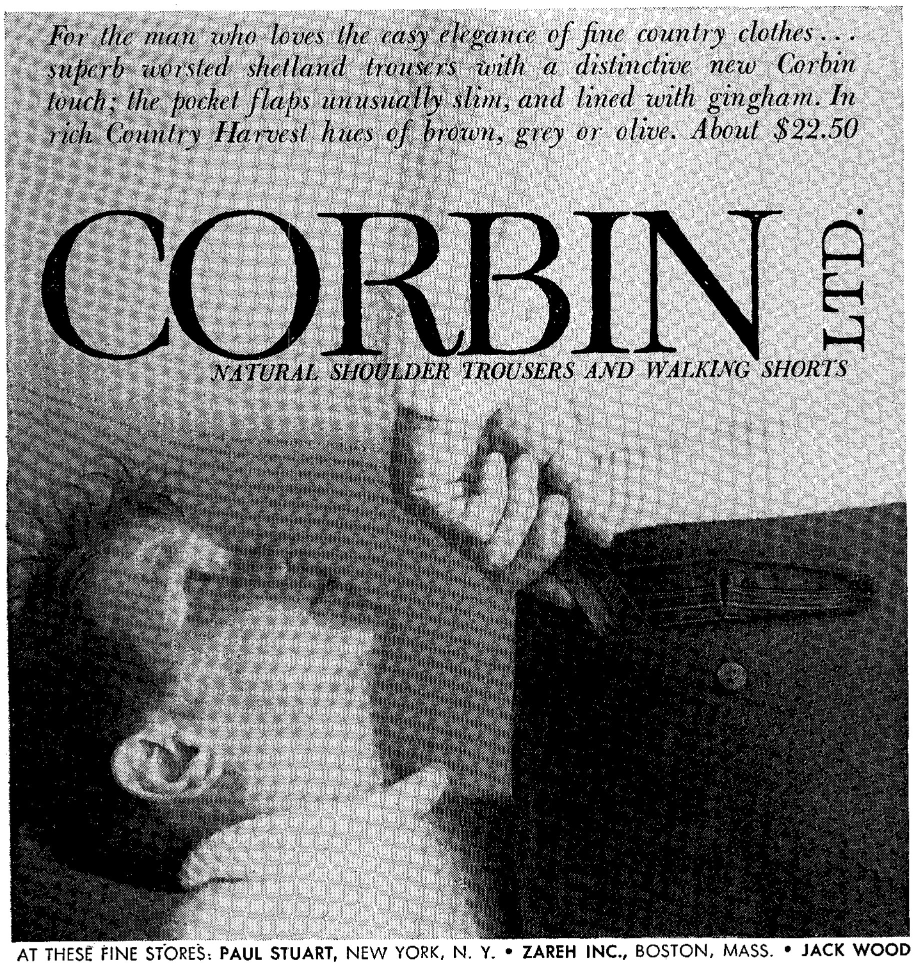


Back to the drawing board, boys, you've a career in engineering.



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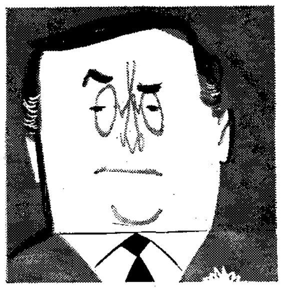

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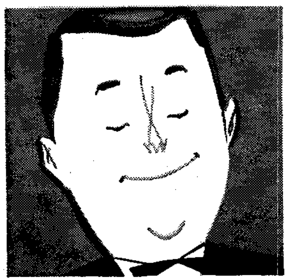

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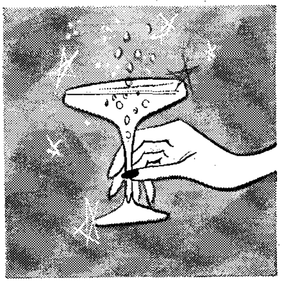

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nobody in Sandy Ground plants a garden any more beyond some old woman might set out a few tomato plants and half the time she forgets about them and lets them wilt. As far as wild stuff, there's plenty of huckleberries in the woods around here, high-bush and low-bush, and oceans of blackberries, and I even know where there's some beach plums, but do you think anybody bothers with them? Oh, no!"

MR. HUNTER stood up. "I've rested long enough," he said. "Let's go on over to the cemetery." He went down the back steps, and I followed him. He looked under the porch and brought out a grub hoe and handed it to me. "We may need this," he said. "You take it, if you don't mind, and go on around to the front of the house. I'll go back inside and lock up, and I'll meet you out front in just a minute."

I went around to the front, and looked at the roses on the trellised bush beside the porch. They were lush pink roses. It was a hot afternoon, and when Mr. Hunter came out, I was surprised to see that he had put on a jacket, and a double-breasted jacket at that. He had also put on a black necktie and a black felt hat. They were undoubtedly his Sunday clothes, and he looked stiff and solemn in them.

"I was admiring your rosebush," I said.

"It does all right," said Mr. Hunter. "It's an old bush. When it was getting a start, I buried bones from the table around the roots of it, the way the old Southern women used to do. Bones are the best fertilizer in the world for rosebushes." He took the hoe and put it across his shoulder, and we started up Bloomingdale Road. We walked in the road; there are no sidewalks in Sandy Ground.

A little way up the road, we overtook an old man hobbling along on a cane. He and Mr. Hunter spoke to each other, and Mr. Hunter introduced him to me. "This is Mr. William E. Brown," Mr. Hunter said. "He's one of the old Sandy Ground oystermen. He's in his eighties, but he's younger than me. How are you, Mr. Brown?"

"I'm just hanging by a thread," said Mr. Brown.

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Mr. Hunter.

"Oh, I'm all right," said Mr. Brown, "only for this numbness in my legs, and I've got cataracts and can't half see, and I had a dentist make me a set of teeth and he says they fit, but

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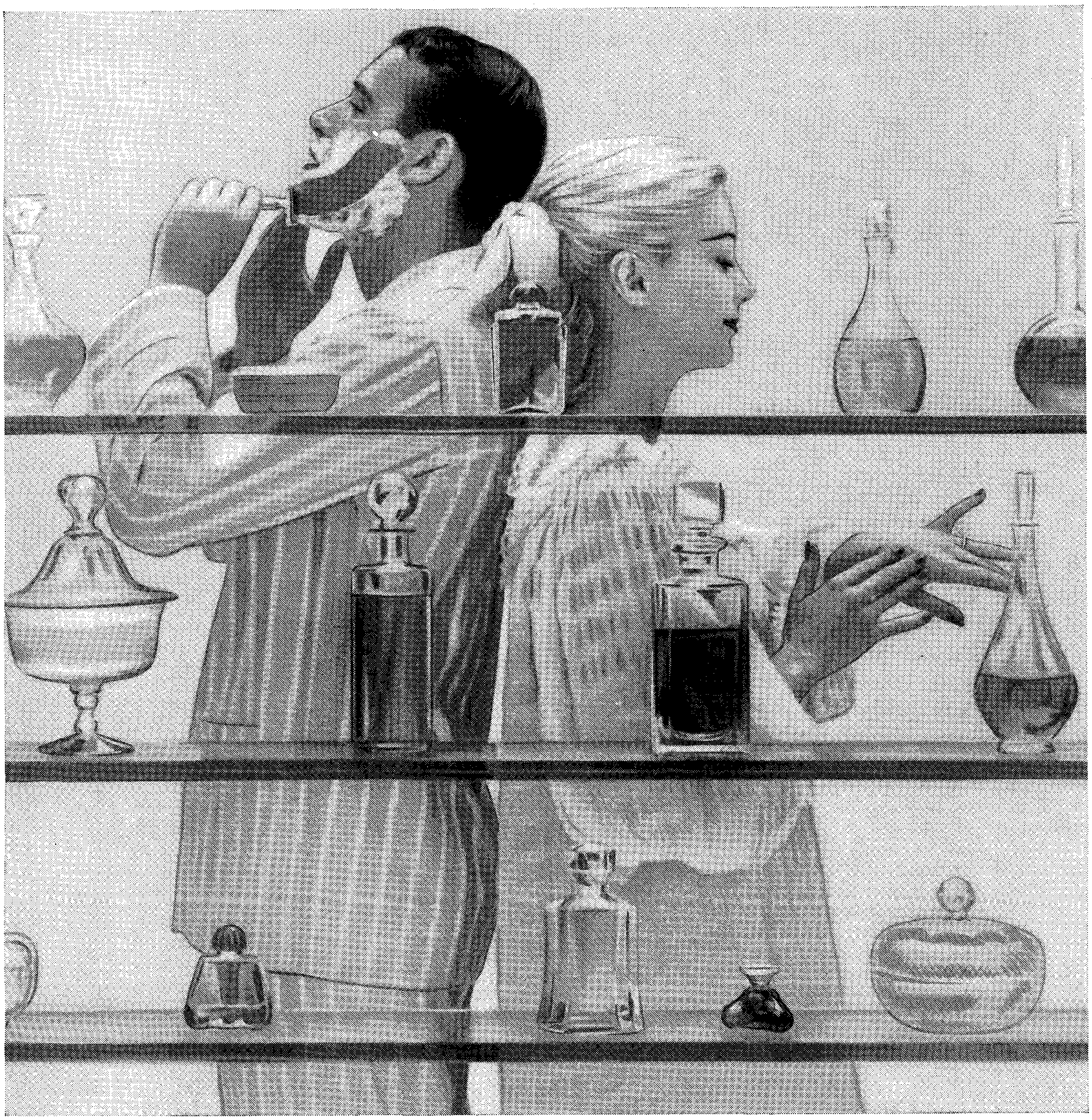

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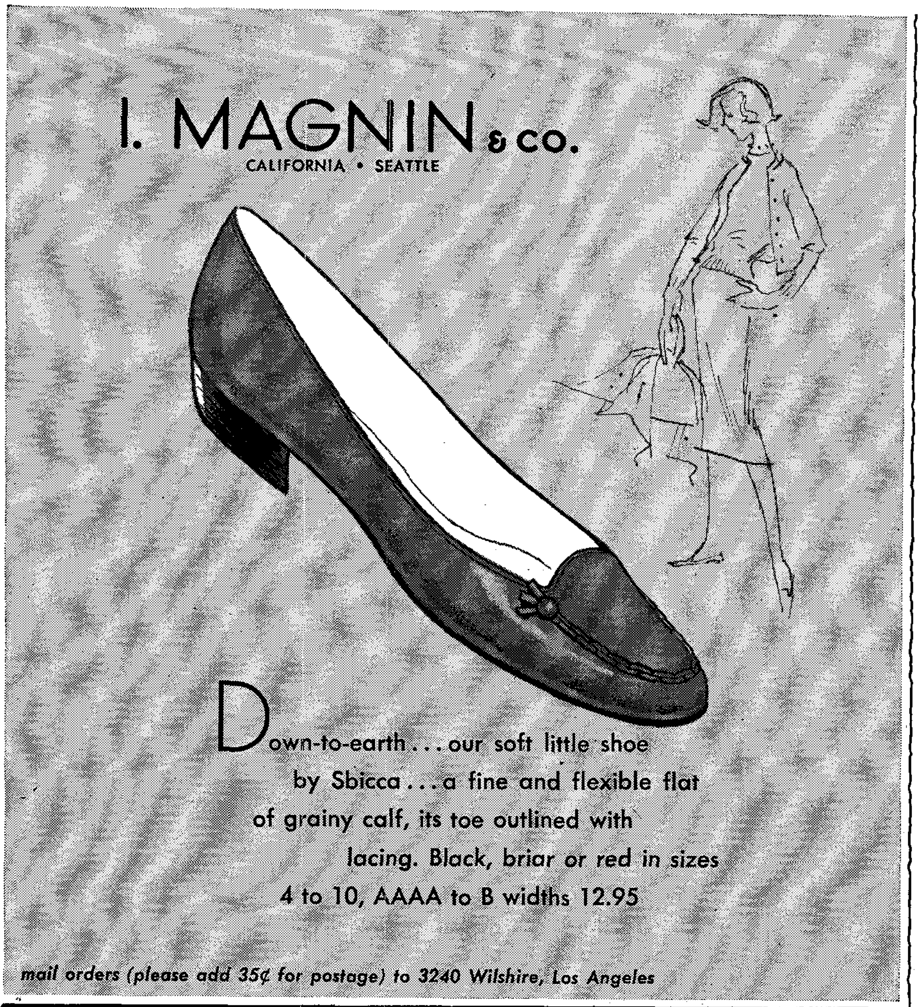
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they don't, they slip, and I had double pneumonia last winter and the doctor gave me some drugs that addled me. And I'm still addled."

"This is the first I've seen you in quite a while," said Mr. Hunter.

"I stay to myself," said Mr. Brown. "I was never one to go to people's houses. They talk and talk, and you listen, you bound to listen, and half of it ain't true, and the next time they tell it, they say you said it."

"Well, nice to see you, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Hunter.

"Nice to see you, Mr. Hunter," said Mr. Brown. "Where you going?"

"Just taking a walk over to the cemetery," said Mr. Hunter.

"Well, you won't get in any trouble over there," said Mr. Brown.

We resumed our walk.

"Mr. Brown came to Sandy Ground when he was a boy, the same as I did," Mr. Hunter said. "He was born in Brooklyn, but his people were from the South."

"Were you born in the South, Mr. Hunter?" I asked.

"No, I wasn't," he said.

His face became grave, and we walked past three or four houses before he said any more.

"I wasn't," he finally said. "My mother was. To tell you the truth, my mother was born in slavery. Her name was Martha, Martha Jennings, and she was born in 1849. Jennings was the name of the man who owned her. He was a big farmer in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. He also owned my mother's mother, but he sold her when my mother was five years old, and my mother never saw or heard of her again. Her name was Hettie. We couldn't ever get much out of my mother about slavery days. She didn't like to talk about it, and she didn't like for us to talk about it. 'Let the dead bury the dead,' she used to say. Just before the Civil War, when my mother was eleven or twelve, the wife of the man who owned her went to Alexandria, Virginia, to spend the summer, and she took my mother along to attend to her children. Somehow or other, my mother got in with some people in Alexandria who helped her run away. Some anti-slavery people. She never said so in so many words, but I guess they put her on the Underground Railroad. Anyway, she wound up in what's now Ossining, New York, only then it was called the village of Sing Sing, and by and by she married my father. His name was Henry Hunter, and he was a hired man on an apple farm just outside Sing

Sing. She had fifteen children by him, but only three—me, my brother William, and a girl named Hettie—lived past the age of fourteen; most of them died when they were babies. My father died around 1879, 1880, somewhere in there. A few months after he died, a man named Ephraim Purnell rented a room in our house. Purnell was an oysterman from Sandy Ground. He was a son of old man Littleton Purnell, one of the original men from Snow Hill. He had got into some trouble in Prince's Bay connected with stealing, and had been sent to Sing Sing Prison. After he served out his sentence, he decided he'd see if he could get a job in Sing Sing village and live there. My mother tried to help him, and ended up marrying him. He couldn't get a job up there, nobody would have him, so he brought my mother and me and William and Hettie down here to Sandy Ground and he went back to oystering."

We turned off Bloomingdale Road and entered Crabtree Avenue, which is a narrow dirt road lined on one side with sassafras trees and on the other with a straggly privet hedge.

"I didn't like my stepfather," Mr. Hunter continued. "I not only didn't like him, I despised him. He was a drunkard, a sot, and he mistreated my mother. From the time we landed in Sandy Ground, as small as I was, my main object in life was to support myself. I didn't want him supporting me. And I didn't want to go into the oyster business, because he was in it. I worked for a farmer down the road a few years—one of the Sharrotts that Sharrott's Road is named for. Then I cooked on a fishing boat. Then I became a hod carrier. Then something got into me, and I began to drink. I turned into a sot myself. After I had been drinking several years, I was standing in a grocery store in Rossville one day, and I saw my mother walk past outside on the street. I just caught a glimpse of her face through the store window as she walked past, and she didn't know anybody was looking at her, and she had a horrible hopeless look on her face. A week or so later, I knocked off work in the middle of the day and bought a bottle of whiskey, the way I sometimes did, and I went out in the woods between Rossville and Sandy Ground and sat down on a rock, and I was about as low in my mind as a man can be; I knew what whiskey was doing to me, and yet I couldn't stop drinking it. I tore the stamp off the bottle and pulled out the cork, and got ready to take a drink, and then I remembered

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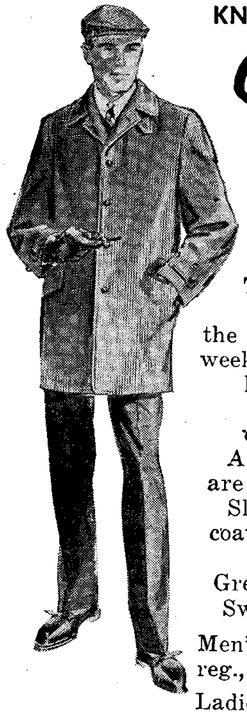
the look on my mother's face, and a peculiar thing happened. The best way I can explain it, my gorge rose. I got mad at myself, and I got mad at the world. Instead of taking a drink, I poured the whiskey on the ground and smashed the bottle on the rock, and stood up and walked out of the woods. And I never drank another drop. I wanted to many a time, many and many a time, but I tightened my jaw against myself, and I stood it off. When I look back, I don't know how I did it, but I stood it off, I stood it off."

We walked on in silence for a few minutes, and then Mr. Hunter said, "Ah, well!"

"From being a hod carrier, I became a bricklayer," he continued, "but that wasn't as good as it sounds; bricklayers didn't make much in those days. And in 1896, when I was twenty-seven, I got married to my first wife. Her name was Celia Ann Finney, and she was the daughter of Mr. Jacob Finney, one of the oystermen. She was considered the prettiest girl in Sandy Ground, and the situation I was in, she had turned down a well-to-do young oysterman to marry me, a fellow with a sloop, and I knew everybody thought she had made a big mistake and would live to regret it, and I vowed and determined I was going to give her more than he could've given her. I was a good bricklayer, and I was especially good at arching and vaulting, and when a contractor or a boss mason had a cesspool to be built, he usually put me to work on it. We didn't have sewers down in this part of Staten Island, and still don't, and there were plenty of cesspools to be built. So, in 1899 I borrowed some money and went into business for myself, the business of building and cleaning cesspools. I made it my lifework. And I made good money, for around here. I built a good house for my wife, and I dressed her in the latest styles. I went up to New York once and bought her a dress for Easter that cost one hundred and six dollars; the six dollars was for alterations. And one Christmas I bought her a sealskin coat. And I bought pretty hats for her—velvet hats, straw hats, hats with feathers, hats with birds, hats with veils. And she appreciated everything I bought for her. 'Oh, George,' she'd say, 'you've gone too far this time. You've got to take it back.' 'Take it back, nothing!' I'd say. When Victrolas came out, I bought her the biggest one in the store. And I think I can safely say we set the best table in Sandy Ground. I lived in peace and harmony with her for thirty-two years, and they



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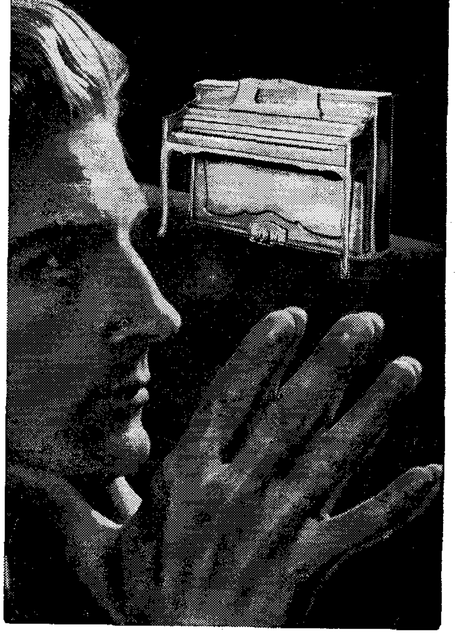

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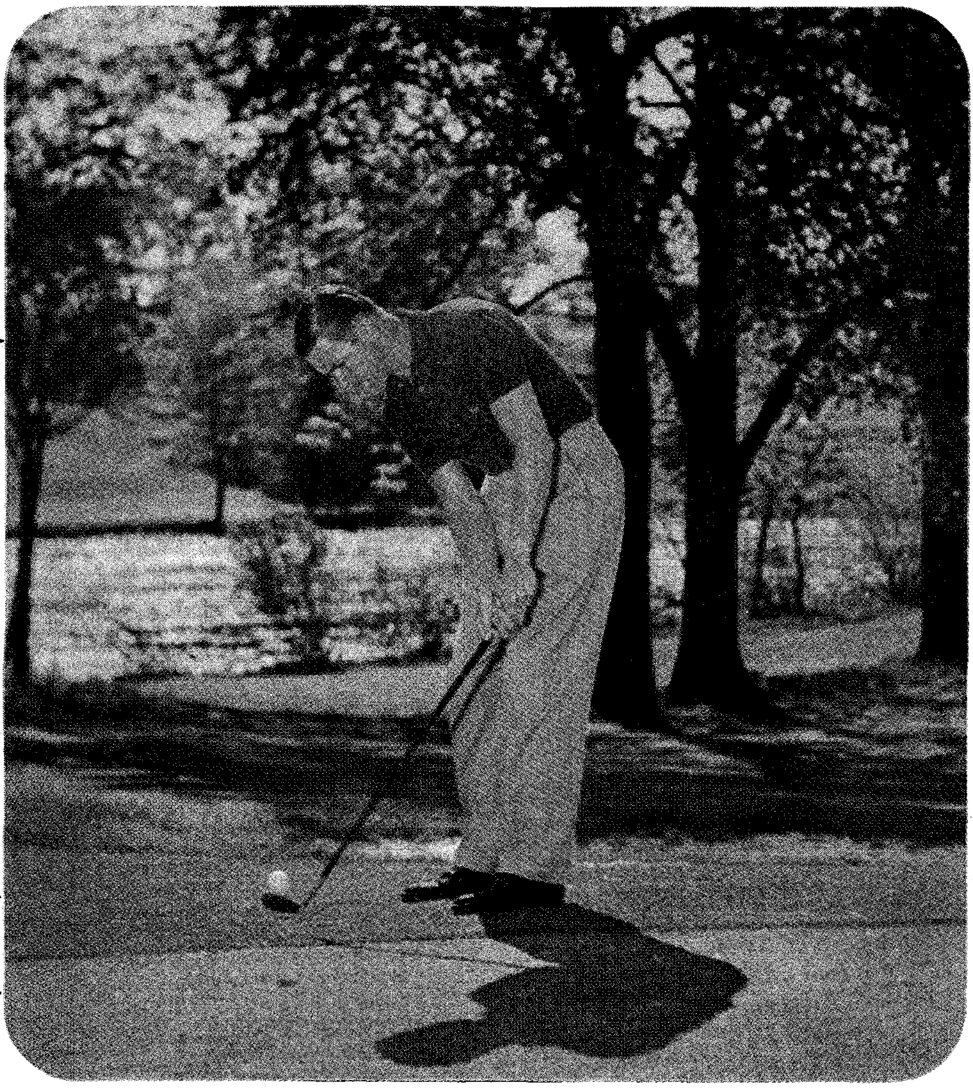

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were the best years of my life. She died in 1928. Cancer. Two years later I married a widow named Mrs. Edith S. Cook. She died in 1938. They told me it was tumors, but it was cancer."

We came to a break in the privet hedge. Through the break I saw the white shapes of gravestones half-hidden in vines and scrub, and realized that we were at the entrance to the cemetery. "Here we are," said Mr. Hunter. He stopped, and leaned on the handle of the hoe, and continued to talk.

"I had one son by my first wife," he said. "We named him William Francis Hunter, and we called him Billy. When he grew up, Billy went into the business with me. I never urged him to, but he seemed to want to, it was his decision, and I remember how proud I was the first time I put it in the telephone book—George H. Hunter & Son. Billy did the best he could, I guess, but things never worked out right for him. He got married, but he lived apart from his wife, and he drank. When he first began to drink, I remembered my own troubles along that line, and I tried not to see it. I just looked the other way, and hoped and prayed he'd get hold of himself, but there came a time I couldn't look the other way any more. I asked him to stop, and I begged him to stop, and I did all I could, went to doctors for advice, tried this, tried that, but he wouldn't stop. It wasn't exactly he wouldn't stop, he couldn't stop. A few years ago, his stomach began to bother him. He thought he had an ulcer, and he started drinking more than ever, said whiskey dulled the pain. I finally got him to go to the hospital, and it wasn't any ulcer, it was cancer."

Mr. Hunter took a wallet from his hip pocket. It was a large, old-fashioned wallet, the kind that fastens with a strap slipped through a loop. He opened it and brought out a folded white silk ribbon.

"Billy died last summer," he continued. "After I had made the funeral arrangements, I went to the florist in Tottenville and ordered a floral wreath and picked out a nice wreath-ribbon to go on it. The florist knew me, and he knew Billy, and he made a very pretty wreath. The Sunday after Billy was buried, I walked over here to the cemetery to look at his grave, and the flowers on the wreath were all wilted and dead, but the ribbon was as pretty as ever, and I couldn't bear to let it lay out in the rain and rot, so I took it off and saved it." He unfolded the ribbon and held it up. Across it, in gold let-

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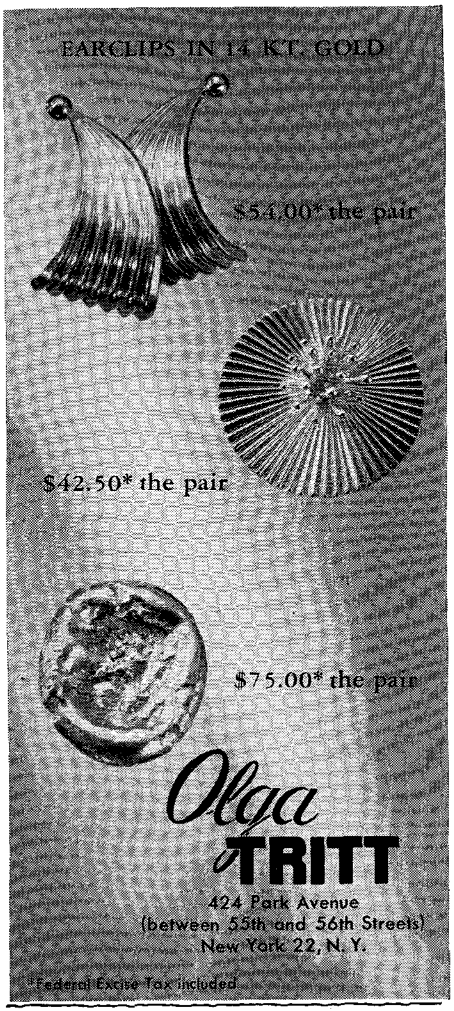
ters, were two words. "BELOVED SON," they said.

MR. HUNTER refolded the ribbon and returned it to his wallet. Then he put the hoe back on his shoulder, and we entered the cemetery. A little road went halfway into the cemetery, and a number of paths branched off from it, and both the road and the paths were hip-deep in broom sedge. Here and there in the sedge were patches of Queen Anne's lace and a weed that I didn't recognize. I pointed it out to Mr. Hunter.

"What is that weed in among the broom sedge and the Queen Anne's lace?" I asked.

"We call it red root around here," he said, "and what you call broom sedge we call beard grass, and what you call Queen Anne's lace we call wild carrot."

We started up the road, but Mr. Hunter almost immediately turned in to one of the paths and stopped in front of a tall marble gravestone, around which several kinds of vines and climbing plants were intertwined. I counted them, and there were exactly ten kinds—cat brier, trumpet creeper, wild hop, blackberry, morning glory, climbing false buckwheat, partridgeberry, fox grape, poison ivy, and one that I couldn't identify, nor could Mr. Hunter. "This is Uncle Daws Landin's grave," Mr. Hunter said. "I'm going to chop down some of this mess, so we can read the dates on his stone." He lifted the hoe high in the air and brought it down with great vigor, and I got out of his way. I went back into the road, and looked around me. The older graves were covered with trees and shrubs. Sassafras and honey locust and wild black cherry were the tallest, and they were predominant, and beneath them were chokeberry, bayberry, sumac, Hercules' club, spice bush, sheep laurel, hawthorn, and witch hazel. A scattering of the newer graves were fairly clean, but most of them were thickly covered with weeds and wild flowers and ferns. There were easily a hundred kinds. Among those that I could identify were milkweed, knotweed, ragweed, Jimson weed, pavement weed, chickweed, joe-pye weed, wood aster, lamb's-quarters, plantain, catchfly, Jerusalem oak, bedstraw, goldenrod, cocklebur, chicory, butter-and-eggs, thistle, dandelion, selfheal, Mexican tea, stinging nettle, bouncing Bet, mullein, touch-me-not, partridge pea, beggar's-lice, sandspur, wild garlic, wild mustard, wild geranium, may ap-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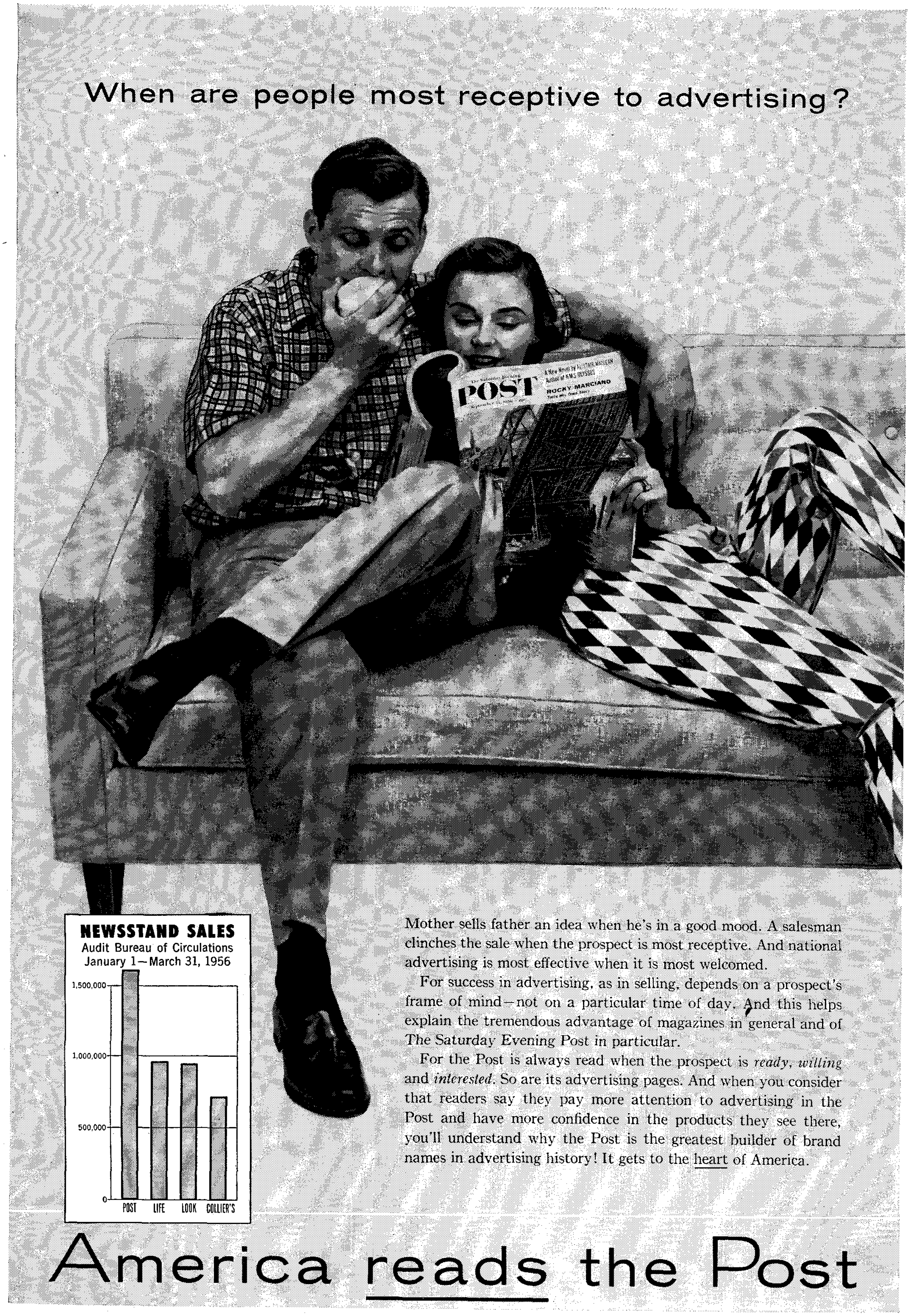

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ple, old-field cinquefoil, cinnamon fern, New York fern, lady fern, and maidenhair fern. Some of the graves had rusty iron-pipe fences around them. Many were unmarked, but were outlined with sea shells or bricks or round stones painted white or flowerpots turned upside down. Several had field stones at the head and foot. Several had wooden stakes at the head and foot. Several had Spanish bayonets growing on them. The Spanish bayonets were in full bloom, and insects were buzzing around their white, waxy, fleshy, bell-shaped, pendulous blossoms.

"Hey, there!" Mr. Hunter called out. "I've got it so we can see to read it now." I went back up the path, and we stood among the wrecked vines and looked at the inscription on the stone. It read:

DAWSON LANDIN
DEC. 18, 1828
FEB. 21, 1899
ASLEEP IN JESUS

"I remember him well," said Mr. Hunter. "He was a smart old man and a good old man, big and stout, very religious, passed the plate in church, chewed tobacco, took the New York *Herald*, wore a captain's cap, wore suspenders *and* a belt, had a peach orchard. I even remember the kind of peach he had in his orchard. It was a freestone peach, a late bearer, and the name of it was Stump the World."

We walked a few steps up the path, and came to a smaller gravestone. The inscription on it read:

SUSAN A. WALKER
MAR. 10, 1855
MAR. 25, 1912
A FAITHFUL FRIEND

"Born in March, died in March," said Mr. Hunter. "I don't know what that means, 'A Faithful Friend.' It might mean she was a faithful friend, only that hardly seems the proper thing to pick out and mention on a gravestone, or it might mean a faithful friend put up the stone. Susan Walker was one of Uncle Daws Landin's daughters, and she was a good Christian woman. She did more for the church than any other woman in the history of Sandy Ground. Now, that's strange. I don't remember a thing about Uncle Daws Landin's funeral, and he must've had a big one, but I remember Susan Walker's funeral very well. There used to be a white man named Charlie Bogardus who ran a store at the corner of Woodrow Road and Bloomingdale Road, a general store, and he also had an icehouse, and he was also an undertaker. He was the undertaker for most of the country people around here, and

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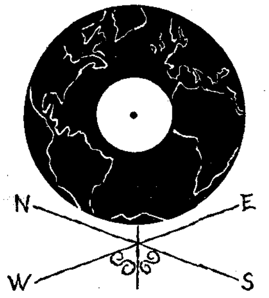

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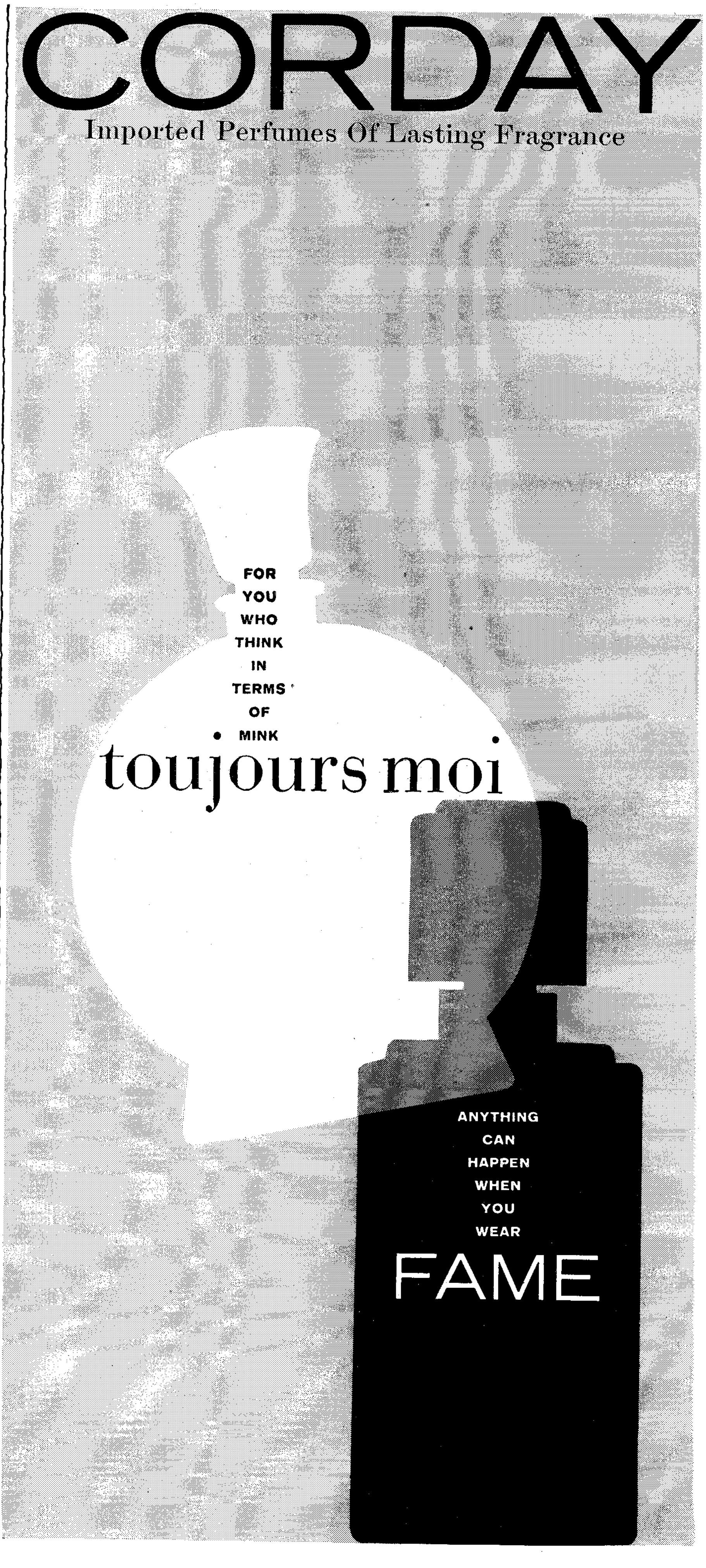
ULTRA HIGH FIDELITY

he got some of the Rossville business and some of the Pleasant Plains business. He had a handsome old horse-drawn hearse. It had windows on both sides, so you could see the coffin, and it had silver fittings. Bogardus handled Susan Walker's funeral. I can still remember his two big black hearse-horses drawing the hearse up Bloomingdale Road, stepping just as slow, the way they were trained to do, and turning in to Crabtree Avenue, and proceeding on down to the cemetery. The horses had black plumes on their harnesses. Funerals were much sadder when they had horse-drawn hearses. Charlie Bogardus had a son named Charlie Junior, and Charlie Junior had a son named Willie, and when automobile hearses started coming in, Willie mounted the old hearse on an automobile chassis. It didn't look fish, fowl, or fox, but the Bogarduses kept on using it until they finally gave up the store and the icehouse and the undertaking business and moved away."

We left Susan Walker's grave and returned to the road and entered another path and stopped before one of the newer graves. The inscription on its stone read:

FREDERICK ROACH
1891-1955
REST IN PEACE

"Freddie Roach was a taxi-driver," Mr. Hunter said. "He drove a taxi in Pleasant Plains for many years. He was Mrs. Addie Roach's son, and she made her home with him. After he died, she moved in with one of her daughters. Mrs. Addie Roach is the oldest woman in Sandy Ground. She's the widow of Reverend Lewis Roach, who was an oysterman and a part-time preacher, and she's ninety-two years old. When I first came to Sandy Ground, she was still in her teens, and she was a nice, bright, pretty girl. I've known her all these years, and I think the world of her. Every now and then, I make her a lemon-meringue pie and take it to her, and sit with her awhile. There's a white man in Prince's Bay who's a year or so older than Mrs. Roach. He's ninety-three, and he'll soon be ninety-four. His name is Mr. George E. Sprague, and he comes from a prominent old South Shore family, and I believe he's the last of the old Prince's Bay oyster captains. I hadn't seen him for several years until just the other day I was over in Prince's Bay, and I was going past his house on Amboy Road, and I saw him sitting on the porch. I went up and spoke to him, and we talked awhile, and when I was leaving he said, 'Is Mrs. Addie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Roach still alive over in Sandy Ground?' 'She is,' I said. 'That is,' I said, 'she's alive as you or I.' 'Well,' he said, 'Mrs. Roach and I go way back. When she was a young woman, her mother used to wash for my mother, and she used to come along sometimes and help, and she was such a cheerful, pretty person my mother always said it made the day nicer when she came, and that was over seventy years ago.' 'That wasn't her mother that washed for your mother and she came along to help,' I said. 'That was her husband's mother. That was old Mrs. Matilda Roach.' 'Is that so?' said Mr. Sprague. 'I always thought it was her mother. Well,' he said, 'when you see her, tell her I asked for her.' "

We stepped back into the road, and walked slowly up it.

"Several men from Sandy Ground fought in the Civil War," Mr. Hunter said, "and one of them was Samuel Fish. That's his grave over there with the ant hill on it. He got a little pension. Down at the end of this row are some Bishop graves, Bishops and Mangins, and there's Purnells in the next row, and there's Henmans in those big plots over there. This is James McCoy's grave. He came from Norfolk, Virginia. He had six fingers on his right hand. Those graves over there all grown up in cockleburs are Jackson graves, Jacksons and Henrys and Landins. Most of the people lying in here were related to each other, some by blood, some by marriage, some close, some distant. If you started in at the gate and ran an imaginary line all the way through, showing who was related to who, the line would zigzag all over the cemetery. Do you see that row of big expensive stones standing up over there? They're all Cooleys. The Cooleys were free-Negro oystermen from Gloucester County, Virginia, and they came to Staten Island around the same time as the people from Snow Hill. They lived in Tottenville, but they belonged to the church in Sandy Ground. They were quite well-to-do. One of them, Joel Cooley, owned a forty-foot sloop. When the oyster beds were condemned, he retired on his savings and raised dahlias. He was a member of the Staten Island Horticultural Society, and his dahlias won medals at flower shows in Madison Square Garden. I've heard it said he was the first man on Staten Island to raise figs, and now there's fig bushes in back yards from one end of the island to the other. Joel Cooley had a brother named Obed Cooley who was very smart in

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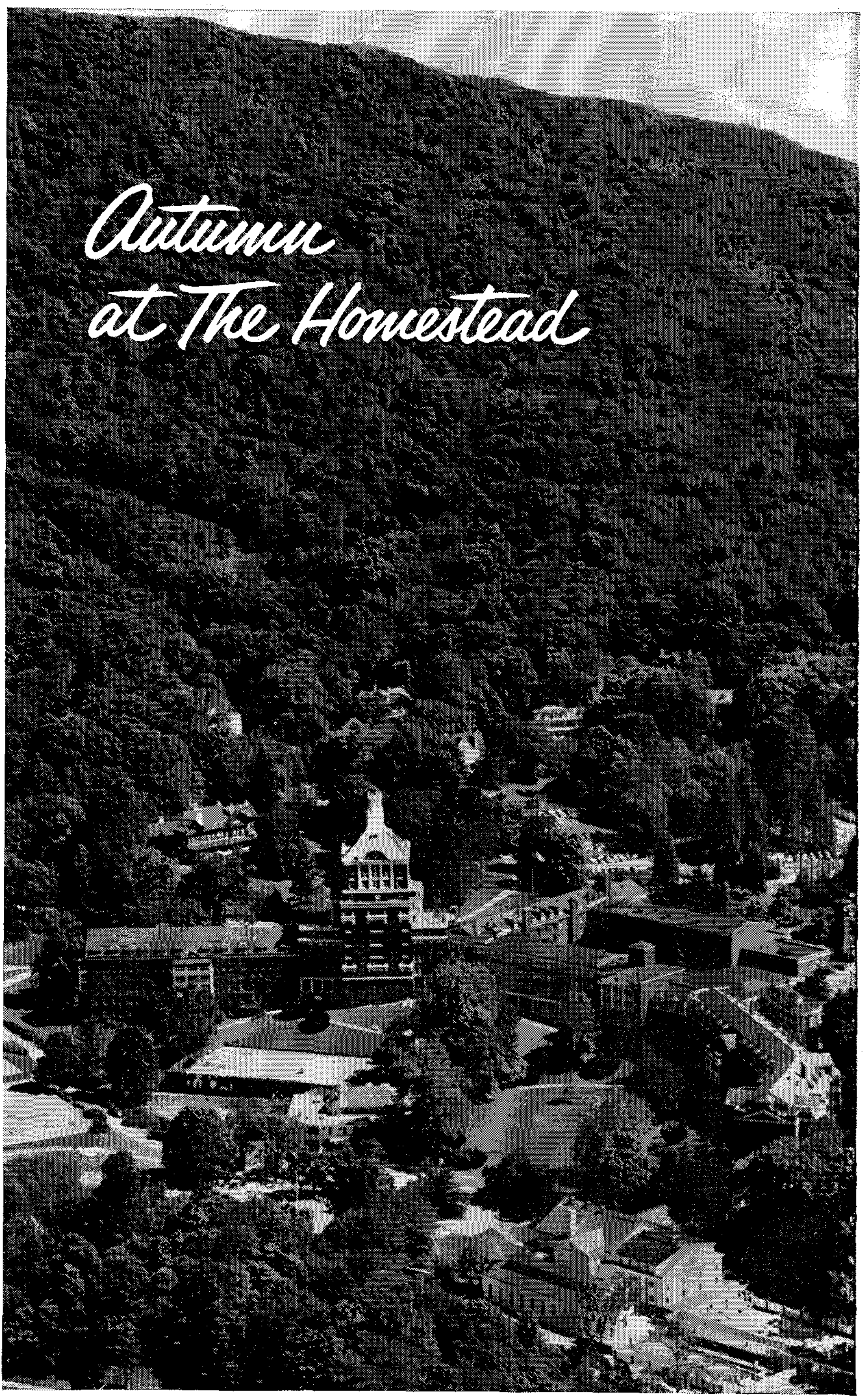
school, and the Cooleys got together and sent him to college. They sent him to the University of Michigan, and he became a doctor. He practiced in Lexington, Kentucky, and he died in 1937, and he left a hundred thousand dollars. There used to be a lot of those old-fashioned names around here, Bible names. There was a Joel and an Obed and an Eben in the Cooley family, and there was an Ishmael and an Isaac and an Israel in the Purnell family. Speaking of names, come over here and look at this stone."

We stopped before a stone whose inscription read:

THOMAS WILLIAMS
AL MAJOR
1862-1928

"There used to be a rich old family down here named the Butlers," Mr. Hunter said. "They were old, old Staten Islanders, and they had a big estate over on the outside shore, between Prince's Bay and Tottenville, that they called Butler Manor. They even had a private race track. The last of the Butlers was Mr. Elmer T. Butler. Now, this fellow Thomas Williams was a Sandy Ground man who quit the oyster business and went to work for Mr. Elmer T. Butler. He worked for him many years, worked on the grounds, and Mr. Butler thought a lot of him. For some reason I never understood, Mr. Butler called him Al Major, a kind of nickname. And pretty soon everybody called him Al Major. In fact, as time went on and he got older, young people coming up took it for granted Al Major was his real name and called him Mr. Major. When he died, Mr. Butler buried him. And when he ordered the gravestone, he told the monument company to put both names on it, so there wouldn't be any confusion. Of course, in a few years he'll pass out of people's memory under both names—Thomas Williams, Al Major, it'll all be the same. To tell you the truth, I'm no great believer in gravestones. To a large extent, I think they come under the heading of what the old preacher called vanity—'vanity of vanities, all is vanity'—and by the old preacher I mean Ecclesiastes. There's stones in here that've only been up forty or fifty years, and you can't read a thing it says on them, and what difference does it make? God keeps His eye on those that are dead and buried the same as He does on those that are alive and walking. When the time comes the dead are raised, He won't need any directions where they're lying. Their bones may be turned to dust, and weeds



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may be growing out of their dust, but they aren't lost. He knows where they are; He knows the exact whereabouts of every speck of dust of every one of them. Stones rot the same as bones rot, and nothing endures but the spirit."

Mr. Hunter turned and looked back over the rows of graves.

"It's a small cemetery," he said, "and we've been burying in it a long time, and it's getting crowded, and there's generations yet to come, and it worries me. Since I'm the chairman of the board of trustees, I'm in charge of selling graves in here, graves and plots, and I always try to encourage families to bury two to a grave. That's perfectly legal, and a good many cemeteries are doing it nowadays. All the law says, it specifies that the top of the box containing the coffin shall be at least three feet below the level of the ground. To speak plainly, you dig the grave eight feet down, instead of six feet down, and that leaves room to lay a second coffin on top of the first. Let's go to the end of this path, and I'll show you my plot."

Mr. Hunter's plot was in the last row, next to the woods. There were only a few weeds on it. It was the cleanest plot in the cemetery.

"My mother's buried in the first grave," he said. "I never put up a stone for her. My first wife's father, Jacob Finney, is buried in this one, and I didn't put up a stone for him, either. He didn't own a grave, so we buried him in our plot. My son Billy is buried in this grave. And this is my first wife's grave. I put up a stone for her."

The stone was small and plain, and the inscription on it read:

HUNTER
1877 CELIA 1928

"I should've had her full name put on it—Celia Ann," Mr. Hunter said. "She was a little woman, and she had a low voice. She had the prettiest little hands; she wore size five-and-a-half gloves. She was little, but you'd be surprised at the work she done. Now, my second wife is buried over here, and I put up a stone for her, too. And I had my name carved on it, along with hers."

This stone was the same size and shape as the other, and the inscription on it read:

HUNTER
1877 EDITH 1938
1869 GEORGE

"It was my plan to be buried in the same grave with my second wife," Mr. Hunter said. "When she died, I was sick in bed, and the doctor wouldn't let me get up, even to go to the funeral, and I couldn't attend to things the way

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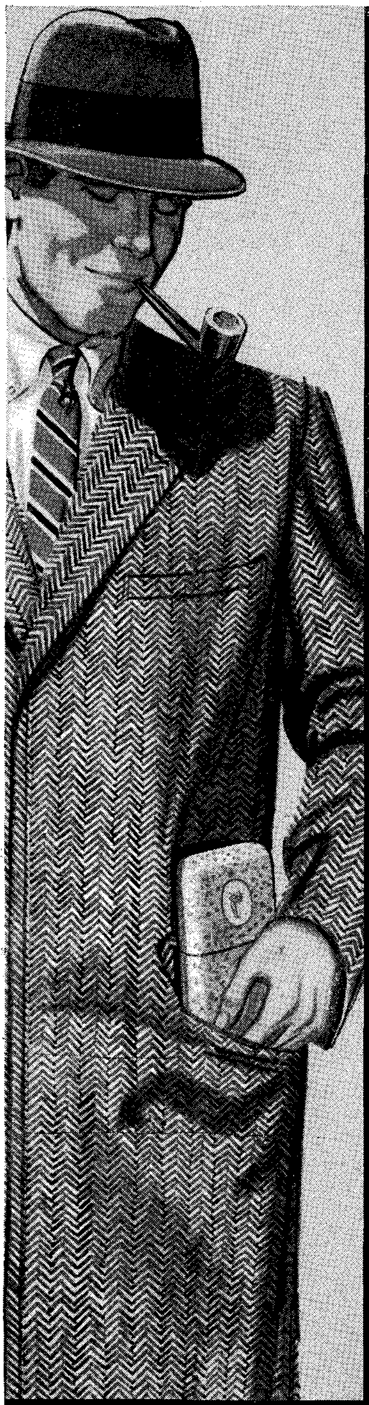

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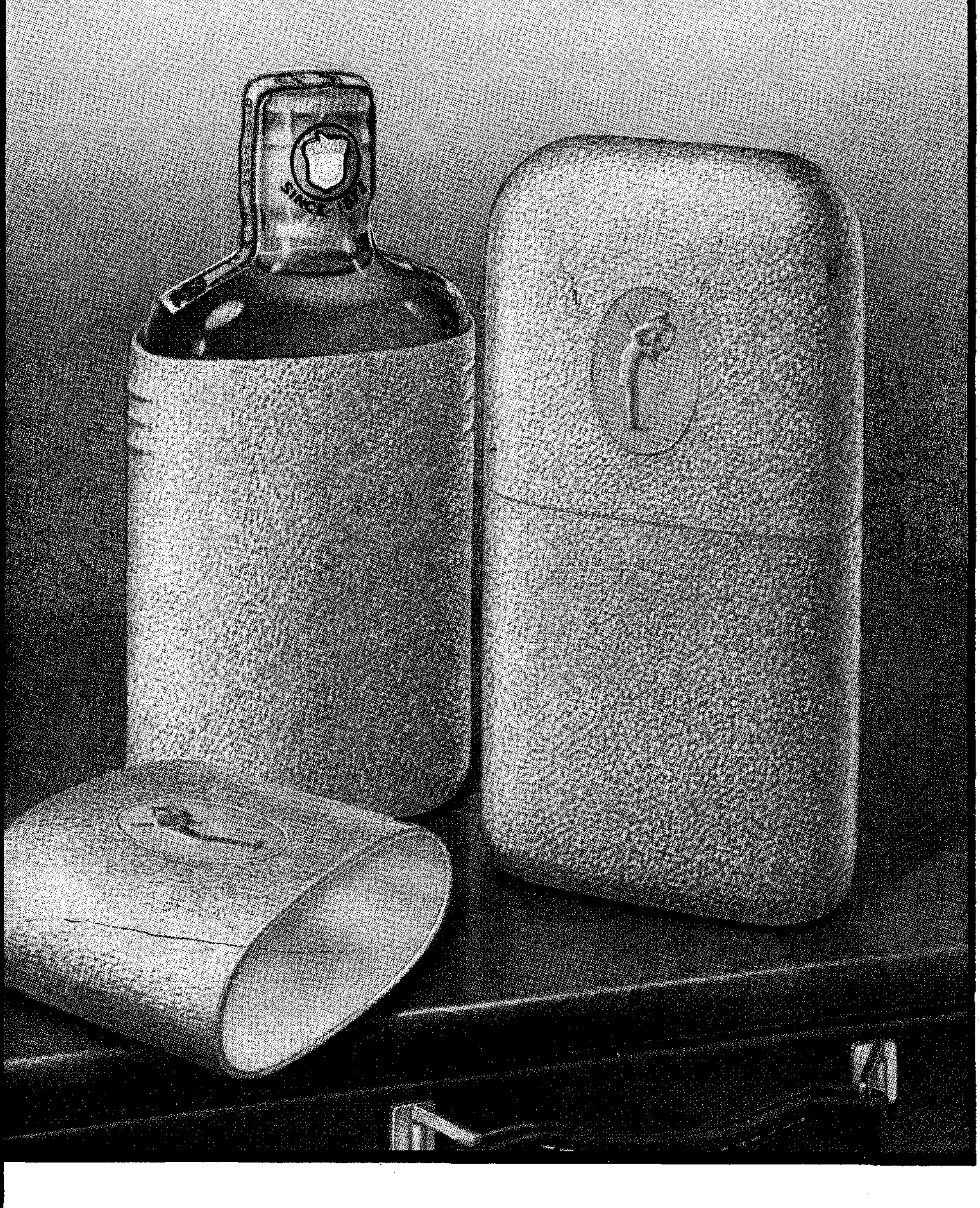

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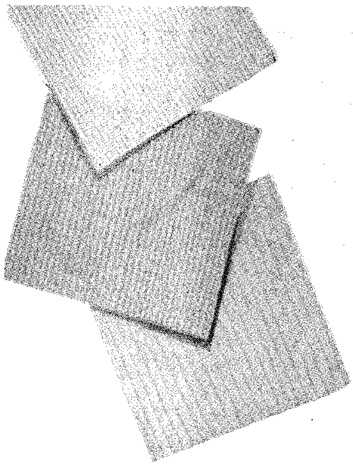

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I wanted to. At that time, we had a gravedigger here named John Henman. He was an old man, an old oysterman. He's dead now himself. I called John Henman to my bedside, and I specifically told him to dig the grave eight feet down. I told him I wanted to be buried in the same grave. 'Go eight feet down,' I said to him, 'and that'll leave room for me, when the time comes.' And he promised to do so. And when I got well, and was up and about again, I ordered this stone and had it put up. Below my wife's name and dates I had them put my name and my birth year. When it came time, all they'd have to put on it would be my death year, and everything would be in order. Well, one day about a year later I was talking to John Henman, and something told me he hadn't done what he had promised to do, so I had another man come over here and sound the grave with a metal rod, and just as I had suspected, John Henman had crossed me up; he had only gone six feet down. He was a contrary old man, and set in his ways, and he had done the way he wanted, not the way I wanted. He had always dug graves six feet down, and he couldn't change. That didn't please me at all. It outraged me. So, I've got my name on the stone on this grave, and it'll look like I'm buried in this grave."

He took two long steps, and stood on the next grave in the plot.

"Instead of which," he said, "I'll be buried over here in this grave."

He stooped down, and pulled up a weed. Then he stood up, and shook the dirt off the roots of the weed, and tossed it aside.

"Ah, well," he said, "it won't make any difference." —Joseph Mitchell

•

> The Recitals: I've never had a music lesson but I play several instruments by ear only at moments I deem appropriate. Whenever Rubinstein or Horowitz are in El Morocco's Champagne Room, I play the piano there—because, I guess, I like to see them shudder. I played the harmonica in a cafe-night club in Cannes, because I felt impelled to show the French audience how "Old Kentucky Home" sounded. And in the most elegant cafe of Frankfurt, and before David Oistrakh at Moscow's Conservatory of Music, I played a boogie-beat on the piano.
> aLohK en- bo ogie mm HR HR
> —*Leonard Lyons in the Boston Herald.*

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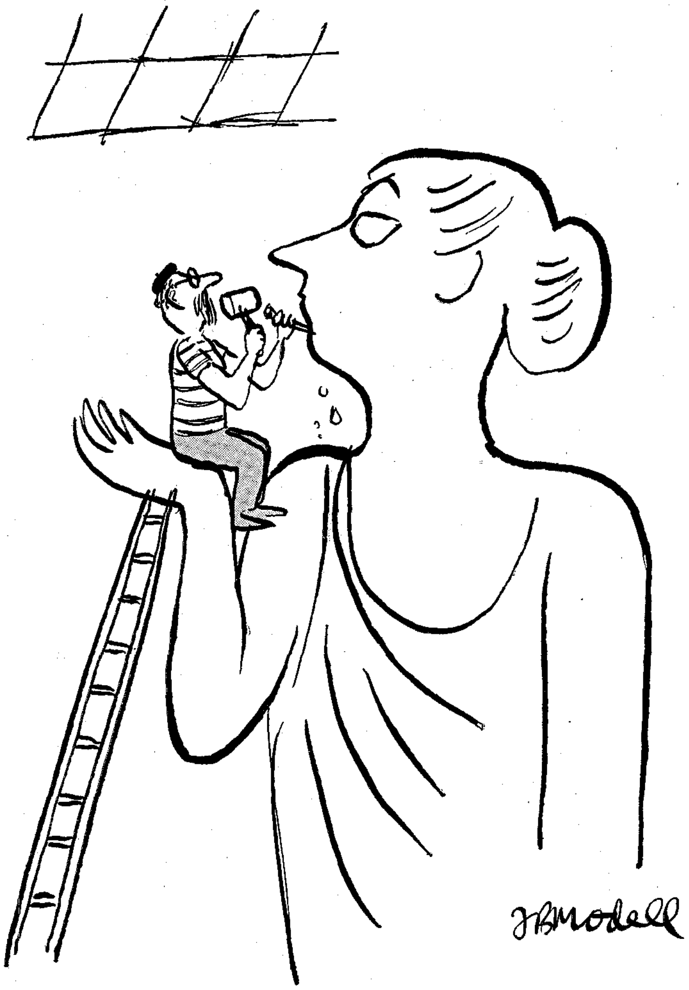
THE legend of Joan of Arc has always been irresistible to playwrights and actresses, and it is not hard for a theatregoer in his middle years to get the impression that scarcely a season has gone by in which he has not been subjected to it in one form or another. This, of course, is not quite the case. If I am not mistaken, there have been only seven Joans (Margaret Anglin, Winifred Lenihan, Katharine Cornell, Ingrid Bergman, Uta Hagen, Julie Harris, and, at the moment, Siobhan McKenna) visible in New York since 1920, and four versions of the play (the works, in the order of their original production, of Emile Moreau, Bernard Shaw, Maxwell Anderson, and Jean Anouilh, the last in an adaptation by Lillian Hellman). The fact remains, however, that a formidable amount of attention has been devoted to the girl from Domremy, and if the first enchantment has diminished slightly with the years, this, I think, is explicable, though sad. In spite of its rather crushing length (uncut, the play runs about three and a half hours), Mr. Shaw's treatment of the theme is still by far the best, filled with irony and eloquence, alternating its subtle, brilliant reflections on Church and State with high drama and deeply affecting tragedy. It is one of the most impressive accomplishments in the modern theatre, but, notwithstanding its author's passionate conviction to the contrary, it is something less than "Hamlet." The surface is magnificent, but no tremendous depths of human behavior are explored, there is no sense each time of great new discoveries and revelations to be made, and, for all its incomparable literary skill, its language has no disturbing poetic grandeur. In short, "Saint Joan" is a wonderful play to encounter for the first time and most of its fascination will probably survive a second visit, but after that a kind of restiveness may easily set in.

This overfamiliarity, I suppose, partly accounts for my reaction to the performance given by Miss McKenna and her associates last week down at the Phoenix, but I also had an uncomfortable suspicion that the production really was in many ways a puzzling and exasperating one. As those who saw her last season in "The Chalk Garden" are certainly aware, Miss McKenna is an extremely gifted actress, but she is not without her mannerisms, and her work in her current role seems to me occasionally a little bizarre. Her thick brogue, though somewhat startling, and even a trifle difficult, at the outset of the evening, is, no doubt, justifiable as a sort of universal peasant speech, and as the action progresses and the ear accustoms itself to locutions like "chorch" for "church," it actually develops its own queer charm. Some other features of her rendition, however, are harder to accept. For one thing, she is beyond question the most resolutely non-feminine Maid ever to adorn the stage, either in Shaw's play or in any other. This is not, as it was with Miss Harris in "The Lark," a matter of simple, coltish sexlessness so much as of an almost fanatic avoidance of anything that might suggest grace or fragility. On her first appearance, fresh from her father's farm, Miss McKenna's Joan is red, sweating, bundled in rags—practically the perfect lout. To some extent, she is improved by the addition of a semblance of armor, but one of the most grotesque haircuts any actress was ever courageous enough to undergo doesn't help things much, and the effect—on me, at least—was somewhat dispiriting. I am naturally aware that Joan is not supposed to be a beauty, but I have an idea that Miss McKenna goes a bit too far in the opposite direction. Her Maid is not only something of a burden to observe; she doesn't even look military enough to inspire any army to deeds of extraordinary valor. My other complaint is that once you get used to her peculiar technique, there is a certain monotony about her behavior. Her portrayal is conceivably arresting, but it is too much on the same choked and primitive level.



The rest of the company doesn't need much comment. It is not a skillful and integrated supporting troupe but an array of determined character actors, each one trailing his separate eccentricities across the stage. The principal members of it are Kent Smith, who plays Warwick with an odd daintiness I have never seen before; Ian Keith, whose Bishop of Beauvais is Shakespearean in the haughty, old-fashioned sense; Frederic Tozere, who, after a good start as the Archbishop of Rheims, throws his lines away with reckless abandon; Earle Hyman, fresh from the leading role in "Mister Johnson," who seems uneasy as the Bastard of Orleans; Thayer David, whose Inquisitor, for a not particularly happy change,

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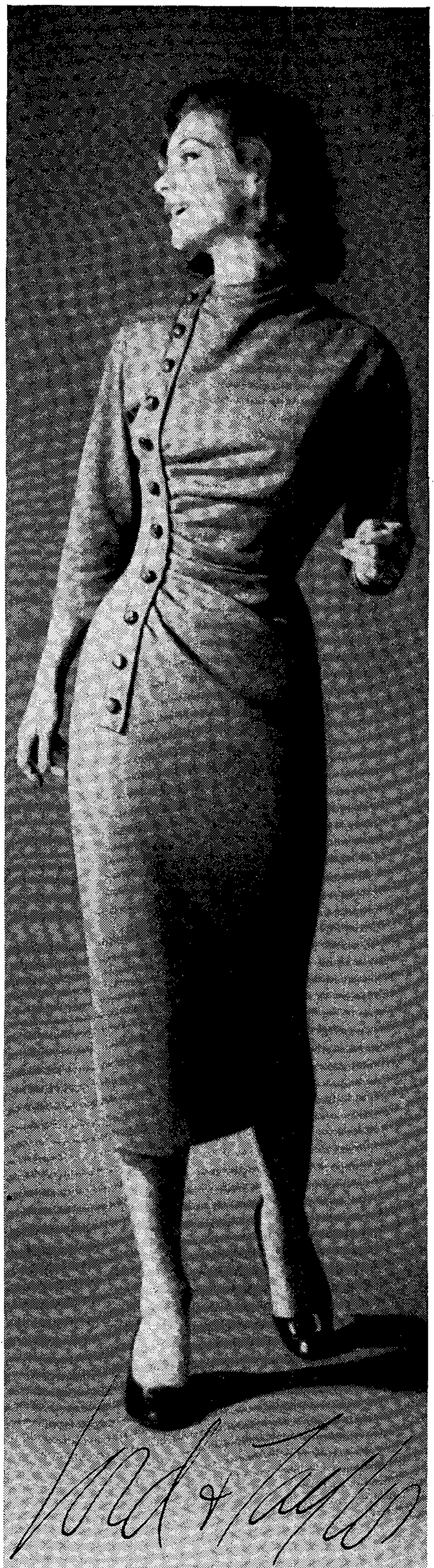

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has been turned into a rotund comic; Earl Montgomery, who seems to me to overact disastrously as Shaw's standard funny Englishman; and Michael Wager, who makes the Dauphin even more futile and foolish than any of his predecessors in the part—which, in its way, is quite a feat. For lack of a better word, the settings are economical. This troubled me only mildly, except that I can't believe that the miraculous banner that customarily billows grandly out to show the changing direction of the wind should be no more than a tattered handful of rags on a stick. Even the management of the Phoenix, I should think, could afford a more dramatic flag.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

In his home a man wants peace. A woman doesn't like peace. It bores her. So she starts an argument. A husband, sitting quietly before the fireplace, resting, reading and smoking, frequently irritates his wife. She feels she is being ignored. So she needles her spouse with a few provocative cracks and a quarrel ensues. So it goes in the majority of homes. Most of the time when a wife starts bawling out her husband she isn't really angry. She just wants some attention paid to her. Even if she throws a lamp, a book or a flowerpot at her husband it could be she's bored hearing him say the same things in the same way. Keep this in mind, Mister. Put a little change of pace into your conduct and conversation. For example, instead of the usual routine kiss and "Goodbye, dear" in the morning take hold of your wife by both ears, give her a lusty smack on the lips, twist her nose playfully and say: "Goodbye, gorgeous. I'll be seeing you again when the gold of the day turns to the blue of the night. I can hardly wait."—*The Journal-American.*

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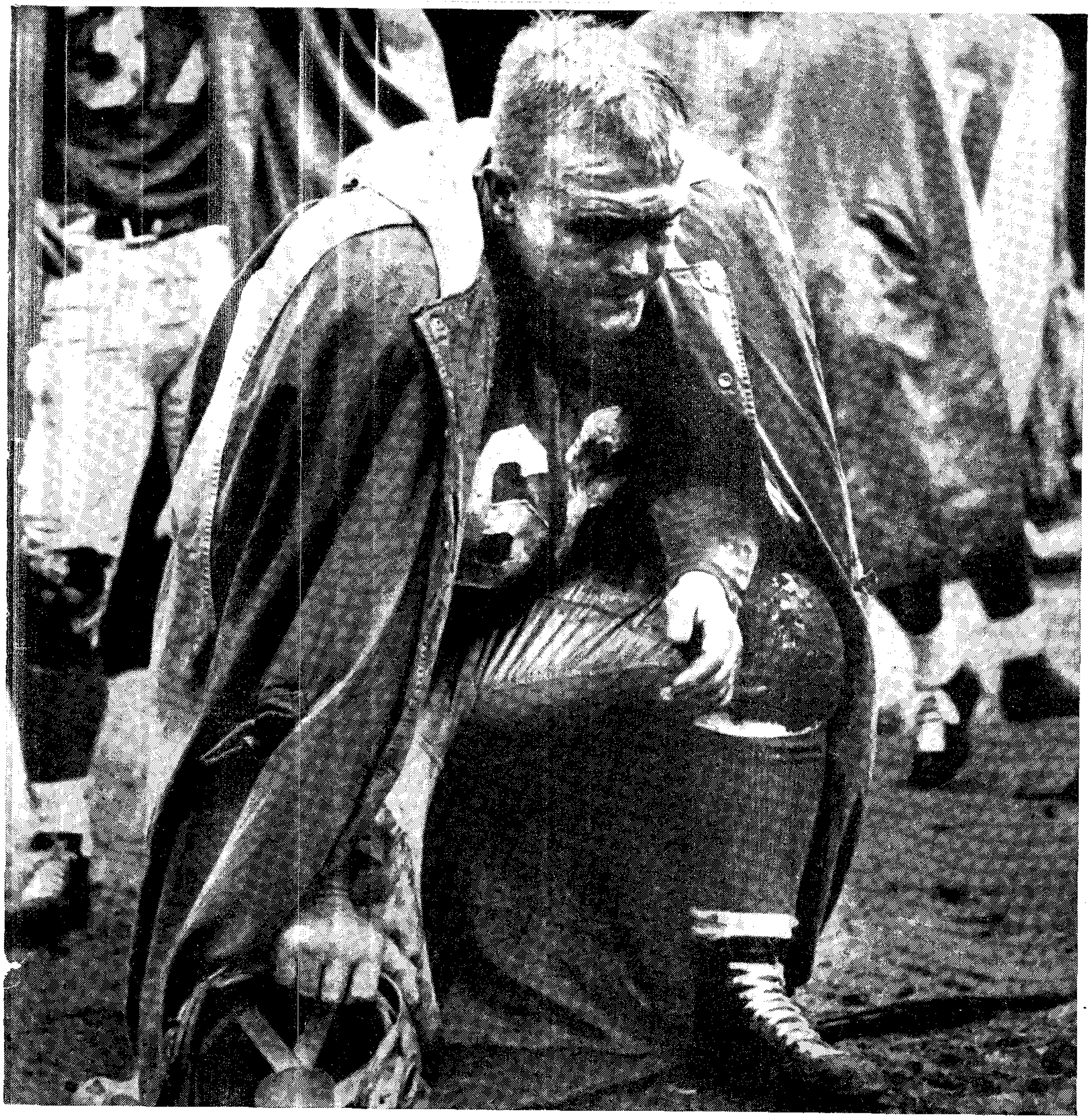

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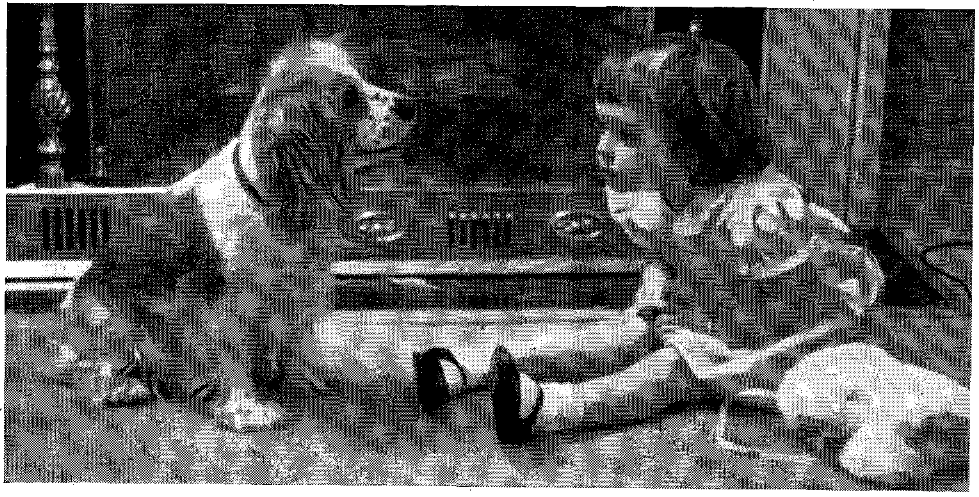

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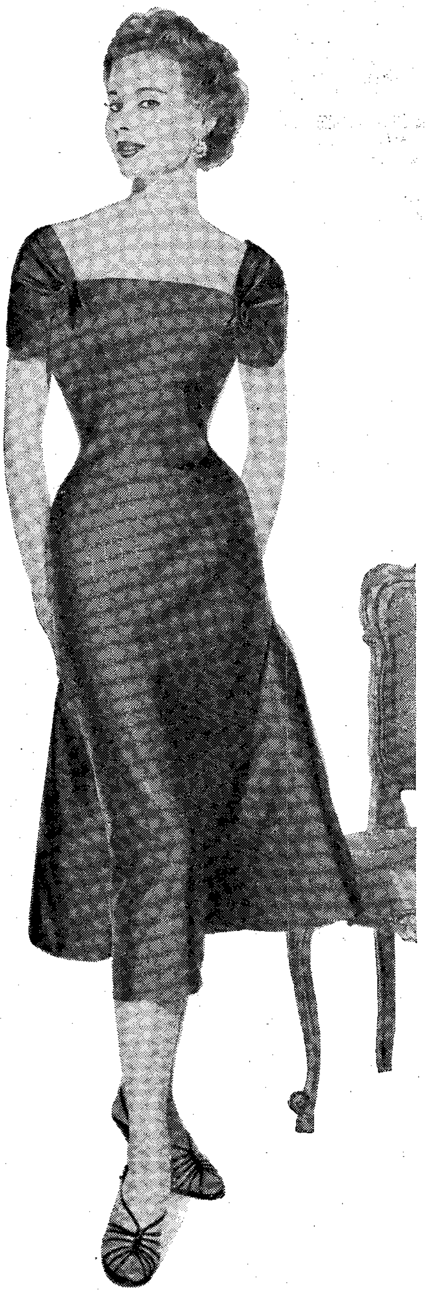

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TEE AND GREEN

Ward Again

IF you've been wondering how to improve your golf game, you might consider giving up whatever it is you do and going into the automobile business. Last week, in the United States Golf Association's fifty-sixth Amateur Championship tournament, played at the Knollwood Club, in Lake Forest, Illinois, the semifinalists included E. Harvie Ward, Jr., of San Francisco, a Lincoln and Mercury salesman, who was the eventual winner; Charles Kocsis, a Detroit automotive-machine-tool distributor, who was the runner-up; and Jerry Magee, a Cadillac peddler out of Toronto. On the other hand, there was Kenneth Venturi, who, like Ward, was a pretournament favorite; he also sells Lincolns and Mercuries in San Francisco, and he lost in the third round to a department-store executive.

Ward won the tournament by the fairly elementary tactic of playing the most consistent good golf of anyone in the starting field of two hundred. Of the seven matches he survived on the way to his second consecutive championship, only his fourth-round encounter—with Frank Boynton, a Florida college student—had him in any serious trouble, and he recovered from that with a really fine display of the match-play temperament. He was 1 down with three holes to go, and proceeded to hit his drive on the sixteenth, a four-hundred-and-eighty-yard, par-5 affair, into deep rough on the right. He topped his second shot and then made a middling good approach to within about twenty feet of the cup. Boynton, meanwhile, had put his second just short of the green and chipped nicely for what looked to be a fairly sure 4 and the match. Ward, however, sank a long, curling putt, while Boynton, perhaps unnerved at the thought of beating the reigning champion, missed his two-footer, and the contestants were back on even terms. At the seventeenth, which is a hundred and ninety yards, Ward put his tee shot not more than fifteen inches from the hole for a winning birdie 2, and on the eighteenth, which is four hundred and thirty-five yards, he hit two superb woods to the green to insure the 4 he needed for a

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1-up victory. The only player besides Boynton who came close to catching him was another college student—Joe E. Campbell, a twenty-year-old Purdue senior—and Ward downed him in the semifinals, 2 and 1, even though the Campbell card included a hole in one on the twelfth and an eagle 3 on the sixteenth. After the eagle, Ward was heard to mutter, "The kid just isn't old enough to realize what a tough game this is."

The Knollwood course is long—about sixty-eight hundred yards—but it is relatively flat and unencumbered by trees, and the traps offer few terrors. To compensate for these comforts to the golfer, the U.S.G.A. let the rough grow to a height of about four inches behind the aprons of the greens. This led to a certain amount of testiness among some of the competitors who found themselves, as one of them put it, "in that goddam spinach." It was unfair, they said, because nobody could control the ball from such a lie so near the green. This struck me as nonsense, since the best golfers, such as Ward, Kocsis, and Venturi, seemed quite capable of controlling the ball no matter what the lie. The only thing neither the players nor the officials could control was a fog from Lake Michigan, which halted play for an hour Wednesday morning.

THE opening day of public schools in the Lake Forest area coincided with the opening day of the tournament, and the Knollwood Club was informed a couple of days earlier that truant officers would be on hand to deal with any lads so foolish as to think of caddying rather than studying. This awkward situation was alleviated by volunteers from the nearby Great Lakes Naval Station, among them a six-foot-nine-inch boot called Stretch Lively, who was assigned to the five-foot-seven-inch Kocsis. The youth was able to show up only for the first round, however. "Probably just as well," Kocsis said upon being assigned a boy of more nearly his own stature. "It was pretty embarrassing having to ask him to lean over every time I wanted a club."

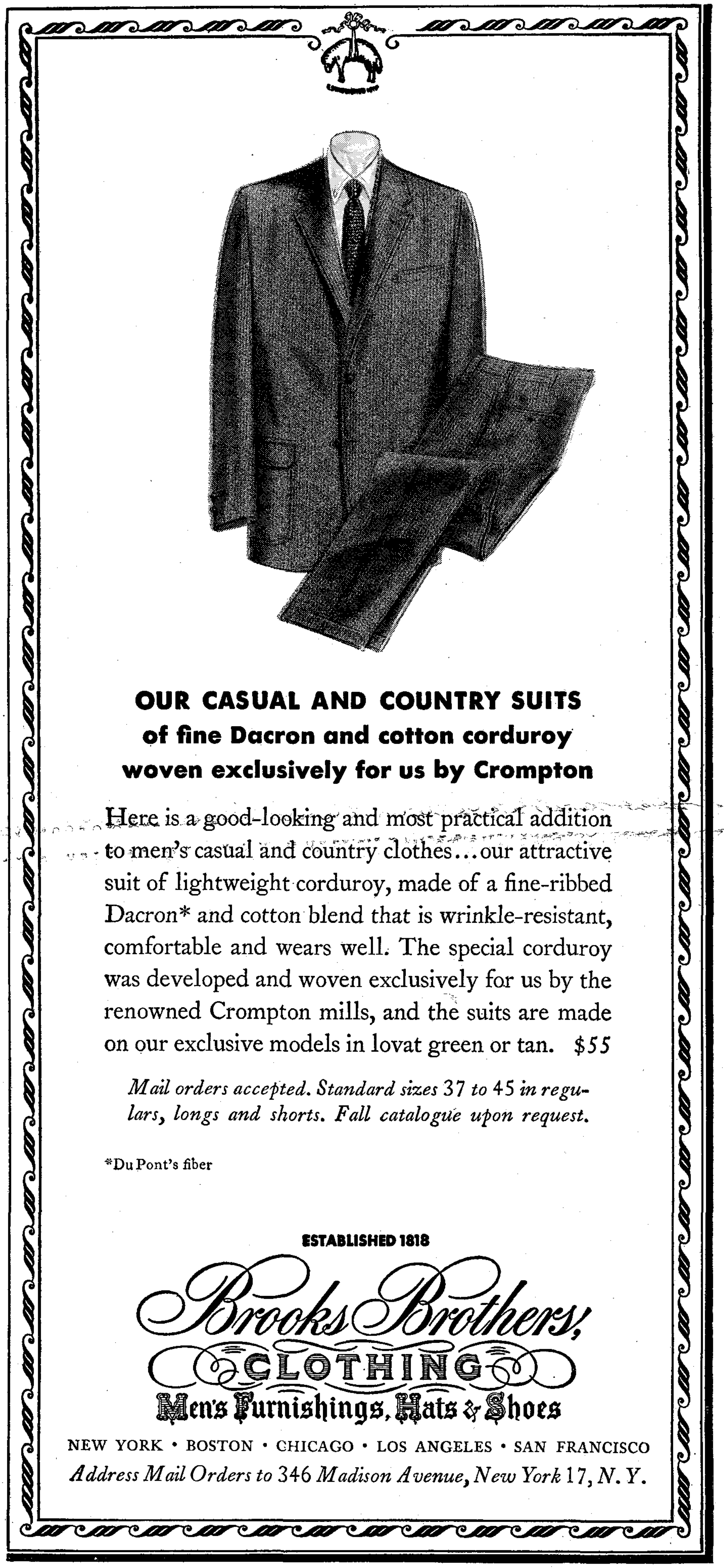
—P. W. W.

•

NAMES WE DOUBT EVER GOT HISSED

[*William Richardson in the Post*]

The new Egyptian administrators are jealous of their rewards. They cannot mention Georges Picot, administrator of the old Suez Company, without hissing his name.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

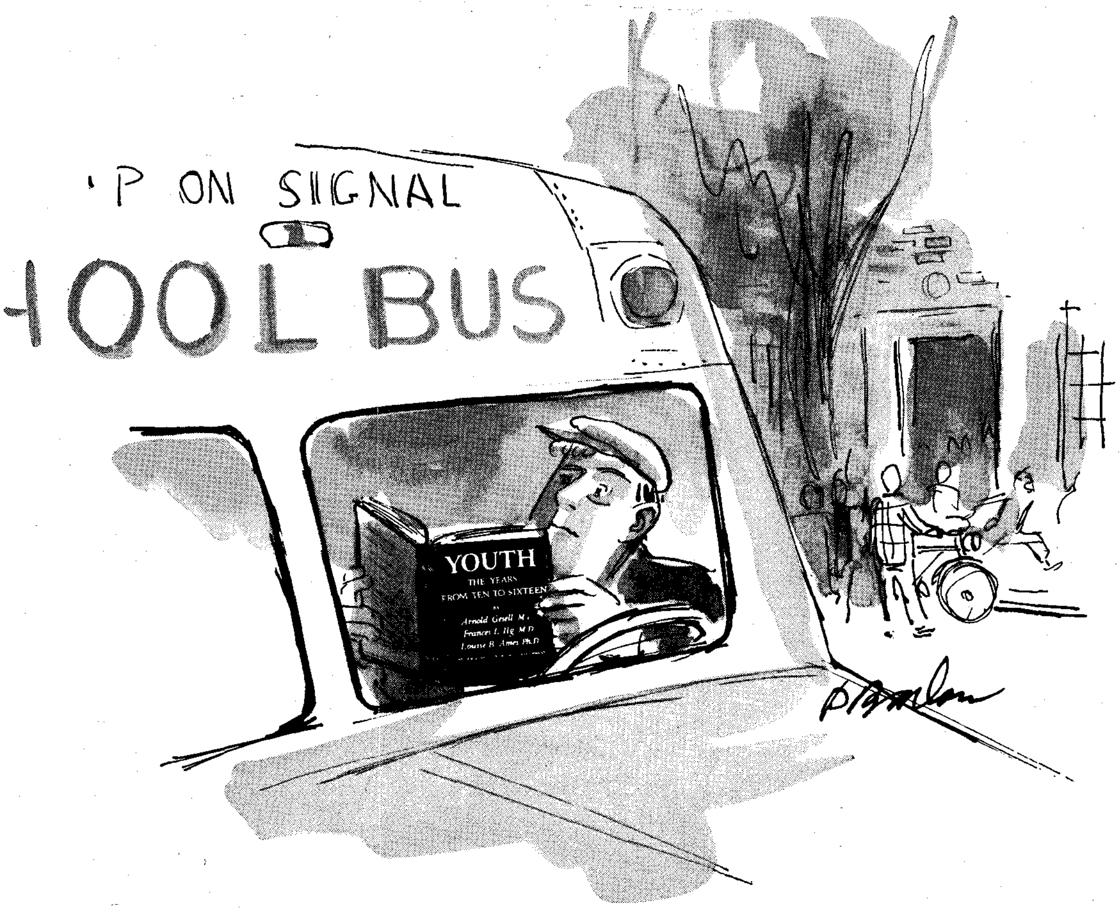
DIAMOND

VI—SIGHTS AND CUTTERS

THESE days, the diamond industry is one of the most orderly industries in the world—a near-monopoly that never has to look for customers, never gets into price wars, and never floods the market. It has not always been so. For several years after the great South African diamond rush started, in 1869, the world trade in diamonds was vigorous but anarchic; miners and dealers engaged in savage competition, which eventually ruined many of them, though it brought others great fortunes, and which kept prices fluctuating erratically. Then, in the late eighteen-seventies, a young Englishman decided that if diamond mining was ever to be a lucrative and stable industry, the mines would have to be consolidated under a single management, with production and prices rigorously controlled. The young man, who was Cecil Rhodes, set about achieving this state of affairs himself, and his efforts met with such success that he bequeathed to the world De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., a corporate colossus that today controls ninety-five per cent of all trade in uncut diamonds. Not long ago, having decided to follow the trail of the diamond from the mine onward, I spent several weeks in the Union of South Africa, where I visited some of De Beers' far-flung properties, ranging from deep modern mines equipped with awesome machinery to primitive surface diggings worked by prospectors with pick and shovel. Then I set about seeing how De Beers makes its diamonds available to the jewellers of the world, and what happens to the diamonds after that.

A monopoly can afford to have simple marketing channels, and De Beers', I discovered, are about as simple as one could imagine; it sells all its gem stones through a subsidiary called the Diamond Trading Company, with sales offices in Kimberley, the South African town where the diamond rush began, and in London. To a limited extent, diamond dealers can shop around for their uncut stones—some diamonds are being dug in Brazil and India, and the De Beers influence doesn't extend to those countries—but for all except a few maverick dealers the search ends in one city or the other. And since Kimberley is relatively inaccessible to all except South African dealers, the search usually ends in London. If anyone should ask why the Diamond Trading Company doesn't maintain a branch office in the United States, where most of the diamonds wind up, the answer would seem to be that the United States has anti-trust laws.

The Diamond Trading Company is perhaps the lowest-pressure selling outfit in the world, operating in an atmosphere of serenity and almost of secrecy. Its diamonds are not sold at auction, nor are they displayed, as fashions in clothes are, against velvet drapery to the accompaniment of soft music. Instead, for one week out of every month the company holds what it calls a "sight," in both Kimberley and London, during which buyers from all over the world—*certain* buyers, that is—are invited to examine and, if they like, purchase an allotment of diamonds. A few weeks before the sight, the company sends out telegrams or cables to a select list of buyers announcing the date of the sight and asking how many pounds' worth of diamonds each buyer is interested in acquiring. When the replies are in, the company makes up a parcel of diamonds for each buyer—these days it is usually smaller than the buyer had hoped it would be—and the parcels, given the variations in value, are as uniform as the company can make them, with so many big stones, so many small stones, so many blue-white stones, and so many off-color stones in each. Then the buyers, or their agents, troop to the company's offices, and are shown their parcels and given some time—anywhere from a few hours to a few days—to make up their minds whether they want them or not. Though some old customers are permitted to bargain a bit on the prices of the largest stones in their parcels, there isn't much occasion for haggling; the company's policy is take the entire parcel or leave it. Nowadays, it is a rare buyer who turns his parcel down; the buyers take what



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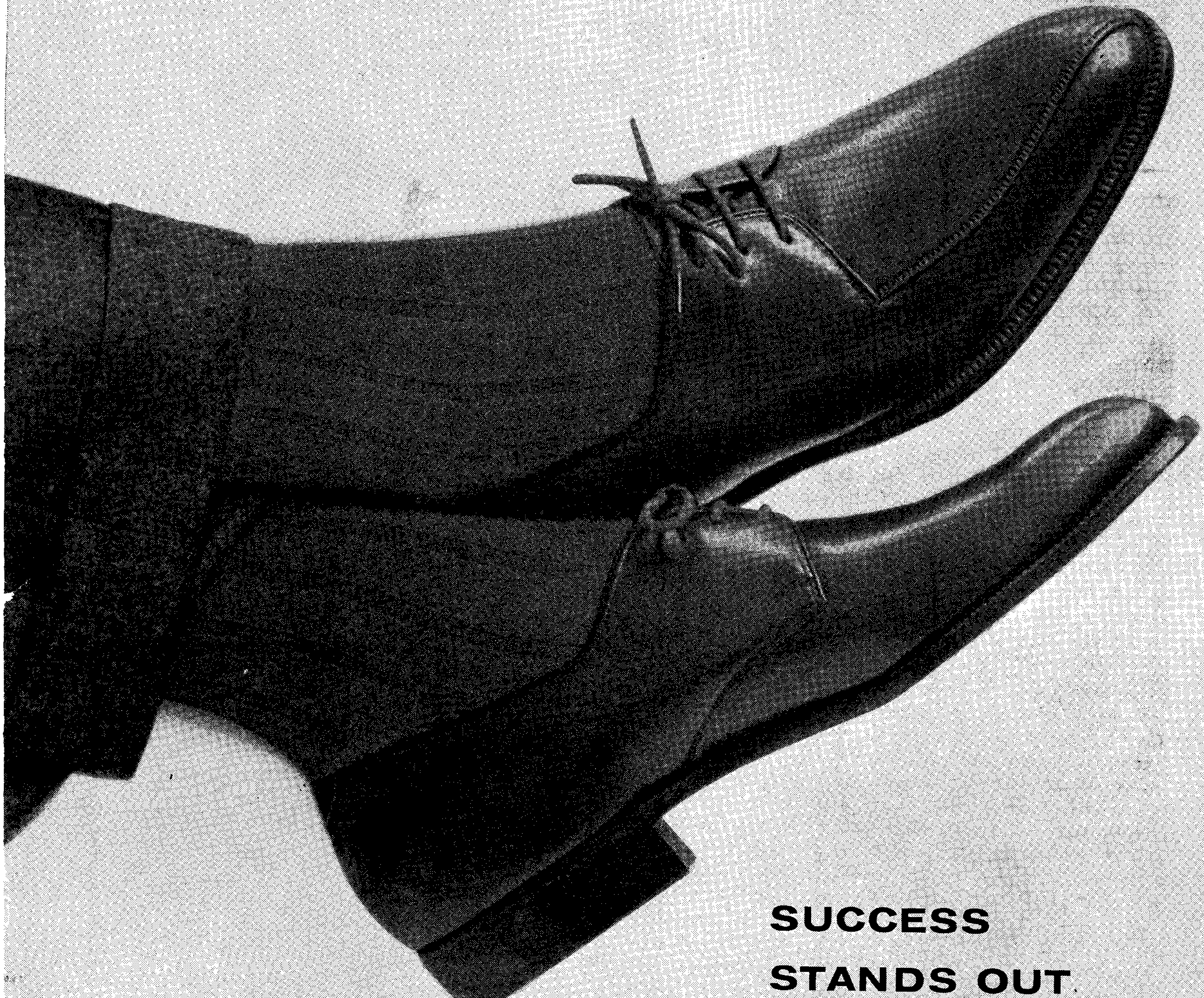

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Since I would soon be going back to England anyway, I decided to attend a sight in London, where trade is a good deal brisker than it is in Kimberley, and a few days after my arrival in London I set out for St. Andrew's House, where the offices of the Diamond Trading Company are located. The House is in Hatton Garden, a shabby commercial district, undistinguished except by the presence, in its dim recesses, of some of the world's leading diamond dealers. The area around St. Andrew's House, like that around St. Paul's Cathedral, which isn't far away, was badly plastered by German bombs. London has been much slower than most other European cities to get around to repairing her bomb damage, and this section has been especially slow; there are still open spaces near St. Andrew's—parking lots where buildings used to stand. But repair work has begun at last, and I saw that diagonally across the street from St. Andrew's House, behind a wooden barrier, something very substantial in the way of construction was going on, accompanied by a racket of riveting and sledge-hammering. St. Andrew's House itself reflects none of this spirit of progress; it is a grimy building with a narrow entrance, which I had a hard time finding. An elevator shaft takes up most of the tiny lobby, and there was a squeeze of people waiting to be carried upstairs. The Diamond Trading Company is only one of many tenants occupying the building, and it struck me as strange that it and the other tenants, most of whom also have something to do with diamonds, should have hidden themselves away in such dingy and constricted quarters.

Well, soon after I stepped off the elevator into the Diamond Trading Company's reception room, I saw that its quarters aren't so constricted after all. The company has two floors of spacious private offices and more spacious public ones, with a spiral iron staircase connecting them. There isn't much in the way of chichi about the place, but it isn't shabby, either, and the young men I saw walking swiftly by with papers in their hands would have looked at home in the Foreign Office. Everything is comfortable, but the company, I learned, isn't satisfied. The first thing I saw in the reception room was a large model of a building. This turned out to be the one that was going up across the street; it will occupy the better part of a block and, when it is finished, next year, will house the Lon-

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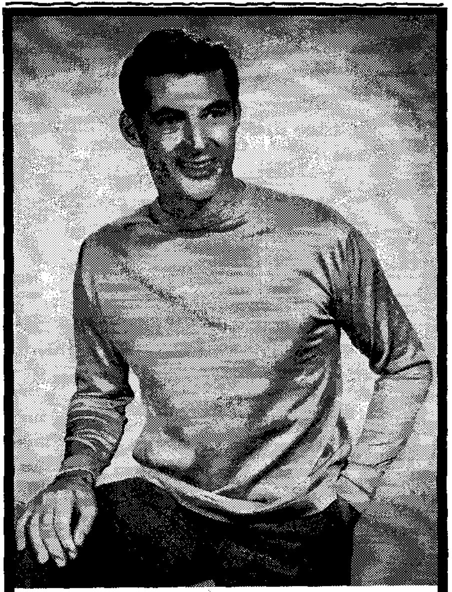
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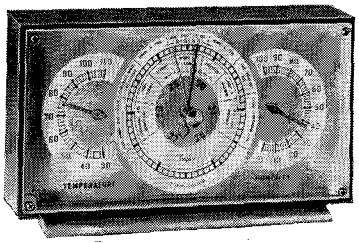
don departments of all the many companies associated with De Beers. Then Hatton Garden will be transformed. There will be a small park in front of the new building, and, what with a smoke-abatement ordinance that has already gone into effect, the old neighborhood won't know itself.

I had an appointment at St. Andrew's House with a company official whom I will call Bentinck, though that is not his name; like most De Beers people, he has an instinctive dislike of publicity. A brisk elderly man, he met me at the reception desk, and we started for his office. It was a Wednesday afternoon, and since the sights last from Monday to Friday, this one was just about half over. "We've had a busy time this month, and we're selling a lot of diamonds," Mr. Bentinck said promptly. "It's a mystery to me who buys all these diamonds after they've been cut and set, but I do know that most of them end up over in your country. We've sold nearly five million pounds' worth since Monday morning. It's incredible."

He sounded indignant about it, but I knew he wasn't, really. The British never rejoice openly when business is good; like the Greeks, they seem to think that exultation will bring down the wrath of the gods upon them. Mr. Bentinck opened the door of his office and asked me in. The room was irregularly shaped but good-sized and well supplied with windows. Venetian blinds were drawn against the bright sunlight, and near one of these shrouded windows, in a chair drawn up close to a crack in the blind, sat a very large man, crouching over a very small table. He was holding something between thumb and forefinger and studying it through a loupe—a jeweller's magnifying glass. On the table, close to his propped elbow, was a rough cardboard container about the size of a shoe box, filled with tiny white packets. The box was obviously a diamond parcel, and I had to revise my ideas. I had always imagined that a diamond parcel would be a glossy package tied up with string, like the packages that hang from Christmas trees.

As we entered, Mr. Bentinck cried out, in pretended dismay, "How do you expect to see diamonds in this kind of light?" Stalking past the large man, he jerked up the blind, and the sun streamed in over the table. "Sitting there in the dark!" he scolded. He turned to me and said, "Here's one of the greatest diamond experts in America. He crosses the ocean to buy our diamonds, he comes into my office to

The Man Who Has Everything hasn't got these!



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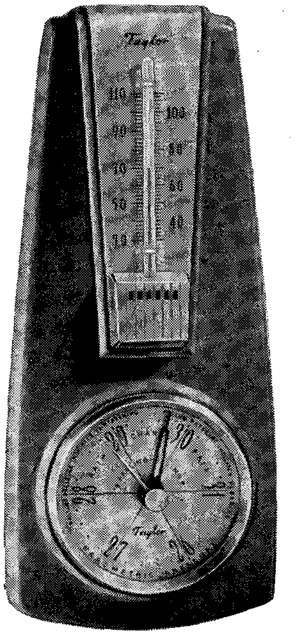

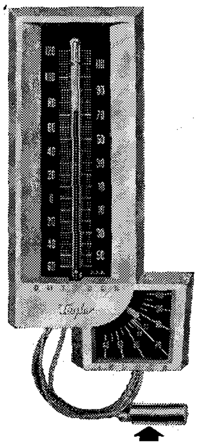

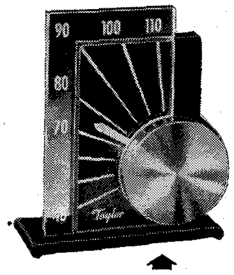

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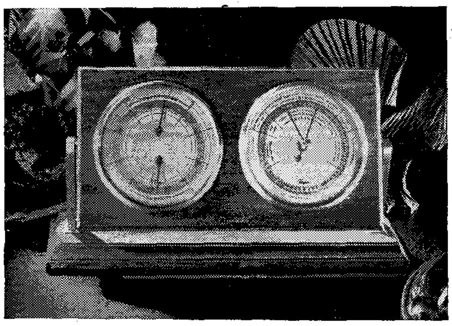

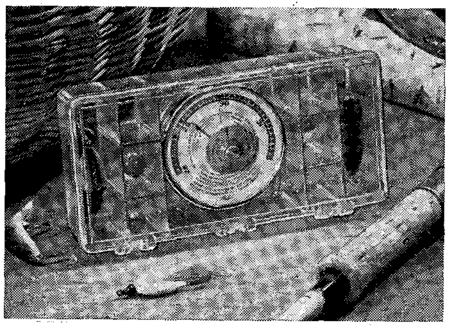

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look at them in peace and quiet, and then he tries to size them up in the dark. That's how expert he is."

"It shows how I trust you, doesn't it?" the buyer observed mildly, in an American accent superimposed on what I took to be a Central European accent. "I trust him, all right," he added, looking at me, and then said, "But I can't make up my mind about this big one. The color's against it." He held up an enormous crystal, so regular in shape that it could have been a textbook model of a diamond. It was easily an inch long and nearly an inch thick. He handed the stone to me, and I was surprised, as I always am with diamonds, by its heaviness. I leaned over to look at the paper in which it had been wrapped. Scribbled on the paper in ink were the words "Special Diamond," with two figures underneath—the weight in carats and the price per carat.

"All right, the color's against it," Mr. Bentinck said. "It's a little yellow. Though how you could have told that with the blind down I'll never understand. If I'd known you were going to look at it in the dark, I'd have put a higher price on it. That color's the reason you'll be paying ninety pounds a carat, instead of a hundred and forty."

"I don't know," said the big man. "I'll think it over."

"By all means," said Mr. Bentinck. "Think it over."

The buyer wadded the diamond carelessly in its paper and tossed it in the shoe box, and then strolled out of the room with the box under his arm. Mr. Bentinck looked after him affectionately. "Take my word for it," he said. "He'll end up buying that diamond."

Mr. Bentinck invited me to sit down, and he himself took a chair behind a huge, uncluttered desk. "I turned up some old figures this morning that interested me, and might interest you," he said, opening a drawer and bringing out a worn-looking ledger. "As I told you, we've sold nearly five million pounds' worth this week, and it looks as if we might hit fifty million pounds this year, as we did last. Well, I can easily remember when five million pounds wasn't considered at all bad for a whole year. Back in 1902, we sold about five and a half million pounds' worth, and we weren't complaining. Of course, five million pounds meant a good deal more then than it does today; money meant more. But, even allowing for that, five million to fifty million is quite a jump. If anybody had pre-

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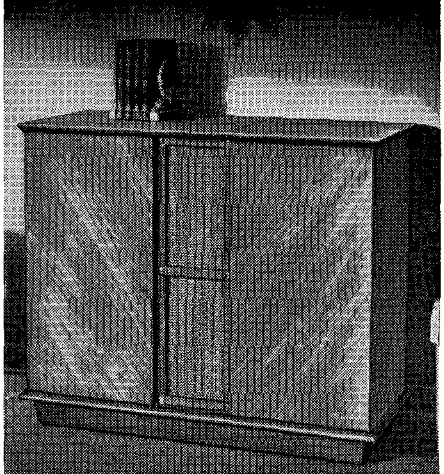

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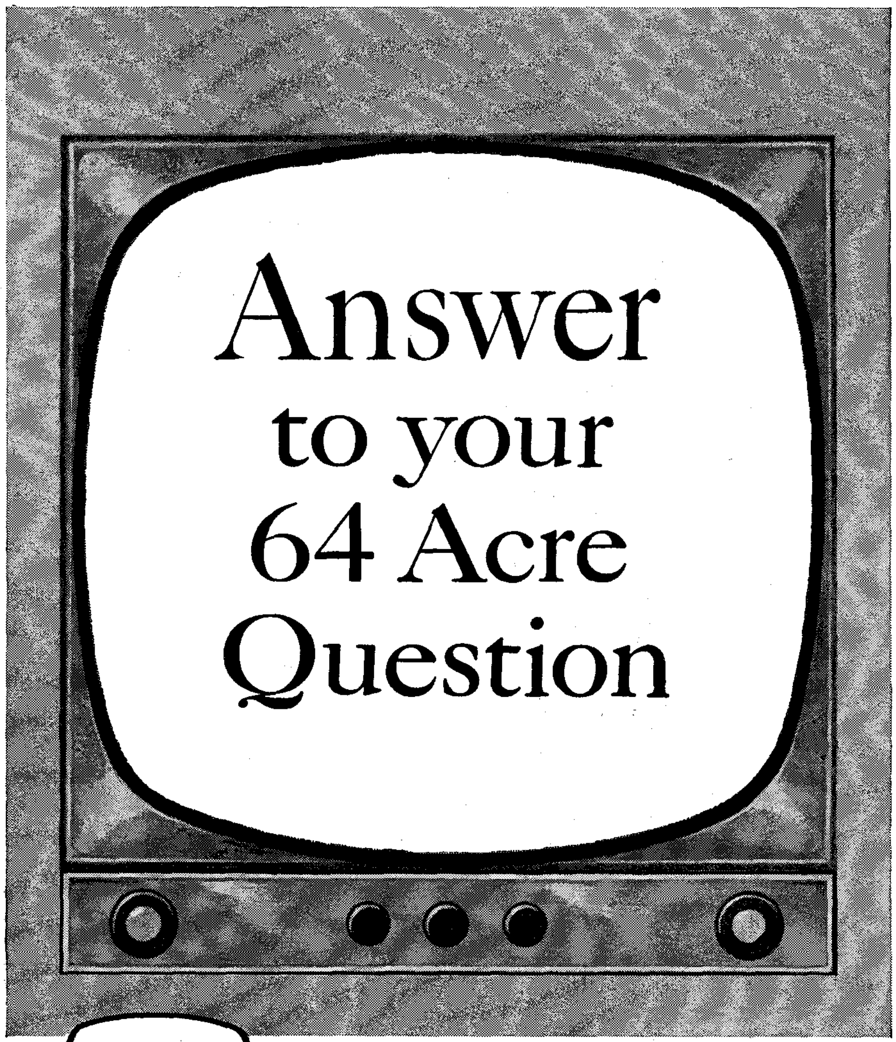
dicted back then that we'd be selling at the rate we're selling now, he'd have been certified."

Mr. Bentinck riffled through the ledger, found the page he wanted, and drew his chair over toward mine. "Look at these figures," he said. "They show our sales from 1900 up till the First World War, and they show a good bit of general economic history, too. Diamonds have always been very sensitive to even the slightest trade recessions, and they hate depressions. All luxury goods do, naturally. See how things went after 1902—more than six million the following year, the same, practically, for 1904 and 1905, and a jump in 1906 up to more than eight million. I joined the company that year, and I remember how pleased we all were. Then the slump of 1907 set in, and we had two bad years, but here's a jump in 1909, up to nearly eight million, and after that things are pretty steady to the beginning of the war; then, in 1914, a real slump—down to three and a third million. From here, I'll trust to memory." He closed the ledger, and continued, "It might strike you as strange, but right in the middle of the First World War trade recovered. People began investing in diamonds, the way they usually do sooner or later in times of international stress; they figure it's a good idea to put their cash into something valuable and tangible and small. By the time of the armistice, we were doing a record business. Ten million pounds in 1918. Fifteen million in 1919. The year 1920, as I recall it, wasn't too bad, or too good, either, but in 1921—oh, oh!—there was a bad slump, a very bad slump. We didn't take in a million pounds. That was a dreadful year all over the world. Things picked up in 1922, and there was steady progress right up to the crash. By 1930, sales had tumbled from over twelve million to just about three; 1931 was even worse, but then there was a climb—not a rapid one, but good enough—up to 1938. You remember the recession that year, I expect. The market fell to the 1914 level, but in 1938, of course, that level seemed much lower. We had grown spoiled, and less than four million seemed like nothing at all. This time, though, we made a quick comeback. Up to about six million in 1939, and up, up, all through the war—up ever since. As I told you, in 1955 we sold fifty million pounds' worth, and that, mind you, includes only gem stones. We sell industrial diamonds through another company—Industrial Distributors, Ltd.—and last year it sold



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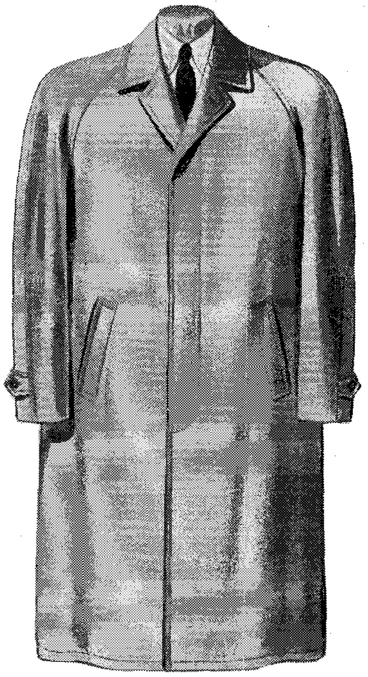
about twenty-five million pounds' worth." Mr. Bentinck sighed. "You'd think the world would be saturated with diamonds," he said, "but there are buyers outside this door buying as they've never bought before. Come, let's see the sights."

This must be the oldest joke in the business, but Mr. Bentinck chuckled at it as he accompanied me out of the room and down the corridor. "You won't see much, at that," he said. "There's nothing to see at a sight except a lot of men sitting near windows and staring at stones. That's all there is to diamond buying. A man who's making a big purchase has to mull it over in his mind. He has to consider how to cut a stone, how much of it will be lost and where—things like that. He's got to soak the stone up. Some buyers take days over a parcel."

We went into a large room with a row of tall windows—they reached almost from floor to ceiling—and, facing the windows, the longest table I have ever seen. A dozen men were sitting at it, each with a shoe box in front of him. It struck me that all the men had exactly the same scholarly stoop to their shoulders. They were staring raptly at diamonds—either with the naked eye or through loupes—and every now and then one would turn his stone slightly, for a different view. At one end of the table were two girls, who looked livelier and weren't staring at all. Each of them was sitting before a heap of small diamonds, picking out a stone here and another there and building up little subsidiary piles on the margin of the central one. They were pretty girls in summer dresses, and seemed altogether out of place. I was well aware that women have taken over many jobs from men, but diamond dealers are conservative people, and I tried, and failed, to visualize the progressive diamond merchant who would send his young daughter or niece on so momentous an errand as a visit to St. Andrew's House.

"Good Lord, no!" Mr. Bentinck said when I asked him if the girls, too, were buyers. "They're our sorters. We let them sit here because we're so busy and crowded. Or, rather, we let the buyers sit here with them." His face clouded. "It's a shame," he said, with the sudden energy of a man pouncing on an old and temporarily forgotten grievance. "Men like these—they're important people. Big people. A man who comes all the way to London to buy thousands of pounds' worth of goods has a right to a room by himself—a room where he can sit and study his parcel in



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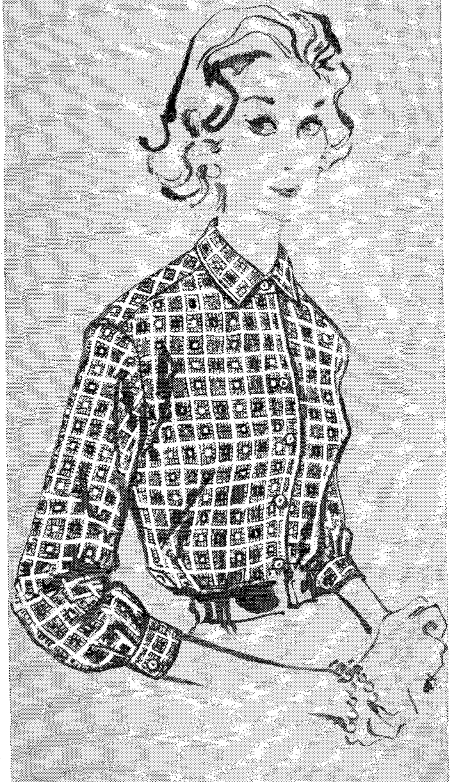

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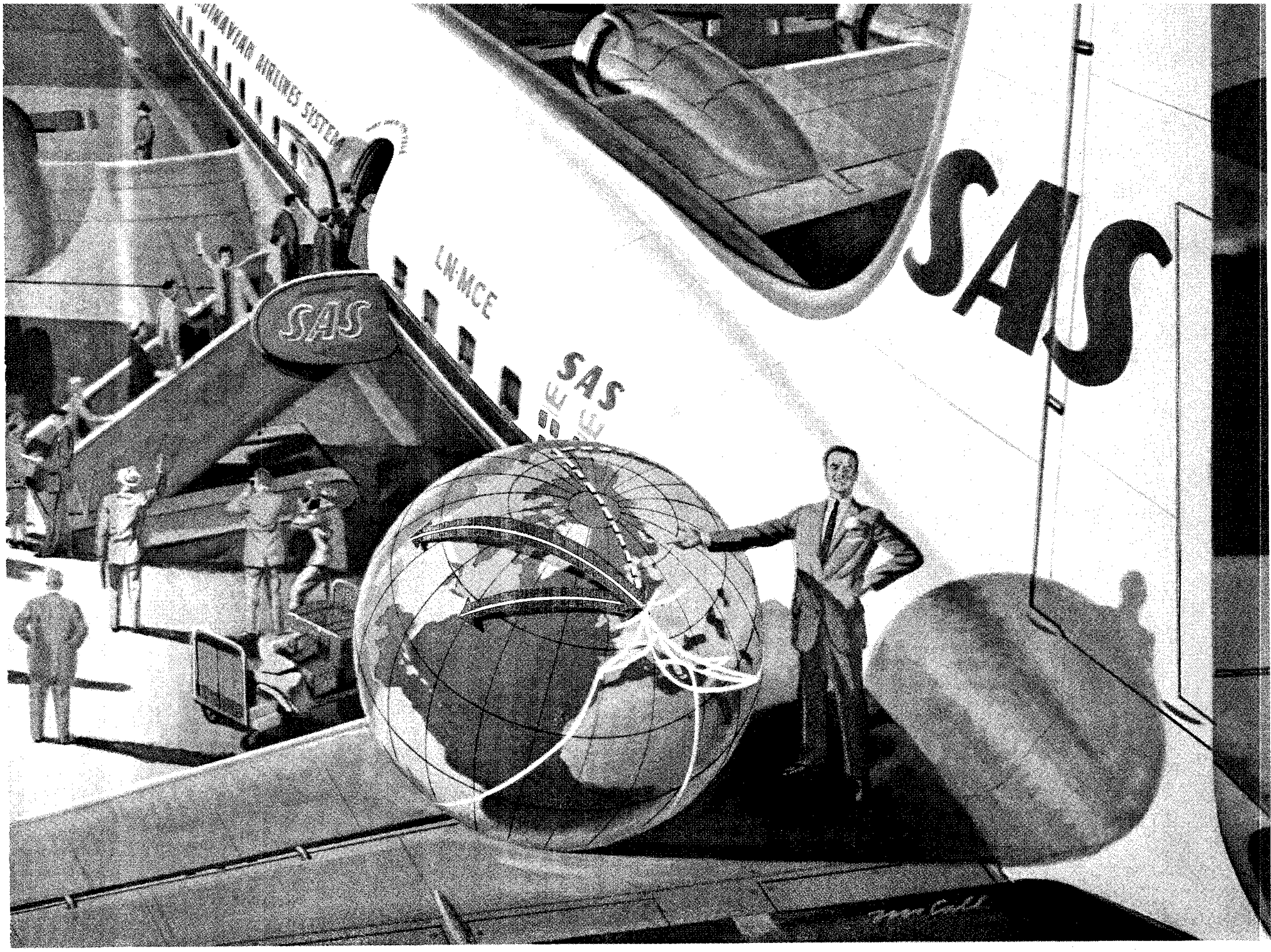

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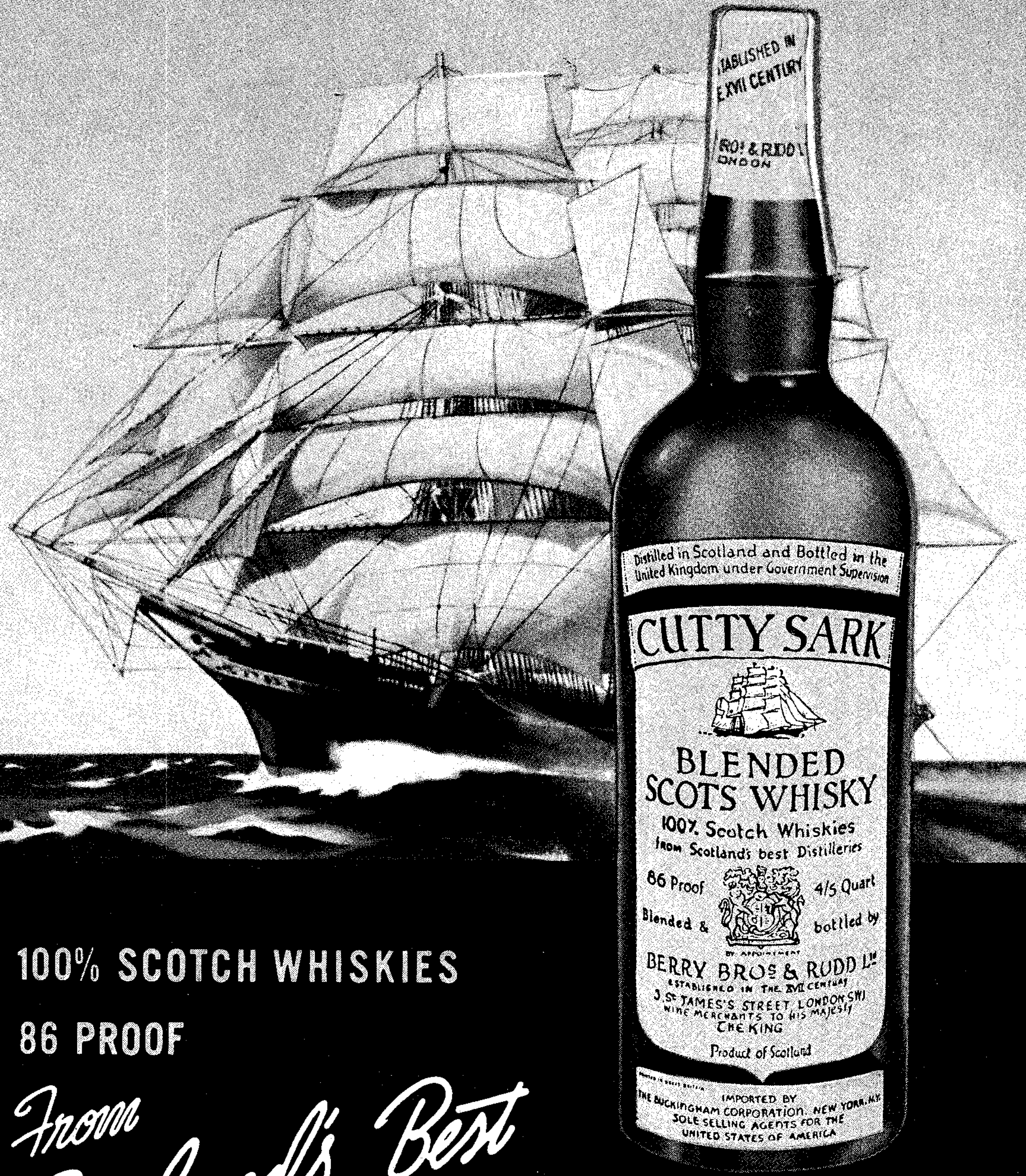
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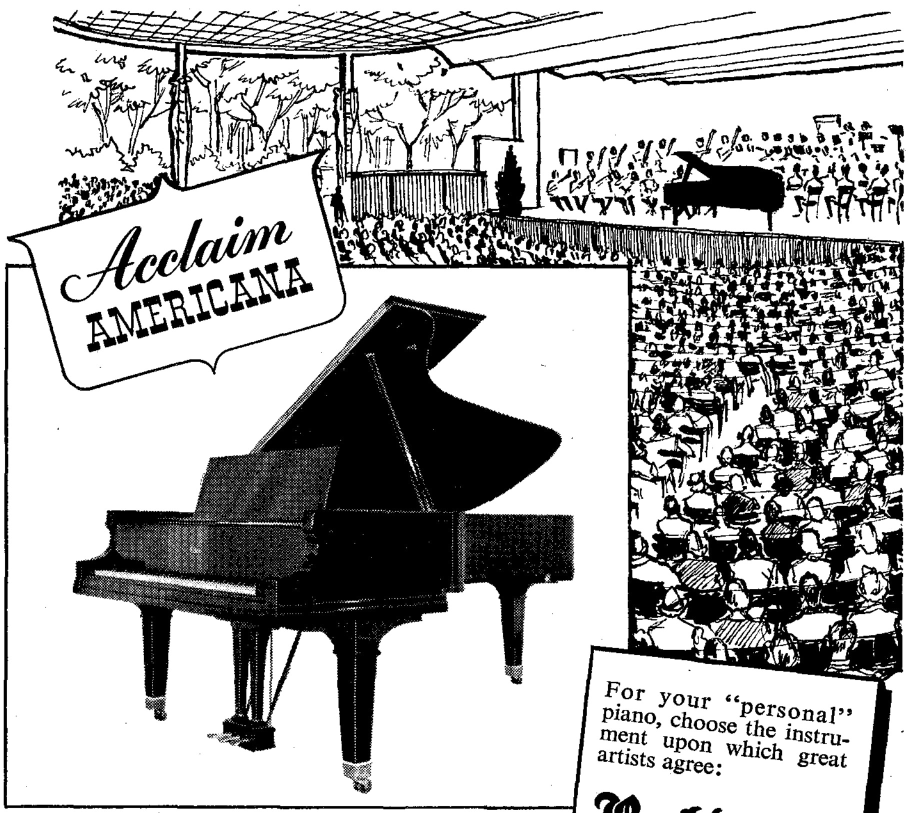
complete privacy. But there's no way of arranging that here. The new place will be much better."

"The buyers don't seem to mind the lack of privacy, though," I said. "I never saw such concentration in my life."

"Well, that's as may be," said Mr. Bentinck, slightly mollified. "But it's still all wrong." He surveyed the scene for a moment or two, and changed the subject. "See that fellow there in the corner?" he said. "You'd probably never guess, to look at him, that he's our best customer. He's a Belgian, and he never goes back home with less than fifty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds. But what a haggler he is! He'd haggle day and night to save a couple of pounds; I often ask him what he thinks he's buying, anyway. Right now, he's studying the best stone we've been able to put on the market this year—a hundred and twenty-seven carats, at a hundred and forty pounds a carat. A beautiful stone. 'How much?' he asked, just as if it weren't written right there on the wrapping. I said, 'How much? You know how much. A hundred and forty.' He said, 'What? No, no, you've forgotten—this is *me* you're talking to. I'm not paying a hundred and forty pounds a carat for any diamond in the world. I'll pay a hundred and twenty.' I told him he was crazy, and he pretended to think it over a while. Then he said, 'I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll put it up two pun ten.'" Mr. Bentinck laughed. "Two pun ten!" he repeated. "There's a man who has come over here to spend fifty or sixty thousand pounds, and he says 'Two pun ten.' Well, I've had some effect on him, anyway; I've cured him of boosting the price by a couple of shillings on every bid. What a fellow he is!" He shook his head, and led me over to the buyer. Clapping him on the shoulder, Mr. Bentinck asked, "All right, now, what are you going to offer me for that diamond?"

The buyer, a small, bent man wearing thick glasses, scrambled to his feet, blinking and smiling shyly. He looked neither prosperous nor alert; as a matter of fact, he looked as if he had just been waked up. He held out one hand, and on the extended palm lay a big diamond, roughly oblong in shape, and deep and clear.

"I'm getting acquainted with it," he said to me. "Every diamond is different. Just like a person, it's an individual. There are no two persons alike anywhere in the world, and there are no two diamonds alike. You have to study them until you get to know them. I've



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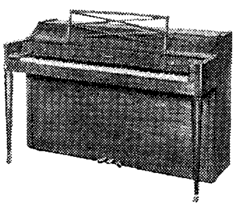

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been getting acquainted with this one for the past two days."

"It's a good one. It's a beauty," said Mr. Bentinck. "What are you offering for it now?"

"A hundred twenty-two pounds ten," said the buyer, smiling.

Mr. Bentinck turned to me and said, in a stage whisper that was perfectly audible to the buyer, "In the end, I'll let him have it for a hundred and twenty-five, but don't tell him I said so." With a poker face, he turned back to the buyer. "A hundred and forty, and that's my last price," he announced sternly.

The buyer laughed, and looked down at the pool of light in his hand. "You like it—of course you like it," he said to me. "Women always love diamonds." Then he sat down and went back to staring at the stone.

Mr. Bentinck and I moved down the row of diamond-gazers. It felt strange to be among people so completely unaware of one's presence. As we walked along, Mr. Bentinck made comments on some of the buyers, not troubling to lower his voice. Nobody was listening; it would have taken a physical shove to jar the buyers out of their contemplation.

"There's a man from Holland," said Mr. Bentinck, indicating one bowed back. "He's got a big place there; I've been to see it. That man right next to him is a young fellow from the States. He doesn't know much about the trade yet, but he's learning. He works at it. I like to see a young fellow who's keen to learn. Let's find out how he's getting on."

The young fellow was just as motionless, just as sunk in rapt scrutiny, as any of the veterans. The stone he was holding before his loupe was not quite as large as some of the others I had seen, but it was certainly no mere splinter. "What will you bet he's going to say he doesn't like it?" Mr. Bentinck asked me, and jogged the young fellow's elbow.

The buyer stirred, and turned to us like an awakened somnambulist.

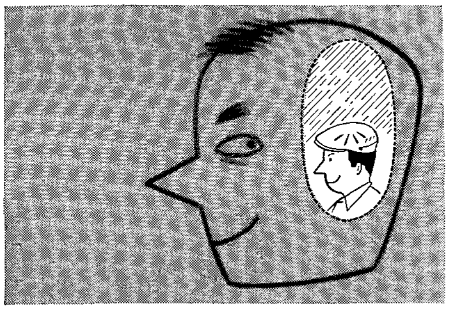
"What do you think of it?" asked Mr. Bentinck.

"I'm not sure," the young man said, looking a bit down-in-the-mouth.

"Wouldn't you know?" Mr. Bentinck said to me, with mock exasperation. "He doesn't know much, but he knows how to grouse. Why, boy, that's not a bad little stone. I suppose you'll be telling me next it's got a spot in it."

"Two spots," said the young man.

"Some people grouse all day long,"



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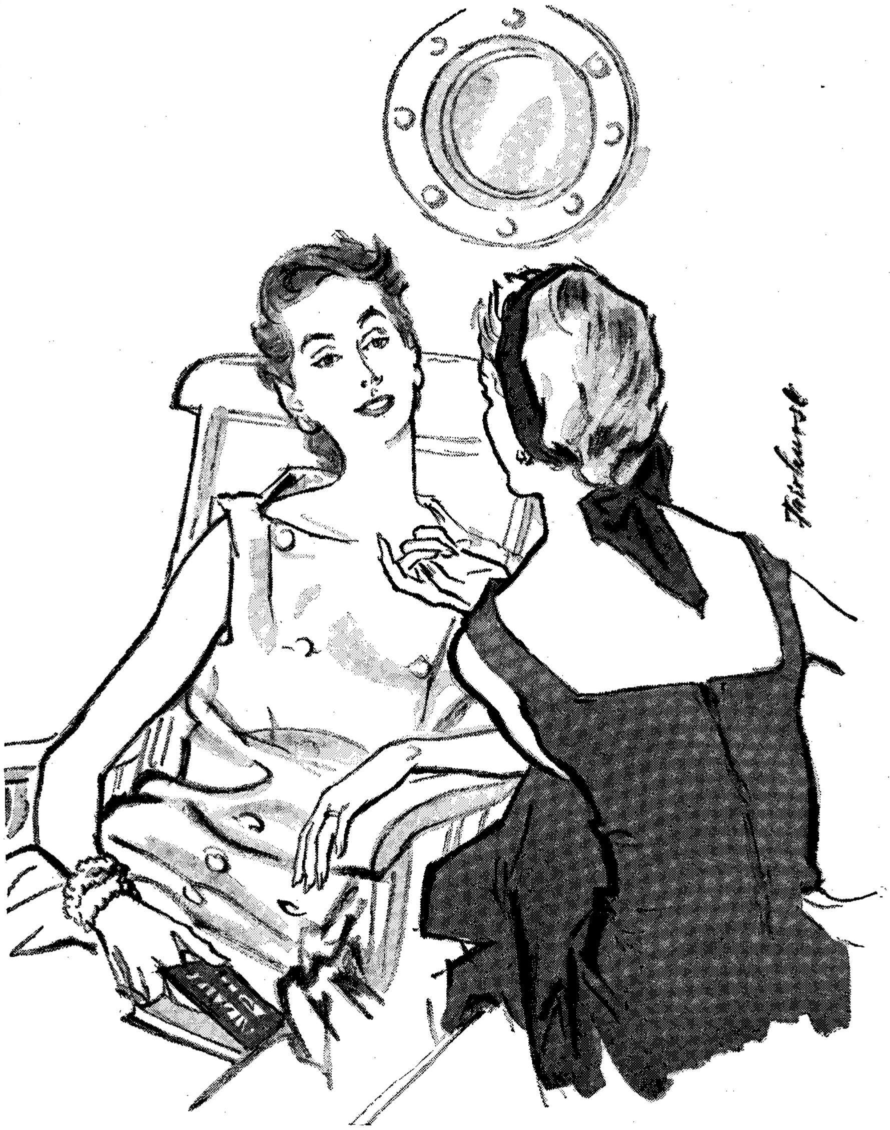
Mr. Bentinck said sadly as we moved away, leaving the young fellow to ponder the two spots.

"Well, you've seen a sight," said Mr. Bentinck as he accompanied me back to the reception desk.

"I've seen a sight," I said, "and now I'm going to find out what happens to all these diamonds after they leave your hands."

ONCE an uncut diamond has left the hands of De Beers, the channels it moves through are apt to be less simple and tidy. Nearly all the customers I saw at the Diamond Trading Company were diamond cutters—mostly Belgian and American, but also Dutch and British, with a sprinkling of other nationalities—who would cut the rough stones and then sell them to wholesale or retail dealers. As things work out, a rough diamond may do a lot of travelling after it leaves Hatton Garden, but wherever it goes, the next step is bound to be cutting, and I went on to look into that venerable craft.

For centuries before the South African diamond fields were discovered, India was the source of most of the world's jewels, but, curiously, Indians have never been as much interested in cutting precious stones as Europeans have. Perhaps the explanation is that Indians are content to let well enough alone. Nowadays, of course, the rich men of India have their treasures cut as carefully as anybody else's, but you still see Indian ladies wearing necklaces and rings set with uncut rubies, sapphires, or diamonds. This isn't to say that Indian lapidaries have never cut stones at all. In the years when European merchants went to India in search of rough gems, they often noted that a number of facets had been cut on the ones they were offered; the Indians at the mines may have got the idea of furbishing stones from seeing natural perfect crystals—especially those of diamonds, which sometimes look remarkably as if they had been fashioned by man. (Pliny, who had heard of and perhaps seen Indian diamonds, described perfect diamond crystals accurately as colorless and transparent, with polished facets and two points, like whipping tops joined together at their bases.) With these as models, some Indians tried to improve irregular diamonds, grinding facets where no facets had been, but it was a formidable task (nothing can cut diamond except diamond, and one stone had to be ground against another by hand), and on the whole the philo-



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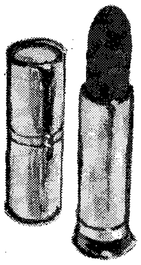

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sophical Indians were satisfied with uncut or partly cut stones.

The less easily satisfied Europeans began working hard on jewels very early in the game. By the end of the thirteenth century, there was a guild of gem cutters and polishers in Paris. The members probably handled mostly sapphires and rubies, but diamonds were by no means unknown. An inventory of the jewels owned by Louis d'Anjou, drawn up in 1368, lists some cut diamonds—small ones, to be sure, for the Indian rulers who owned the mines customarily kept for themselves any finds bigger than about ten carats. Around 1400, a guild of jewel cutters was formed in Nuremberg (one of its members was the printer Gutenberg, who, though it wasn't his main line of work, could cut and polish gems with the best of them), and as time went on, the craftsmen of Nuremberg and Paris learned a good deal about diamonds. In 1407, the Duke of Burgundy gave a banquet in the Louvre for King Charles VI of France, and each of the eleven most distinguished guests received a diamond set in gold as a party favor. These diamonds had probably been faceted by a man named Hermann, who had a reputation for dexterity; from contemporary descriptions of the stones he worked on, modern cutters think that although they were by no means perfect, he must have understood the rudiments of the true art of faceting, which consists of making the best possible use of the play of light. About fifty years later, a Belgian cutter named Louis de Berquem, who had learned his trade in Paris and then set up an atelier in Bruges, discovered that instead of grinding one whole stone against another, he could use diamond dust as an abrasive, and before long this discovery enabled cutters to achieve something close to the flashing quality of the modern brilliant. Louis de Berquem himself cut three big stones for the current Duke of Burgundy, and these immediately became famous among diamond fanciers all over Europe. The biggest, the Beau Sancy, had already been cut once, Indian fashion, with a random lot of facets, but Louis de Berquem did a complete new job on it, much enhancing its beauty. He had apprentices who travelled far and wide (to England, among other places), and everywhere in Europe diamonds became more and more sparkly.

Not much is known about Louis de Berquem, and nobody seems to be sure what his religion was, but it is a well-established fact that most of the diamond

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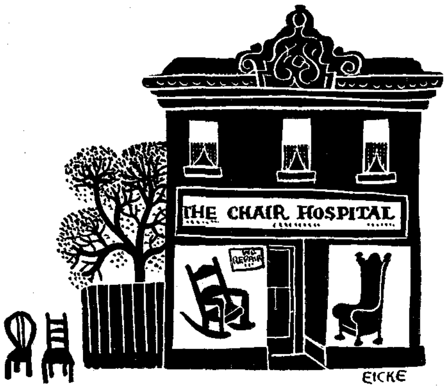
cutters of his day were Jewish; indeed, the diamond-cutting industry has always seemed to follow the peregrinations of the Jews. Jewish domination of the industry dates back to the Middle Ages, when guild laws excluded Jews from all but a few trades, one of which was the cutting and selling of gems; it was not that other people weren't permitted to cut and sell gems but that Jews were permitted to do little else. So they concentrated on jewel cutting and jewel dealing, and eventually they controlled a large part of both the craft and the trade. Over the centuries, England and France were of two minds about their Jewish residents; they expelled them, allowed them to return, and then expelled them again, and as a result most of the diamond cutters in both countries fled to the Low Countries and settled in Antwerp and Amsterdam. In the middle of the eighteenth century, rich diamond fields were discovered in Brazil, and these stimulated the jewel trade enormously, but the British and the French had to send their stones to Amsterdam or Antwerp for cutting. A century or so later, Brazil's mines were nearly worked out and few diamonds were being found in India; there weren't many uncut stones floating about the world, and nobody in England or France was much worried about the dearth of diamond cutters. By 1850, there were very few men in France who really knew how to cut a diamond, and there was only one in all England; in Antwerp there were at least ten thousand.

It was in 1850 that the Koh-i-noor, the star of the Crown Jewels, came into Queen Victoria's possession. Characteristically, the Indian kings and potentates who had owned it over nobody knows how many centuries had never bothered to have it properly cut, and when it came to England, it was turned over to the one respected cutter in the kingdom. The cutting was done ceremoniously, under the very eye of royalty, and the diamond was all but ruined in the



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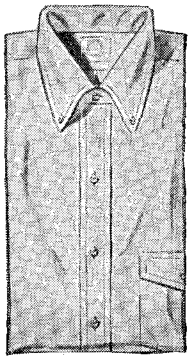

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process—to the horror of knowledgeable gem men, who considered it positively sacrilegious to meddle inexpertly with a famous stone. The Koh-i-noor, of course, has acquired a personality, and people in the trade speak of it as if it were flesh and blood. Rolling stones do gather moss. The Koh-i-noor, the Beau Sancy, and the rest of them have gathered a lot of it—long sagas, encumbered with even longer footnotes. Historians, in their bookish way, lead strenuous lives, and in the nineteenth century one of the arguments that stirred many of them concerned the Koh-i-noor and another fabulous diamond, the Great Mogul. Were they or were they not the same stone? Edwin Streeter, a gem expert of the time, didn't think so. Professor Valentine Ball, a geologist who had made a study of jewels, believed that they were, and his arguments, carefully based on weights and possible chains of circumstances, have convinced a number of people, including me. Even if Professor Ball and I are wrong, one thing, at least, cannot be disputed: the Great Mogul dropped out of sight sometime before the Koh-i-noor made its appearance. The only Westerner who ever professed to have seen the Great Mogul when it was called by that name was Jean-Baptiste Tavernier. His career is worth looking into for a moment.

Tavernier, who was born at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was a French jewel merchant. He made six long, arduous voyages to the Near and Far East, and then, at the age of eighty-four, set out on a seventh. He complained that he had to do so to recoup his fortune, because his nephew had lost a lot of money in reckless speculation, but it is known that Tavernier loved to travel, and I think he didn't really mind. In any case, he died of a fever in Russia, on the way to the Orient, and was buried near Moscow. One historian of famous jewels maintains that he was a victim of the notorious curse said to follow the Hope diamond (the Hope is believed to be a piece of a much bigger blue diamond, named after Tavernier, that the traveller acquired in India and sold to Louis XIV), but surely it is stretching things to suggest that it took a curse to kill a man of eighty-four—even an obviously tough egg like Tavernier.

Tavernier saw the Great Mogul in 1665, when he was visiting the court of Aurangzeb, the last of the strong Mogul emperors of India, in Jahanabad. The Frenchman spent some time there, buying and selling jewels, and he was

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about to leave when the Emperor invited him to stay on and witness the festival at which, in accordance with a Moslem custom that is followed to this day, with some modifications, by the Aga Khan and his followers, the ruler was weighed in public and received his weight in diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, gold, and silver, along with such presents as carpets, brocades, elephants, camels, and horses, from the nobles of his court, the governors of his provinces, and so on. Besides inviting Tavernier to the festival, Aurangzeb offered to let him see his collection of choice jewels, which included the Great Mogul. Tavernier, of course, jumped at the chance.

While the preparations for the festival were being made, Tavernier—so he wrote in his journal—was allowed to snoop around the palace pretty much as he liked, but when the time came for inspecting the gem collection, he was carefully watched. He was vouchsafed a private viewing of the stones—an almost private viewing, that is. It was held in a small open room at one end of a long hall while the Emperor sat on his throne at the other end, keeping an eye on the proceedings; Aurangzeb had stolen the Great Mogul from his father, whom he had overthrown and imprisoned, and he knew from personal experience that where big diamonds were concerned, nobody could be trusted completely. Tavernier sat in the small room with the Emperor's chief treasurer, 'Akil Khan, while four of the imperial eunuchs brought in the jewels on gilded trays, under embroidered velvet covers. Then and there, the stones were counted three times, and a list of them was drawn up by three scribes. When the counting was over, the first gem that 'Akil Khan showed Tavernier was the Great Mogul. The Frenchman was much impressed by the stone. It was, he wrote, "a round rose, very high at one side." "Round rose" was the pattern in which the Great Mogul was cut, and the fact that it was high on one side indicated that, like most Indian-cut stones, it had been worked on with scant attention to symmetry but with great respect for size and weight. "At the basal margin," Tavernier went on, "it has a small notch and a little flaw inside. Its water is beautiful, and it weighs 319½ rattis, which are equal to 280 of our carats."

After Aurangzeb's death, there is no further record of the Great Mogul, although there have been plenty of rumors and legends about it, the least credible of them being that Tavernier

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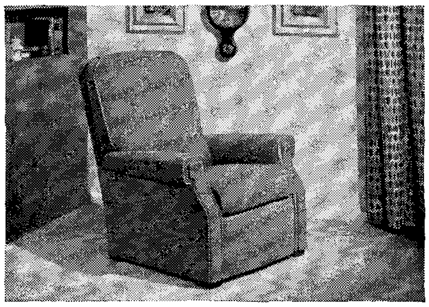

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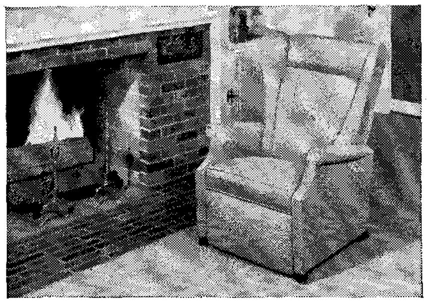

BarcaLounger Model 500 Provincial Wing chair with tufted channel back. Illustrated in Mediterranean Blue woven damask print.

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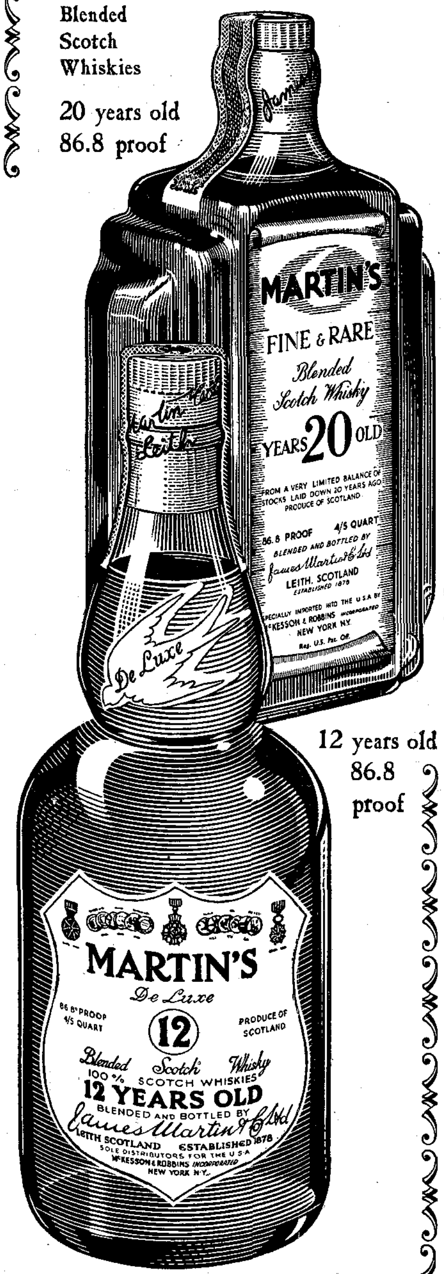

himself ran off with it. In 1793, more than a century after Tavernier's visit to the Emperor's court, the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, made its first appearance in recorded history when Nadir Shah of Persia snatched it from one of Aurangzeb's descendants and took it home with him. For the next few decades, the stone went from conqueror to conqueror, in war after war. (One of its owners, beaten in battle, refused to tell where he had hidden it, even though his captors put out his eyes and poured boiling oil on his head, and the diamond stayed in his family for a while.) Then, about 1820, it turned up in India again, in the possession of the Sikh Ranjit Singh, known as the Lion of the Punjab. Ranjit Singh often wore the Koh-i-noor in his turban, and many Europeans saw it so displayed; they found the famous diamond disappointing, for it had no fire and was rather smaller than they had expected. It was also smaller than the Great Mogul had been. If it was the same stone, it had shrunk by about eighty-three carats somewhere between Aurangzeb and Ranjit. One of the owners of the Koh-i-noor—perhaps a prince who had become impoverished in time of war—had probably knocked a couple of pieces off it and sold them. The planes where they had been detached were easy to see. The stone did indeed look dull and flat, but, of course, it was still extremely valuable. One historian says that in Ranjit Singh's time it was worth about a million pounds.

In 1849, ten years after Ranjit Singh's death, the British annexed the Punjab and, along with it, the Koh-i-noor. The spectacular diamond was put in a small tin box, and the box was given for safekeeping to Mr. John Lawrence, a British official, who was later to become Lord Lawrence and Governor General of India. No doubt he was busy administering many details connected with the annexation; at any rate, he shoved the box into his vest pocket and forgot all about it. Six weeks passed, and one day another administrator told Lawrence that Queen Victoria had asked for the Koh-i-noor.

"Send for it at once," Lawrence said.

"But you have it," the other administrator answered, whereupon Lawrence suddenly remembered what he had done with it, all those weeks before. But it wasn't in his vest pocket now. He went home as quickly as he could. The box, it turned out, was there, and the diamond was quite safe. His Indian valet had found the box while changing the contents of his master's pockets from

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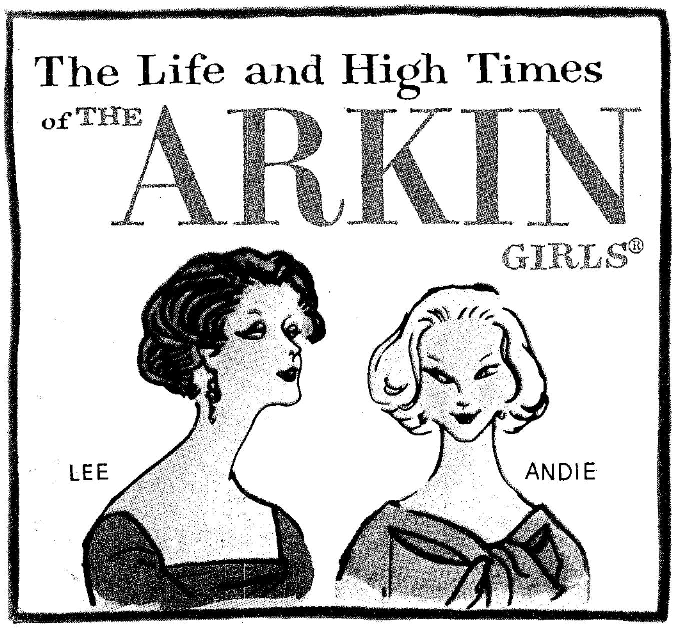

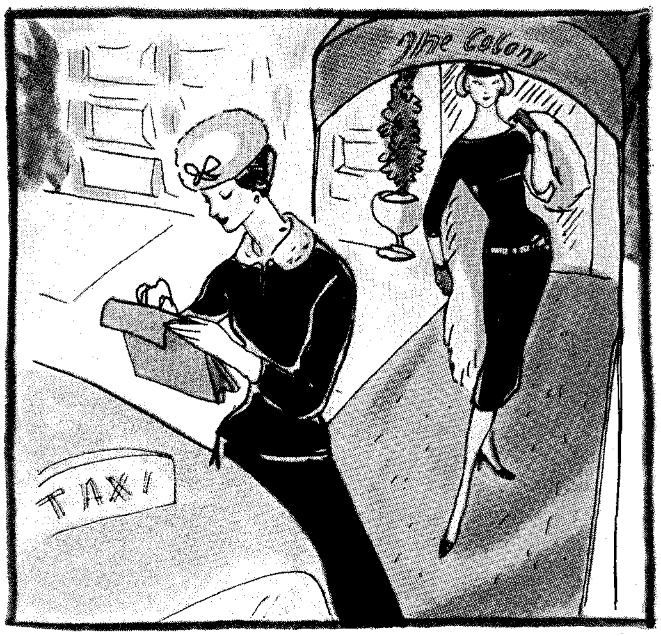
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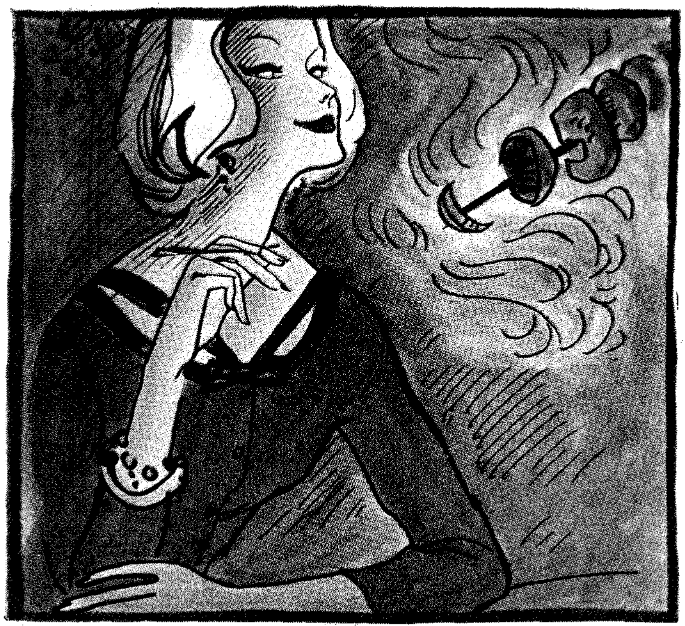

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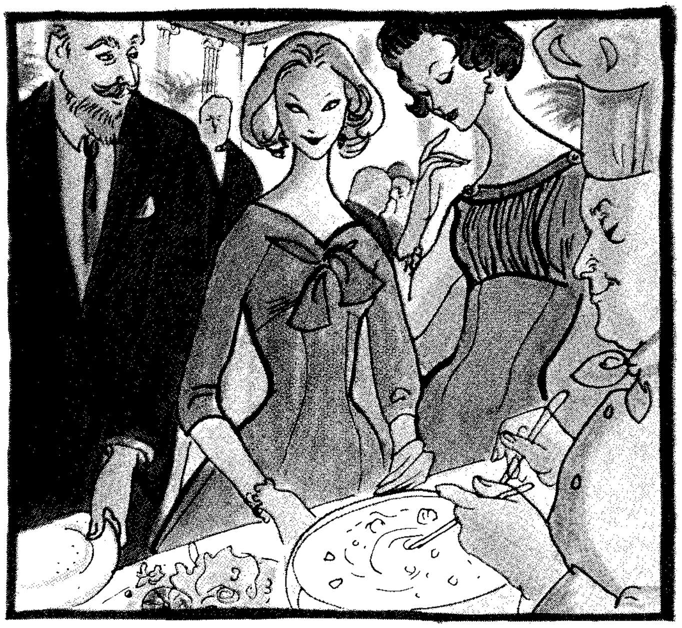

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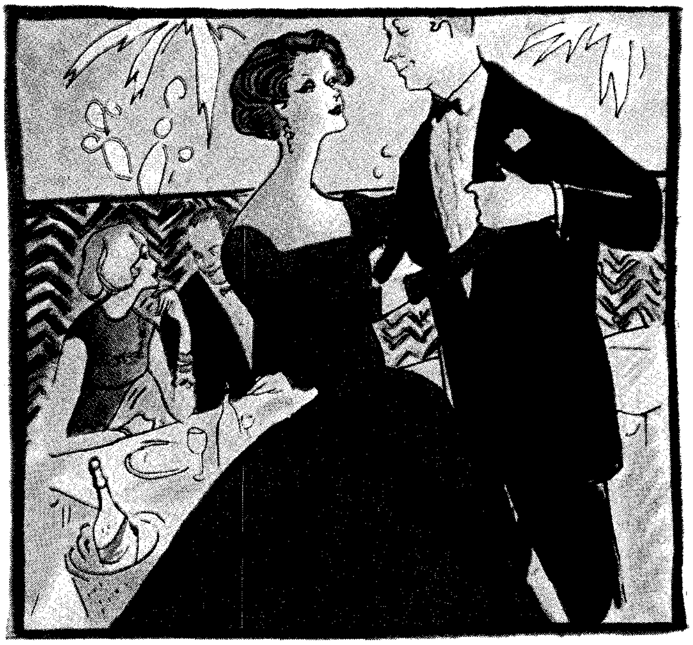

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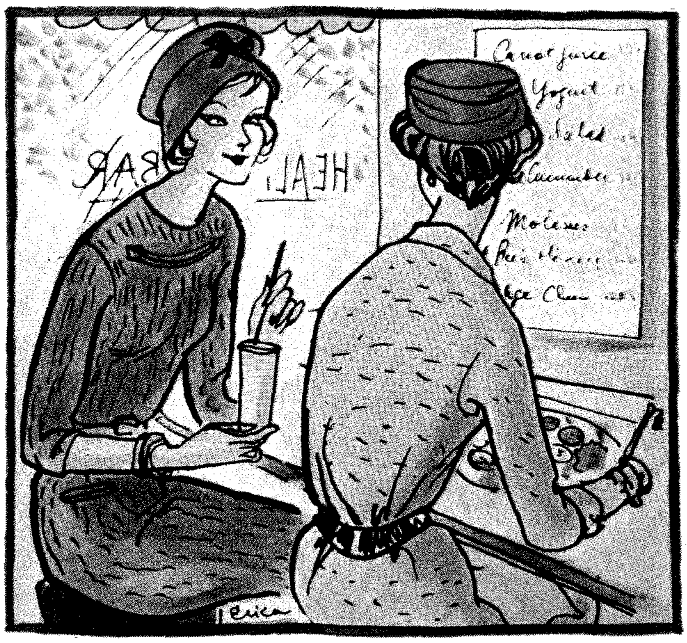
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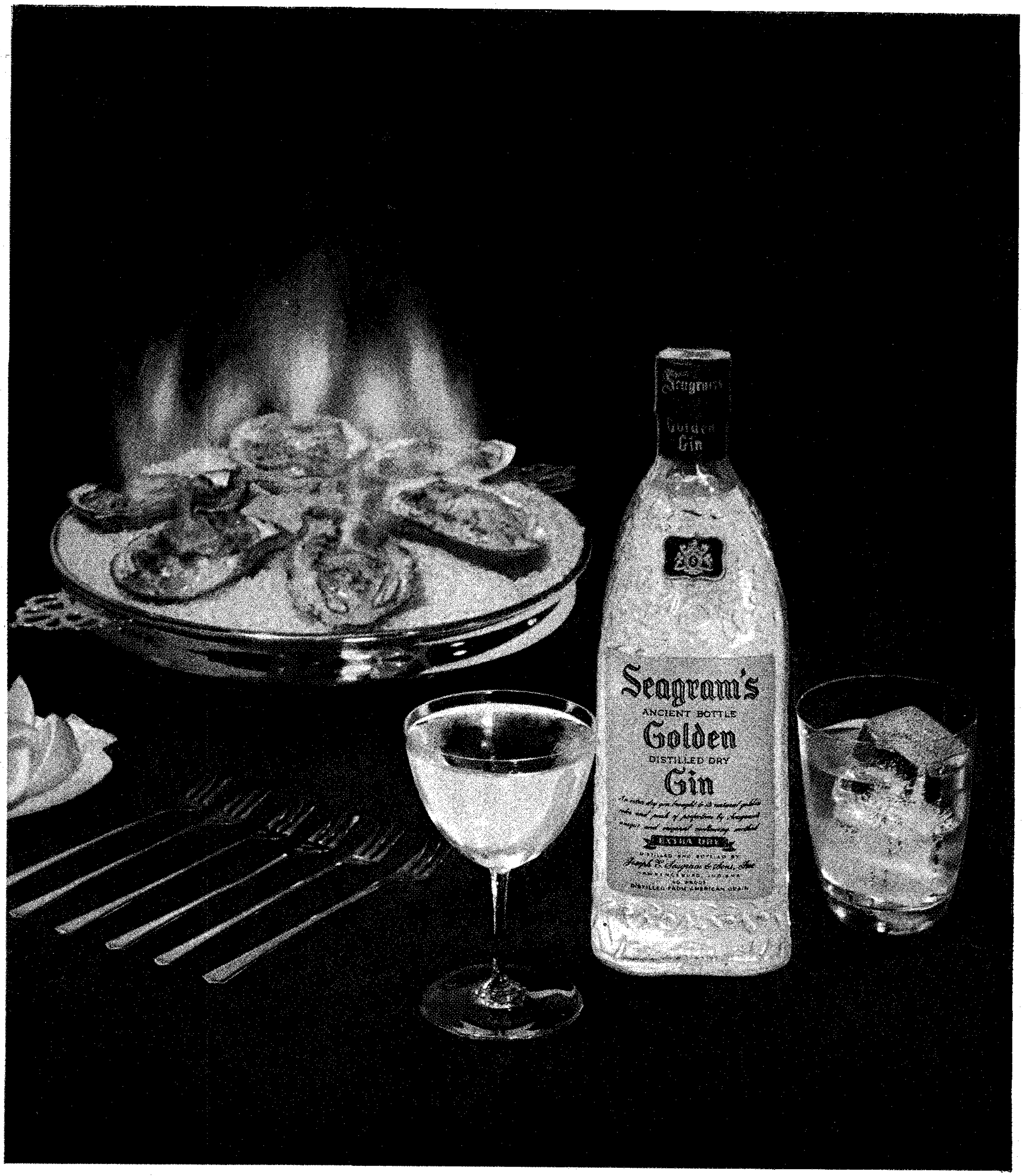
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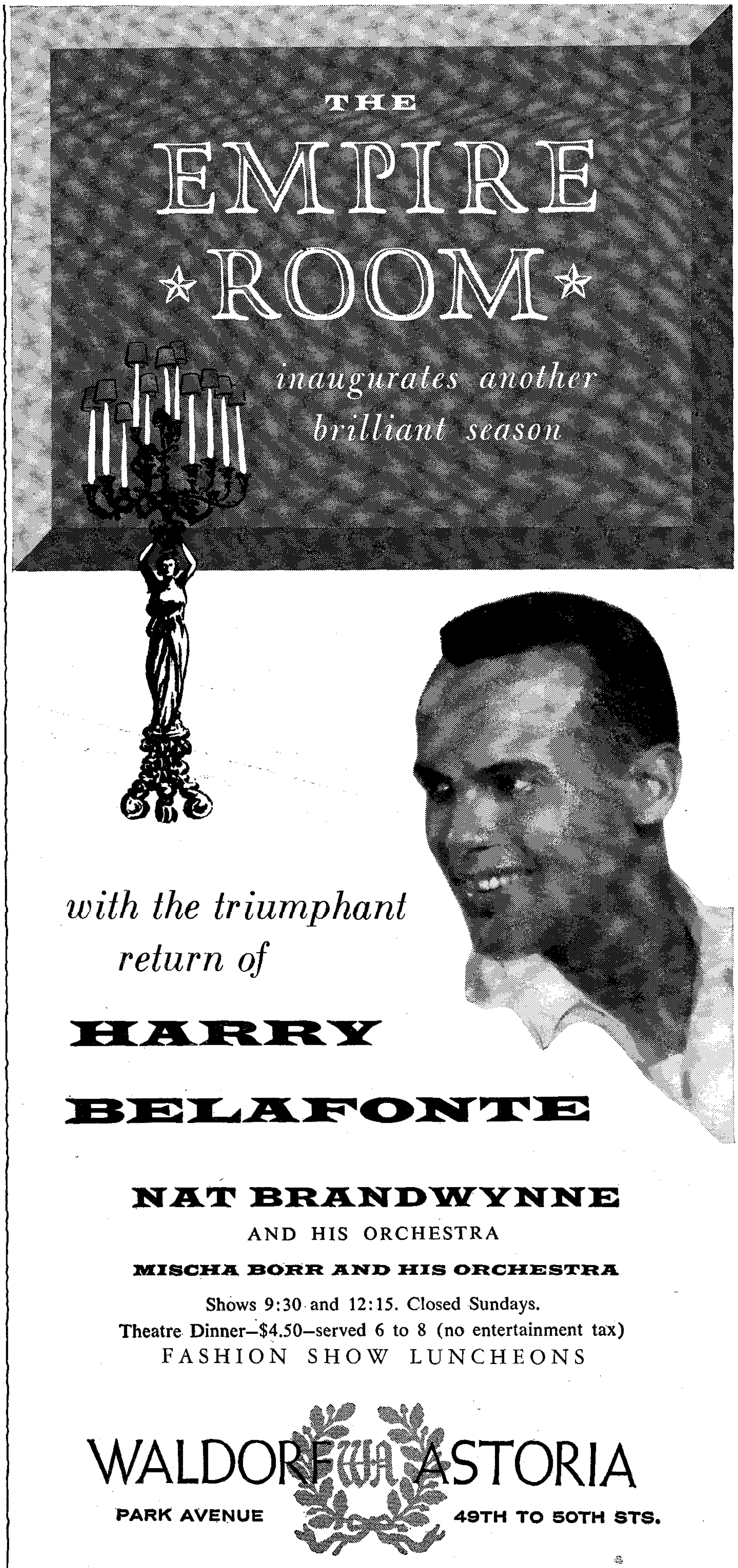
one suit to another. He had thought the stone was just a piece of glass, but, as a matter of principle, he never threw anything away, so Victoria got her diamond.

A big fuss was made over the Koh-i-noor when it arrived at Buckingham Palace. Even a tyro could see that it needed recutting, and the Prince Consort, with his deep interest in scientific matters, did not consider himself a tyro. The question immediately arose: Who was to do the job? Victoria and Albert were far too patriotic to consider sending the stone overseas, and Garrard's, the royal jeweller, could find only one cutter in London that it considered capable of the task. He had been trained in Belgium, but, according to modern experts, he could have been better, and he had the added disadvantage of having to work under royal surveillance, and even with royal help. "Her Majesty herself, and nearly all the members of the Royal Family, personally assisted at putting on the facets, the Duke of Wellington personally putting on the first," a contemporary observer wrote. Another writer says that the Prince Consort spent hours assisting in the cutting of the Koh-i-noor. With all this unskilled help, it is no wonder that the stone is not in very good shape today. It is still big—it weighs more than a hundred and six carats—but it is also still dull and flat, as you can see for yourself in the Tower of London, where it is on display with the other Crown Jewels. It is impossible for anyone who takes the fate of historic diamonds to heart not to be exasperated with Victoria and Albert over the Koh-i-noor. But what were they to do? They, more than anybody else, had to Buy British. Twenty years later, when the South African discoveries had brought new blood into the London diamond trade, it would have been much easier to Buy British and still keep the diamond in good shape, and seventy years after that, when the Nazis had occupied Belgium and Holland, it would have been very easy indeed, for then hundreds of expert cutters took sanctuary in Britain.

A FEW weeks ago, I went to visit one of those transplanted cutters—Mr. Sydney Briefel, of Briefel & Lemer, in Clerkenwell, a district of London every bit as shabby and sombre as Hatton Garden. Mr. Briefel had sent a town car of more than middling splendor to take me to his offices, and the driver, a friendly man, laughed at my puzzled expression as he drove through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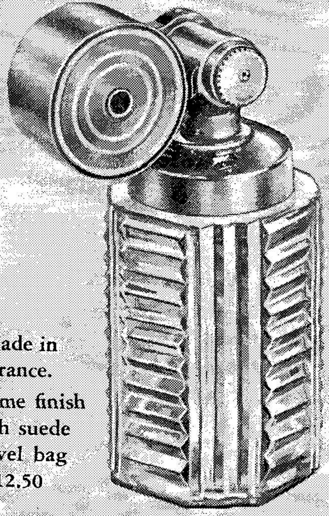
a tortuous alley and turned in to a warehouse, where he parked the car, with practiced skill, between stacks of big packing cases. He laughed again as he told me that the firm's offices were upstairs, along with several machine shops. But the cream of the jest, for him, was that he had to take me up to Briefel & Lemer in a freight elevator. I wasn't as astonished as he had expected, though. I was getting used to the diamond business. After all, the Koh-i-noor had been carried around in an old tin box.

Briefel & Lemer's office was a large room that seemed more like a studio than a place of business, though it contained three desks. Mr. Briefel was at one, Mr. Lemer at another, and a secretary at the third. A long table, with several diamond scales on it, ran along one wall, and pinned above it were diagrams, interspersed with photographs of queens inspecting jewels. Mr. Briefel, a tall, thin man, was full of enthusiasm and talk; Mr. Lemer, a smaller man, hardly uttered a word. Mr. Briefel, naturally, handles whatever publicity the firm sees fit to engage in, but this isn't much. Like most other people in the diamond trade, cutters don't care for publicity. Mr. Briefel, however, recently appeared on television, cleaving, or splitting, a rough diamond for the edification of the public. It was a very tense operation, as cleaving always is. He did it because he believes that people should know more about diamonds, but it was an extraordinary thing for a cutter to do, and other people in the profession have hinted that he shouldn't have done it. In defense of Mr. Briefel, I must say that a cannier, more secretive man has never been seen on a television screen. For all his loquacity, he doesn't give much away.

Mr. Briefel started off by showing me an array of quartz-crystal models designed to illustrate the science of diamond cutting. First, there was a regular octahedral, or whipping-top, model. "We will assume that the diamond we are working on is a perfect crystal, like this model, though in real life you hardly ever get one so symmetrical," he said. Next was a replica of the same model with rather less than half of its top neatly sawed off. Up until about fifty years ago, Mr. Briefel told me, there was no such thing as sawing diamonds; confronted with a rough diamond, a cutter could do nothing but cleave it (Mr. Briefel said I would presently see how that was done) and then grind the facets with diamond dust—a process that not only took prac-



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tically forever but often meant a considerable waste of good stone, since the sole by-product was more diamond dust. Then, around 1900, someone invented a circular bronze saw that, generously lubricated with a mixture of olive oil and diamond dust, could cut diamonds. So nowadays cutters have a choice of methods; they can either cleave or saw or do first one and then the other, depending on the characteristics of the stone. I asked Mr. Briefel about the difference between sawing and cleaving, and he said there was no similarity at all. He explained that along certain planes the atoms of a diamond cling to each other with relatively little tenacity; cleaving is splitting a diamond along one of those planes, while sawing is done along totally different planes. The third model in the set represented our imaginary diamond after the preliminary grinding had been done, and Mr. Briefel turned it about in his hand, calling off for me the names of the principal facets: the table, or flat top, which is comparatively big; the culet, or flat bottom, which is smaller; and the bezels and the pavilions, in between the two. Moving along to the next model, which represented a fully cut diamond, he showed me the other facets—stars, kites, halves, and so on. The whole exhibit reminded me of an exercise in solid geometry.

At length, Mr. Briefel brought out a few samples of the real thing—rough diamonds. He gave me an idea of the questions a trained cutter must ask himself before he begins to work on a stone. For instance, should he cleave it or saw it, and if it contains piqués, or black spots, how can he cut it so that they are as near as possible to the new surface, where they may be removed, without too much loss of weight, in the faceting? An experienced man will see at once precisely where the spots are, while an amateur might be misled by the tricks of refraction. Moreover, the cutter must be able to determine from the color of his stone in the rough what its color will be once it has been cut—not an easy task, for the two colors are often different. Then, there is the question of the angles at which the facets are to meet. The ancient Indian lapidaries had some inkling of the fact that facets make a stone sparkle, but they didn't work out a method of faceting the entire stone to give it the greatest sparkle possible. Today it is up to the cutter to make no mistake about the arrangement of the facets—to sacrifice no particle of light.

Mr. Briefel put the rough diamonds

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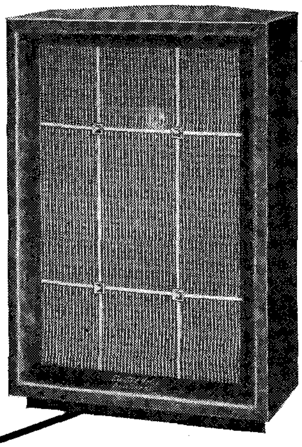

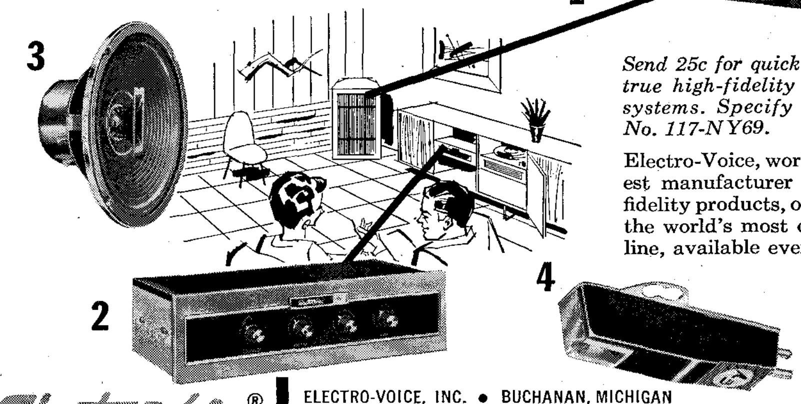

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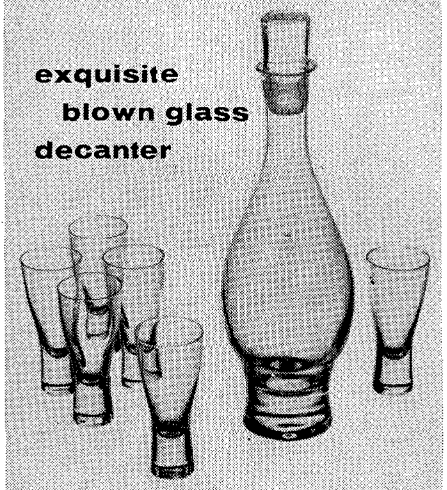
away, and we started making the rounds of the "factory," as cutters call their establishments. First, we entered a room where a young man in a big blue apron sat alone at a table that had a vise clamped to its edge. He was about to cleave a diamond—a big, knobby one. It was embedded in a clump of reddish cement, and this was fixed in a holder, resembling a small eggcup, that Mr. Briefel told me was called a dop. After showing me the dop, the young man inserted it in the vise. Then, putting a loupe to his eye and taking up a small tool that consisted of a sharp-edged diamond firmly fixed in a handle, he scratched away at one section of the knobby diamond, back and forth. The scratching made a squeaky noise of the kind that hurts the teeth.

"He must cleave the diamond at exactly the right place," Mr. Briefel said. "Otherwise, it may break into bits. This is the hardest thing to learn." I asked if diamonds were ever spoiled at this stage. The young man laughed ruefully, and Mr. Briefel said that almost every apprentice ruins a few stones. When the cutter was satisfied with the tiny impression he had made on the diamond, he handed me his loupe and let me examine what he had done. Then he picked up a small steel wedge with a sharp cutting edge. Fitting this into the crack, he took a small mallet and aimed carefully at the top of the wedge. He brought the mallet down, and a piece of the diamond flew into the air.

"It's lost!" I said excitedly. But it wasn't. It had landed in the young man's lap, caught in his capacious blue apron. He lent me his loupe again, and I saw that the fragment had been sheared off neatly; it had a glassy lower surface, broken only by faint striations.

"Now let's watch some sawing," said Mr. Briefel. As he led me down a dark hallway, he remarked that the firm was pretty hard up for space. "We expanded during the war," he said. "We took on a lot of disabled soldiers, and our building has never caught up with us." Presently, we entered a long, narrow room crammed with machinery working on a long shaft. Jutting out from the shaft were a number of rotating circular saws, made of bronze and very thin, and each was cutting a diamond held in a dop. Two men were keeping an eye on these contraptions, walking up and down, and frequently turning off the machinery to make a small adjustment. Mr. Briefel showed me a tiny mortar in which powdery gray diamond dust was mixed with oil. Saw-



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ing is a slow business, he told me; with a large stone, it sometimes takes days.

Next, we visited the rooms in which the diamonds were faceted. Here men and women sat at benches and, again using dops, applied the diamonds to porous-iron wheels, daubed with the same mixture of olive oil and diamond dust, which, rotating rapidly, ground them down, facet by facet. The process involved a lot of careful inspection; every few moments the operators would lift their stones and examine them through loupes. The diamonds left these rooms fully cut—ready to be sold.

Back in the office, Mr. Briefel and I settled down for a chat. He told me that he was born in Austria, and, unlike many of his colleagues, did not begin his career at the cutter's bench. Having scholarly inclinations, he studied at the University of Vienna for a degree in higher mathematics. At that time, the Nazi spirit was growing in Austria, and Mr. Briefel soon decided he had better get out; toward the end of the nineteen-thirties he went to Belgium and joined relatives who were in the diamond industry. "In Belgium, there was no work for a mathematician but there was always a job for a diamond cutter," he said. "So I set to work learning the trade—rather later than most. My Belgian relatives were old-fashioned; you might call them traditionalist. They cut facets by instinct rather than by measurement, and they counted on experience rather than theory. They got good results, but I couldn't approach the problem their way. After all, the refraction of light that gives a diamond its fire is based on certain mathematical laws. So I sat down and worked out my angles mathematically, and, long before anyone else, I began using a device—a sort of protractor—that would measure these

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angles very accurately. My relatives said that it was all wrong to facet diamonds my way—that their way was the way it had been done for generations. But I tried it my way, and I succeeded." Mr. Briefel happened to be in England on a business trip when the Germans marched into Belgium. His relatives stayed in Belgium, and he has never learned what became of them. He himself found work in England, and is now a naturalized Briton.

A few days after my visit to Briefel & Lemer, I came upon some statistics that showed dramatically what an effect the war had on the worldwide distribution of diamond cutters. There are about five hundred cutters in England at the present time, and almost as many in France. In Holland, where many of these cutters lived before the war, there are now only eight hundred. South Africa has a thousand, the United States sixteen hundred, and Israel, which has made a special effort to build up the industry, two thousand. But what really caught my eye was the fact that Belgium still has more than ten thousand, most of them in Antwerp. It seemed to me that I would never find a place more thoroughly saturated with the traditions of the diamond trade than Antwerp, so I decided to go there next.

"YOU were right," said Mr. Romi Goldmuntz. "Diamond cutting is an ancient trade here in Antwerp. Look at him." We were in the Board Room of the Diamond Club, a combined exchange and gathering place for diamond men, and he was calling my attention to a bronze statue that stood on a window sill. It was of a man in a sort of Robin Hood costume of jerkin and feathered cap, who was holding a huge bronze diamond close to one eye. "That is Lodewyck van Bercken, the first diamond cutter in Belgium," said Mr. Goldmuntz proudly.

I hadn't run across that name in my reading. "When did he live?" I asked.

"I must admit that I don't know," he said, "but then I doubt if anybody else does. Lodewyck van Bercken is a legendary figure, I suspect, yet all the cutters in Antwerp will tell you about him just the same."

An hour or two earlier, I had met Mr. Goldmuntz, who was formerly a diamond cutter and is now a wholesale dealer, in his office, on the Rue des Fortifications, just off Pelikanstraat—part of a district given over almost exclusively to the diamond business. From

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Mr. Goldmuntz's windows one can see any number of diamond-cutting factories. His private office is one of a suite of comfortably furnished rooms strung along like railway cars, each with a door leading out into a long corridor. "Very convenient," Mr. Goldmuntz remarked. "Often you don't want one customer to meet another." The doors all had little windows set in them—something like the windows of speakeasy doors in the old days—and these were backed by strong steel mesh. On the walls of Mr. Goldmuntz's office hung certificates and photographs and a full-length portrait of Mr. Goldmuntz himself, who, at seventy-four, looks like a slightly younger Sir Winston Churchill. His bookcase was cluttered with a variety of objects—mineral samples, replicas of famous diamonds, and a model of a three-masted schooner, made by children in a home for Jewish refugee orphans that he founded. In one corner of the room was a safe.

Mr. Goldmuntz gave me an outline of the diamond situation in Antwerp. A combination of circumstances have made the city the clearing house for the world diamond trade. To begin with, there is its tradition. Antwerp cutters are still the deftest in the world, and almost half of the stones that eventually make their way to America are cut there. Then, Antwerp got off to a fine start after the war; as a matter of fact, Mr. Goldmuntz told me, diamond cutting was resumed there before Germany's surrender. Mr. Goldmuntz himself had taken refuge in England when the Germans moved into Belgium, and had set up an office in London, but he had been the *doyen* of diamond men in Antwerp, and the plight of his unemployed colleagues was much on his mind. As soon as it was possible, therefore—or, strictly speaking, just before it was possible—he went back to Antwerp, getting in a little after the first British troops. Shot and shell were still flying about and Germans were still hiding in the city when Mr. Goldmuntz approached the British commanding officer.

"I want to open a diamond-cutting factory," he said.

The commanding officer, as Goldmuntz recalls it, was indignant. He said, "Don't you know there's a war on?"

But Mr. Goldmuntz, a persuasive man, got his way, and by V-E Day the industry was well launched again.

Though Antwerp had been badly knocked about, most of the old buildings in the diamond district survived. Today, however, the diamond firms are expanding, and moving into roomier quar-

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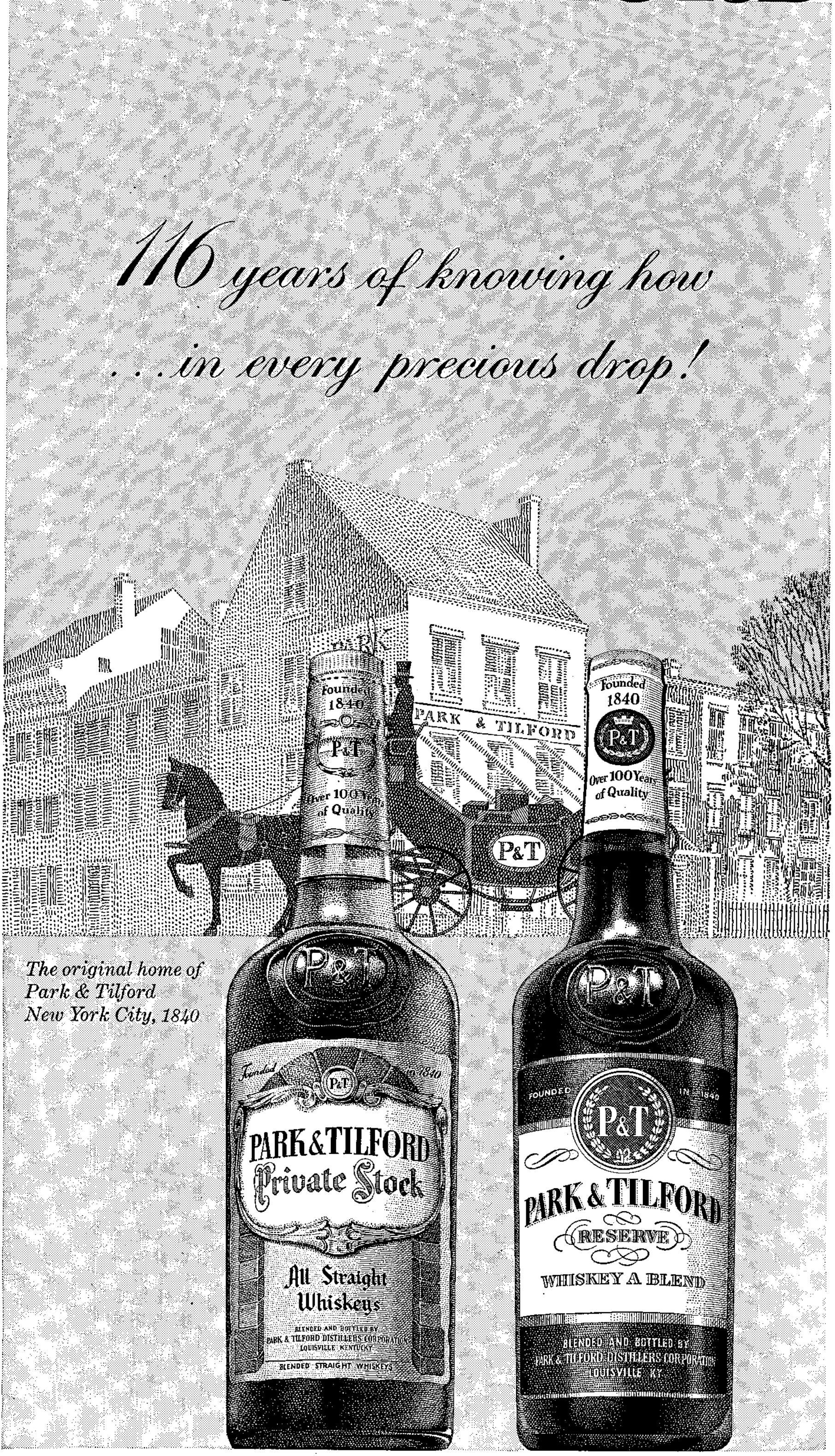
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ters wherever they can. Mr. Goldmuntz took me to visit a factory owned by a friend of his, Mr. Fuerstenberg, where I walked through room after room full of impressive equipment and busy workers. The place was at least twice as big as Briefel & Lemer's. "You won't see anything on this scale in England," Mr. Goldmuntz said proudly, and I agreed that I undoubtedly wouldn't.

It was after our visit to the factory that Mr. Goldmuntz and I headed for the Diamond Club. On the way, he told me something of the part it plays in the life of the Belgian diamond dealer. There are five such clubs in Antwerp, he said, four of them affiliated with each other and the fifth pretty much outside the pale, because it sometimes accepts members the other clubs don't approve of. Mr. Goldmuntz, who has often been chairman of his club, declared that it is *the* Diamond Club—the oldest in town—and explained that one of its functions is to keep peace among the members. "We have our own court," he said. "If two people get into a dispute about some business matter, they go to court in the club. The chairman of the club presides and some of the other officials serve as a jury. They consider the problem and render their verdict. This way, the people involved don't have to pay litigation fees. Naturally, a man who is dissatisfied with the verdict can take his case to the civil courts, but if he does, he is dropped from the club, and, believe me, that isn't good for his business. Sometimes we arbitrate on an international scale; we are in communication with diamond clubs all over the world—in Israel, London, New York, Milan, and Paris. Not Germany, though."

When we got to the club, we made our way through a short hallway to the Board Room, where Mr. Goldmuntz pointed out Lodewyck van Bercken's statue. The room, a large one, was almost filled by a magnificent table, inlaid with satinwood in a diamond-shaped pattern. We sat down at one end of this table and were served a glass of port and a bite of cheese. Then Mr. Goldmuntz showed me around the place. "We have everything here," he said as we walked down a long corridor. "Our own post office. A cable office. Telephones. Vaults. Here, as you see, is a board with news of the stock market, always up to the minute. And here"—he paused dramatically and flung open a door—"the club!" I found myself in a huge room, at least as large as the concourse of Grand Central Station and with an extraordinarily high ceiling and

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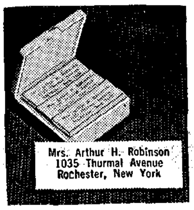

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a vast number of windows. At the far end were glass doors leading to another chamber, apparently just as big, and jutting out lengthwise from one wall was a line of tables; four or six pairs of men could sit at each, facing one another. The room was full of light and it rang with voices. Uniformed attendants marched through, loudly paging members, and the people sitting at the tables were talking, with peculiar absorption, in a variety of languages, among them English, French, and Flemish.

"Look," said Mr. Goldmuntz, waving an arm toward one side of the room, which was set off by pillars, in the manner of an arcade. Behind the pillars was a row of shops, and as we made our way down the room, he called my attention to the variety of things one could buy. There was a canteen. There was a shop selling scales, loupes, and paper. There was a cigar store. There was a room in which two men spent the whole day weighing diamonds that were brought to them in sealed packets. Mr. Goldmuntz explained that this was part of the club procedure. A cutter offers a parcel of diamonds to a dealer, who takes a long, careful look at them. Then the parcel is sealed up, to prevent any tampering with it while the two men argue about the price. After they have haggled their way to an agreement, the declared weight of the diamonds must, of course, be checked, and the parcel is brought to one of the official club weighers, who breaks the seal, pours the glittering little cascade onto his scale, writes down the weight on a piece of paper, puts an official stamp on it, and seals up the parcel again before handing it back to the dealer. "It's one of the most important services we supply in the club. That, and our strong room," said Mr. Goldmuntz.

We had reached the end of the arcade, and now we started back. Mr. Goldmuntz told me that many of the men I saw sitting at the tables or hailing each other across the room or dashing importantly through the door, briefcase in hand, did all their business in the club, and had no permanent offices; the larger dealers, though, did rent offices—many of them upstairs in the club building. Dealers from abroad had a choice of procedures, he went on. Some were quite content to make their contacts and do their talking in the big room, but the regular visitors usually went to the offices of their own firms or to those of their Antwerp agents; in that case, they made their presence in the city known by means of a blackboard, which Mr. Goldmuntz

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thereupon showed me. "You get to know their names when you've been in the business as long as I have," he said.

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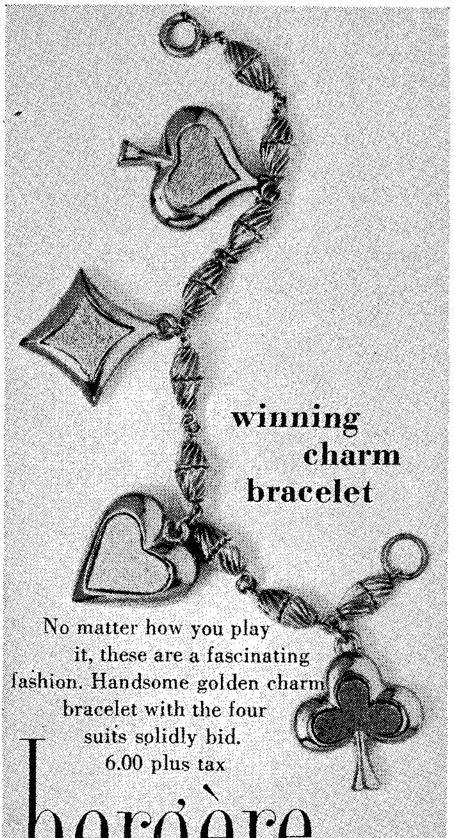
"A mixture of languages, as you see," Mr. Goldmuntz said, "but everybody here understands it. This man Barsamian is waiting in Room 713 of the Klein Building, and he is interested in marquises and emerald-cut stones of certain weights and qualities, as well as all sorts of other goods."

We went downstairs to the strong room, which looked like a safe-deposit vault in a bank, except that there were some tables about on which a man could shuffle through his stock of diamonds. After watching a few men do this, we went back to the clubroom and, sitting down at one of the tables, fell into conversation with some cutters and dealers who were friends of Mr. Goldmuntz. I gathered that Antwerp is far from being a paradise for diamond cutters. Belgium has strong unions, and the employees in the factories have been so successful in scaling down their hours of work and jacking up their wages, pensions, and other benefits that it is feared other countries will soon be able to compete successfully with Belgian prices. Only recently, Mr. Goldmuntz told me, the employees had gone out on a three-month strike, which they won, and they were already threatening to strike again. "We're getting a lot of competition from people who don't care how long they work," he went on. "In Israel, for instance. We have asked the Israelis to cut down their working day to match ours, but they refuse to." Looking horrified at this lack of sportsmanship, he added dolefully, "And I helped set up the Israeli industry."

A cutter expatiated on the hardships of being a boss. "Just because we deal in parcels of stones that go for large figures, people believe we're all millionaires," he said. "It's true that I sometimes sell seventy or eighty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds in a single deal, but then I've had to buy the goods before I can sell them. My own profit isn't anything like what people think it is. And don't forget, it's possible to lose a lot of money through a sudden change in the world situation. For one thing, we don't sell the same kind of goods all over the world. A few years ago, I had a large stock of yellow dia-



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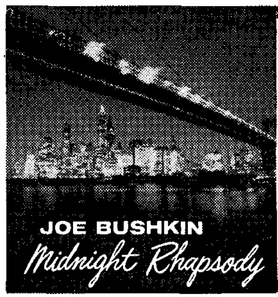

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see page 116

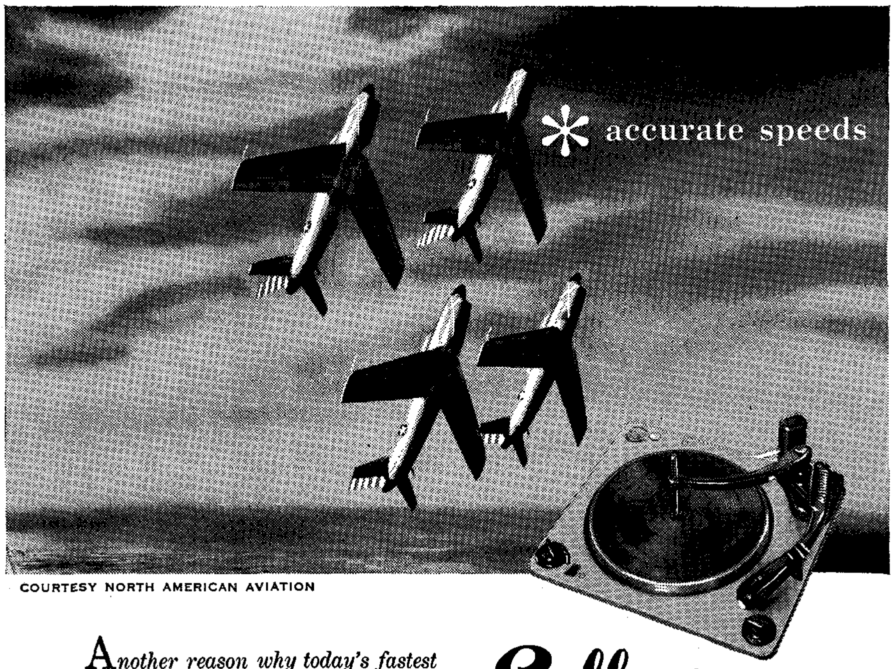
monds ready for China. Chinese women don’t mind diamonds with a yellow tinge; some even prefer a yellow stone to a white one, and, speaking for myself, I think they’re right. Yellow stones look good against their skin. Well, down came the Bamboo Curtain, and I couldn’t sell my stones in China, and where else was I to sell them? I lost heavily on that deal.”

AT the airport, waiting for my plane back to London, I ran into one of the diamond men I had met at the club, who turned out to be taking the same plane. We had plenty of time to talk; we could have discussed most of the stones in Streeter’s catalogue of great gems before we got to London, for though it is a short hop from Belgium to England, we had to sit in the airport all day long. There was fog over Antwerp; there was fog over London. It was a damp, depressing day—a good day to think about fiery, flashing diamonds.

“It’s a funny thing how the stories about famous stones borrow from each other,” I said after we had talked a long while about diamonds, individually and collectively. “You know, there’s a story that the Beau Sancy—or was it the Beau Sancy?—was stolen from an idol’s eye. Well, I read somewhere that Tavernier stole the Great Mogul from an idol’s eye, right in an Indian temple. That’s ridiculous, of course.”

His reply was cut off by the long-awaited summons to our plane. We filed out of the waiting room like sheep out of the fold—past the barrier, out into the wet air, up the little stairs, and into our seats.

“Talking about idols’ eyes,” he said as we fastened our safety belts, “diamonds have been used in them, and more than once. I don’t know about the Great Mogul, but I do know that a maharajah once brought our firm two diamonds he wanted recut. They were perfectly matched, and, as a matter of cold fact, they had been the eyes of an Indian idol. For once, the Indian cutters had taken a lot of trouble over their work. These stones had been faceted to look like eyeballs, and set into some background material; they were awfully cleverly done. I had them lying on my desk, and when I went across the office for something, I noticed that they seemed to be following me—like eyes. Well, I thought he was silly to have them recut, and I said so. I knew it wasn’t any of my business, but I couldn’t help speaking out. It was a shame, I said—a shame to recut some-



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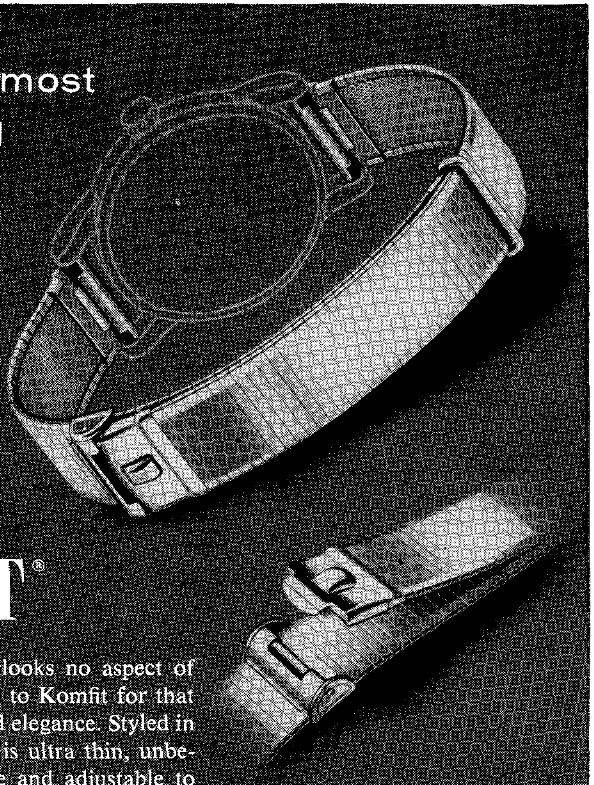

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thing really ancient, the kind of thing we never see nowadays. I couldn't help thinking about how they must have looked centuries ago, set in the idol's head—the priests chanting in a dark temple, and the incense, and those eyes shining in dim torchlight, really *looking* at the people. . . ." His voice trailed off. We were airborne now, and had come up through the fog into a blaze of setting sun. Below us was a gilded floor of clouds.

"But you had to cut them?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," he said. "The maharajah insisted. After all, he had a whole treasure house full of jewels, and this pair was a trifle to him. Those stones were terribly hard. They had come from the Golconda Mines, in central India, and, as you probably know, Golconda diamonds are the most difficult of all to work. It took us months to grind them down."

In the silence that followed, something clicked in my mind. It had nothing to do with the maharajah's diamonds. It was this (and I later found out in the reading room of the British Museum that I was right): Lodewyck van Bercken was Louis de Berquem, the great diamond cutter of Bruges. "Of course!" I said aloud. "Lodewyck was no legend."

"I beg your pardon?" said the diamond man. —EMILY HAHN

(*This is the sixth of a series of articles. The seventh will appear in an early issue.*)

•

President Nathan M. Pusey estimates that it will cost $40 million to meet Harvard University building needs.

Pusey said a new health center and an underground house are required immediately.—*Boston Traveler.*

Stealth center?

•

Peck by nature is not a volatile or temperamental man. He has tremendous self-control. Sometimes, during his first marriage, he would come home after a hard day's work and find dinner guests he didn't like; then he would merely take his plate of food and eat in a bedroom. —*Parade.*

Baby, that's control!

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK
[*From the Manchester* (*N.H.*) *Sunday News*]

Chief McGranaghan heaped high praise on Union Leader Reporter Reg Abbott for bringing the statistics to light.

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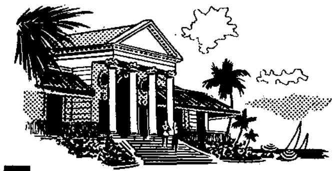

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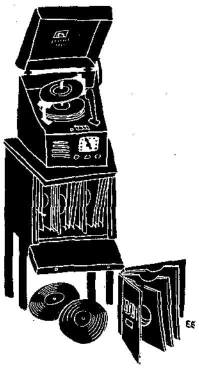
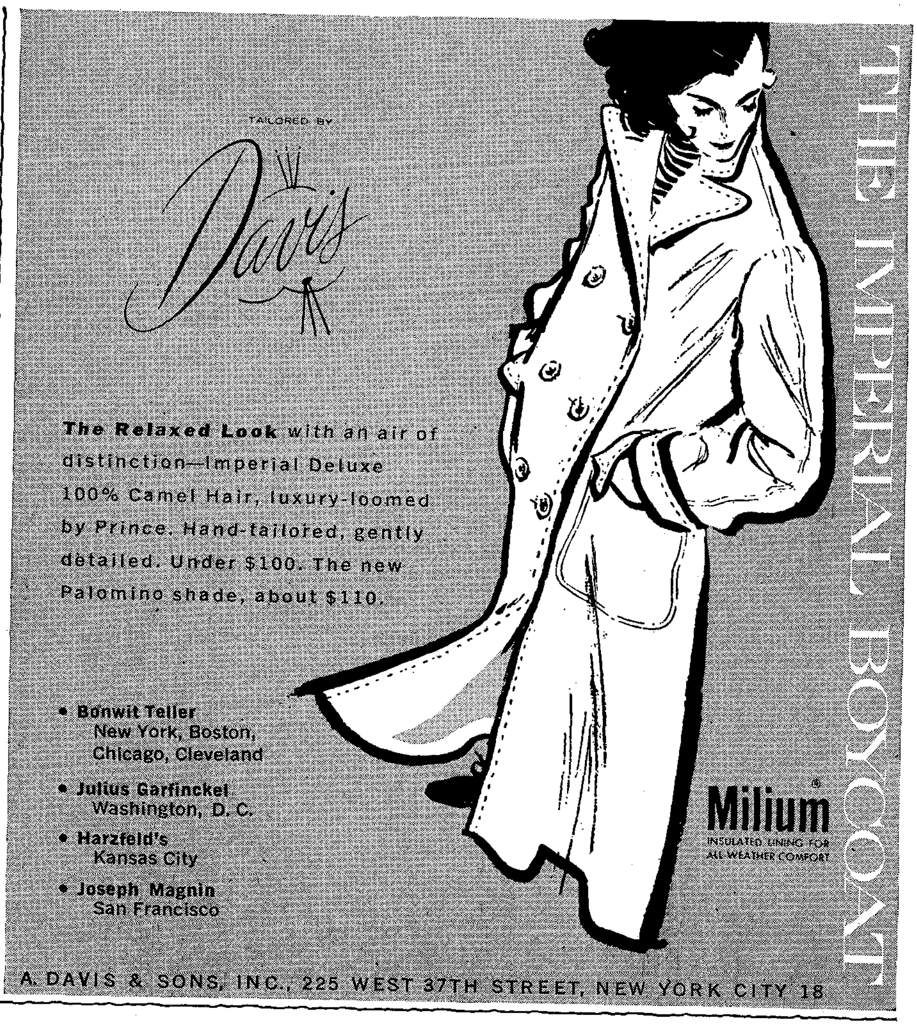
MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records



Ella Fitzgerald's interpretations of thirty-two Cole Porter songs have been issued in a two-record album (Verve), and on the whole it's a diverting roundup. Aside from the vitality of most of the material, and Miss Fitzgerald's potent voice, what keeps this lengthy recital from getting monotonous is the quality of the accompaniments. These were arranged by Buddy Bregman, who also conducts them here. I first encountered Mr. Bregman's work a few months back, on an Anita O'Day recording, and I was impressed then (as I am now) by the restraint and variety of his backgrounds, which may consist of anything from a piano alone to a large orchestra, with jazz ensembles of various sizes in between. It happens that in my favorite performance of the lot, "Easy to Love," Miss Fitzgerald is backed up by nothing more than a piano, bass, and drums, but Mr. Bregman's use of additional instruments in other numbers is always just and skillful.

The songs, ranging from "Let's Do It" (1928) to "All of You" (1954), comprise most of Porter's enduring successes. The fact that none of the several entrancing pieces from the Shakespearean half of "Kiss Me, Kate" are in the collection is unfortunate, but it is probably unavoidable, since neither of the female solos—"I Hate Men" and "I Am Ashamed That Women Are So Simple"—lend themselves to Miss Fitzgerald's swinging style. In one or two instances, possibly out of deference to the sensibilities of disc jockeys, the boldness of Porter's original lyrics has been toned down, but these debasements are merely annoying, and do no serious damage. Besides the wonderfully evocative reading of "Easy to Love," I was particularly taken with a vibrant treatment of "Just One of Those Things," which rejuvenates this vastly overworked piece; beautifully controlled renditions of "Love for Sale" and "Get Out of Town;" and a fine, jazzy delivery of "Too Darn Hot." For some reason, a couple of inferior songs have been included, and one of these—"Do



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I Love You?," from "Du Barry Was a Lady"—is offered in half time, which emphasizes its essential mawkishness. The other—"I Am in Love," from "Can-Can"—is a labored creation that I can't imagine anyone bringing off.

Here and there, Miss Fitzgerald alters either the vocal line (as in "All Through the Night") or the rhythmic values of certain phrases (as in "Always True to You in My Fashion" and "I Get a Kick Out of You") in a way that simplifies the original structure of the piece but also makes it less interesting. However, these offenses are largely atoned for by the general excellence of her recital.

I HAVE put in a couple of intense hours with two Blue Note albums entitled "The Amazing Bud Powell" (Volumes I and II), and have come away feeling that what I was listening to was an extremely talented but terribly frustrated jazz pianist. One thing that contributes to this impression is the inclusion of several different attacks on the same piece, which the pianist is apparently trying to get done to his own satisfaction. For example, the first record begins with three versions of Powell's composition "Un Poco Loco." (One of these was released previously—in 1951, on a 78-r.p.m. single.) The remarks about this work in the uniformly laudatory program notes that Leonard Feather, the jazz historian, has written for the albums would lead one to conclude that the element of frustration springs entirely from Powell's dogged search for perfection. But I think there is more to it than this, for the composition itself reveals frustration; a discordant and somewhat amateurishly constructed main theme, incapable of being developed, grudgingly gives way to a romantic and undistinguished middle section, and goes nowhere in particular from there. The same sense of struggle is to be found in "Glass Enclosure," another Powell composition. Scarcely a jazz work at all, it is a tortured effort to create a serious composition in the manner of a chorale. And the struggle is still further evident in his harsh treatment of the standard "Autumn in New York." On the brighter side of the picture, Powell has a flashy technique that shows to advantage in such out-and-out bop works as "Ornithology," "Wail," and "Dance of the Infidels," to name a few of the bonbons of that flavor included here. And in one instance—in his own "Parisian Thoroughfare"—he reveals

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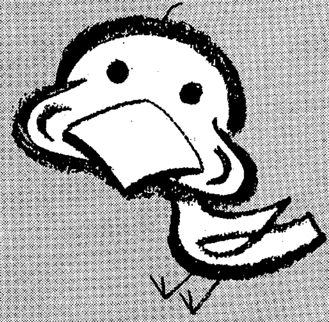

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a graceful and appealing mood for several bars, but he has difficulty maintaining it as he elaborates on his theme. I admired his ingenuity and strength, and the fury that often seems to lie behind his work, but I think I admired almost as much the work of a trumpet player called Fats Navarro, now dead, who makes a few appearances on this record, in a small band that accompanies Powell part of the time. Navarro's playing is free and inventive, and always arresting.

Soon after listening to the Powell albums, I put on another Blue Note record—by Jimmy Smith, a jazz organist, accompanied by a guitar and drums—and pretty soon this one had me thinking along much the same lines. Ignoring the fact that the electric organ, which makes some of the most unlikely sounds known to man, can hardly be considered a musical instrument at all, I came to feel considerable respect for the bite and fervor of Smith's interpretations, but he also evoked a by now familiar feeling of frustration with his repeated failure to express in musical terms the troubled images that he apparently had in mind.

HERE are a few other noteworthy recordings that have come my way in recent weeks:

Dixieland, My Dixieland. A nine-piece jazz ensemble called the Rampart Street Paraders and made up of expert tootlers and strummers employed in Hollywood's movie studios runs through a number of old favorites with rare concord and proficiency. The driving and slightly dirty-toned trumpet work of Clyde Hurley, heard to best effect in "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter" and "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," is especially stimulating, but I also enjoyed the lovely clarinet noodling of Matty Matlock (he takes the melody in "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," among other things), the slick trombone playing of Abe Lincoln, the fleet tenor-sax work of Eddie Miller, and the contributions of all the rest (piano, bass, drums, bass sax, and guitar). The concert closes with a thoroughly delightful treatment of "Chinatown, My Chinatown." (*Columbia*)

Historically Speaking—The Duke. Someone had the bright idea of recording the most recent Ellington band while it was appearing in Chicago last February, and the result is a dozen striking performances, mainly of Ellington's compositions, beginning with "East St. Louis To dle-O," of 1926, and closing with "Upper Manhattan Medical Group," of the very recent past. It's a marvellous outfit, and the going over it gives a 1940 Ellington concoction entitled "Ko-Ko" practically made my hair stand on end. (*Bethlehem*)

When in Rome. We're being let in for so much Continental stuff on records these days that I suspect the recording firms of operating travel agencies on the side. This particular recording, consisting of Italian popular songs beguilingly sustained by the sweet soprano of Marisa Fiordaliso, the

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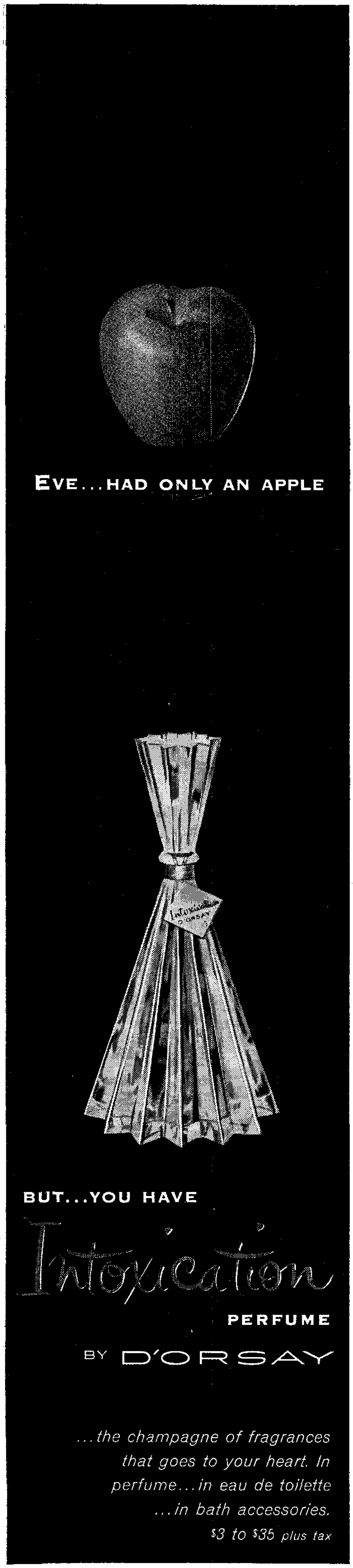

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caressing tenor of Carlo Buti, and a stringy orchestra, made me long temporarily to exchange this most mutable of cities for the eternal one. (*Capitol*)

—D. W.

•

THE LITERARY LIFE

[*Memo from one jungle group to another*]

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JANE—A beautiful young Englishwoman who entered the jungle as a photographer and remained as Tarzan's mate. Jane is well-educated and resourceful, and is largely responsible for Tarzan's understanding of so-called "modern miracles." She is a devoted wife to Tarzan, and a doting mother to their son,

BOY—who is the adopted son of Tarzan and Jane. Boy is 11 years old, and speaks perfect English, having been taught by Jane. He is a resourceful, strong, curious child, curious sometimes to a fault. He embodies all the traits of an average 11 year old boy, plus the added abilities to be able to take care of himself in the jungle. Boy virtually worships Tarzan.

LOCALE

Africa, 1956

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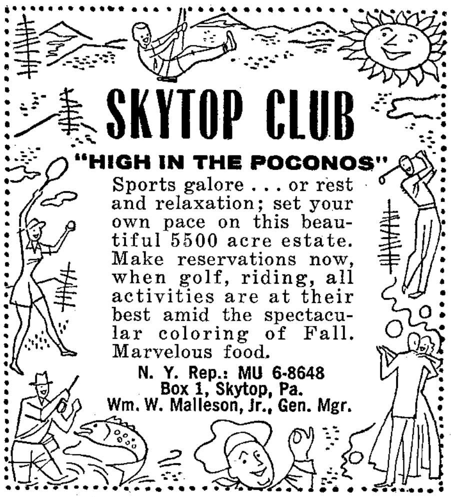
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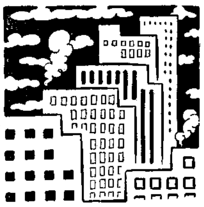
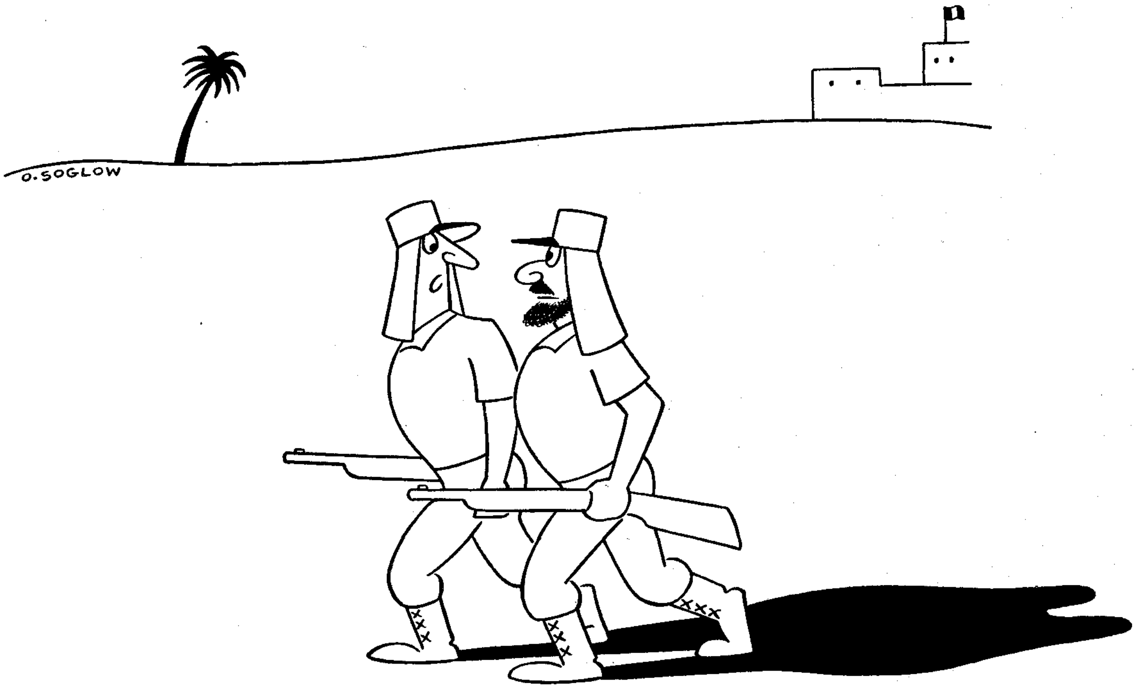


THE John Donnell Library, a recent addition to the New York Public Library system, is on the south side of West Fifty-third Street, directly across from the Museum of Modern Art, which is just east of the new Whitney Museum, on Fifty-fourth Street. Thus it is another unit in the little cultural center that has been growing up in this neighborhood, despite the absence of anything that could be called a unifying design. The placing of the Library and the Modern Museum brings out significant differences in their conception, and this in turn throws a little light on the crosscurrents and backward swirls that now seem more conspicuous than any coherent forward movement in today's architecture. The Modern Museum building, completed in 1939, is less than a generation older than its southern neighbor. In 1939, one must pinch oneself to remember, there were only a handful of "modern" buildings in New York. I put "modern" in quotation marks because I refer to modern form as originally conceived by Le Corbusier and the Bauhaus—cold, austere, mechanized, vitreous, not so much a style as a mannerism within the larger movement of modern architecture. In the first architectural exhibition put on by the Museum, in 1932, Alfred Barr, then its director, fastened on this mannerism the epithet of the International Style, perhaps to emphasize that its practitioners not merely followed a common formula but often willfully overlooked regional differences of climate and habit of life.

By the time the present Museum was built, some of this early austerity had been tempered. In his famous Barcelona pavilion, Mies van der Rohe had shown that neither bare concrete forms nor chicken-wire fences and partitions were necessary modes of identifying the new style, for its spirit could also be expressed, when the means were available, in marble, onyx, and chromium steel. Italian architects, always at home with marble, were quick to follow through, and the Modern Museum, with its marble façade (now dull and dusty) and its round-holed white canopy over the roof terrace, to a certain extent reflected their experiments. But the International Style still identified itself with the maximum use of glass, and the Modern Museum clung to that symbol. For providing it with a dominant window, two stories high and almost the whole width of the building, the architect had a reasonable theoretic justification: the glass wall would make the interior layout more flexible, because partitions could be erected anywhere without blocking off the light. But this oversized window has proved the most unfunctional feature of the building. It lets in so much light over the grand staircase that the clumsy Victorian device of transparent draperies had to be introduced to temper the glare, while in the galleries the reliance upon artificial lighting for dramatic effects, now so dear to exhibition designers, has made the window entirely unnecessary—a wry outcome the architect could hardly anticipate. Yet the main portion of the Museum, though not distinguished, has style; even its mistakes have a rational basis.

The Donnell Library, designed by Edgar I. Williams and Aymar Embury II, has outwardly a much more traditional appearance than the Museum of Modern Art. Its willingness to go back to the conventional distribution of wall and window, based on the masonry precedents of the Renaissance, makes it seem to belong to an earlier age. That appearance is more than a little deceptive. At first sight, the four-story façade suggests a Renaissance front cleansed of ornament and stretched on a steel frame. But the subtle aesthetic criteria that governed the superficially comparable façade of Bramante's Cancelleria, in Rome—resulting in a change in both the size and the spacing of the windows from story to story, and therewith a delicate adaptation of details—have been all but ignored in the Library. In the Library, the square limestone slabs that plate its street façade above the ground floor rigorously regulate the size of the upper windows and the distance between them; the second-story windows are two slabs high, the two rows above them are one slab high, and the three rows are all two slabs apart. The conventional order of this building is the result of falling back on an older set of forms than those used for the Museum of Modern Art, yet in both cases the architects were governed by impersonal modern standards, in a way that Bramante, though he utilized repetitive forms in his façade, was not.

In short, the new Library presents a cheerless, undistinguished face—the upper portion all stone slabs and square or oblong window openings, the ground floor a series of tall windows framed in polished gray granite. The façade



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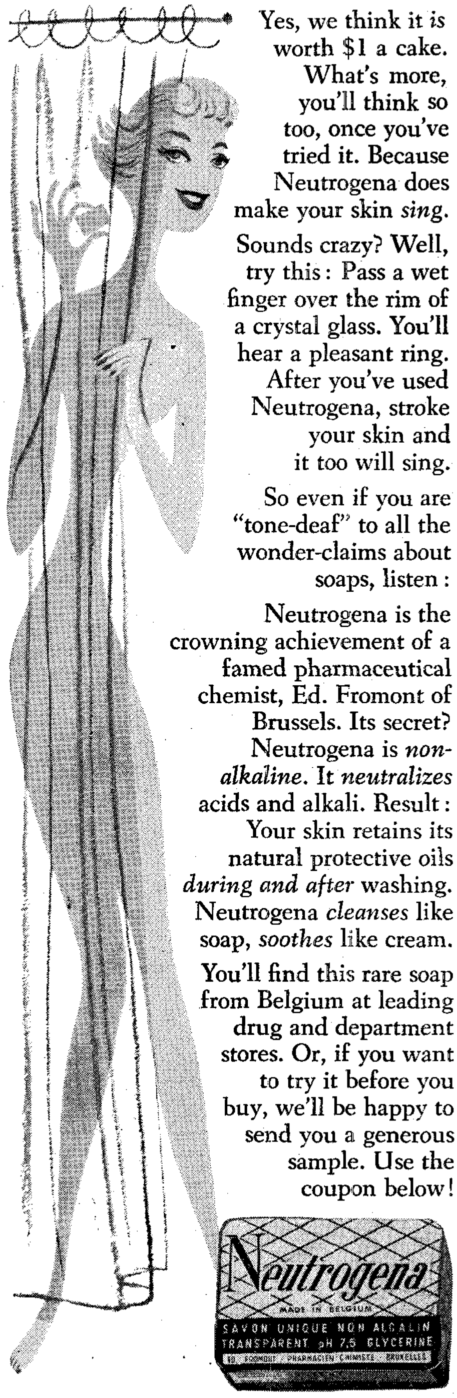

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curves out at the top into a vestigial cornice, and there is an equally vestigial decorative aluminum railing at the second-story windows. Were it not for the large incised letters on the façade, just above the ground floor, and the small raised ones above the center entrance, the purpose of the building would be hard to guess. In its use of standard building units, in its rejection of traditional forms and ornaments, in its assiduous anonymity, as in its general flatness and lack of contrast in light and shade, this building is quite as "modern" as the Museum. But it is modern, as it were, by default. It has very little to say, and it is content with not saying it. Yet the emptiness of this façade is so typical of architecture today that one cannot lay it to lack of professional skill. It is mainly an expression of the situation that comes about in contemporary building whenever architects and clients commit themselves to certain expensive and important, or at least insistent, mechanical impedimenta. As architecture has been developing during the last two decades, the mechanical compulsions have become stronger and the aesthetic choices fewer.

The plot that this building fills to the last square inch is a hundred and seventy-five feet along the street and a hundred feet deep. The architects have enclosed it on the sides and the rear with solid brick walls and built a street wall that is also, as far as air goes, sealed, since the windows do not open to provide ventilation. Given the existence—or, rather, the uncritical acceptance—of fluorescent lighting and artificial ventilation (plus high land costs), an architect is now under a grave temptation to cover the whole plot, and it is all the easier to succumb to this temptation in designing a library, since it is plausible to expect a sealed-in structure to be both quieter and easier to keep free of dust. Unfortunately, the Donnell architects failed to reckon, in planning to use air-conditioning, with the perversity of the municipal officials who pass on the design of public buildings; these officials eventually decided against air-conditioning, on the quaint ground that if one such building were air-conditioned, there would be a demand that all the other city buildings be equipped, too. This decision is based on the sort of reasoning that could have been used in the past to prevent municipal structures from acquiring central heating, elevators, and even electric light. It is also based on ignorance of history. At least one public school erected in this city at the beginning of the century had

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a pristine form of air-conditioning. (I might add that my own dismal experience with this device during my attendance at P.S. 166, the school in question, was the beginning of my persistent skepticism of the contraption as a solution of every problem of ventilation.) At all events, our city officials have made a serious error, for the Donnell Library has the disadvantages of being designed for air-conditioning without enjoying any of its benefits. On a mild day, the building is humid and warm, even on the ground floor, which has a high ceiling, and distinctly uncomfortable on the upper floors, which have low ceilings. One is inclined to suspect that this library might better have been set back above the second floor. This would have required a taller building to accommodate the same facilities, but the upper floors could have had natural ventilation and (by day) natural lighting. I do not know whether this would have increased the cost, but I feel sure that the upper floors would have been more pleasant to work in, and there might even have been open balconies on the street side, to offer readers some of the charm of the roof garden of the Modern Museum.

THE price of achieving certain mechanical advantages in lighting and air-conditioning (often expensive to operate as well as to install) is the sealed-up building, and the architects of our generation seem not to have looked searchingly enough into the mouth of this particular gift horse. They have taken for granted the notion of a uniform, unvarying environment, under automatic control. Yet human responses were originally shaped by natural conditions, and most of man's habitats—polar and torrid deserts excepted—provide constant changes of light, temperature, and other stimuli, some of them violent seasonal changes but many of them just little yet rapid changes, in the course of a single day. Even for those inured to a repetitive regimen, small breaks—like the shifting of weight from one leg to the other—are essential to maintain their working efficiency, to say nothing of their temper. The over-use of artificial lighting and ventilation not only wipes out these minor physical variations, it absorbs money that once went into the visual variations of art, painting, sculpture, and gardening. Standardization and automation, instead of releasing energy for more valid human enjoyments, now use up funds that should be expended on making rooms more spacious and at-

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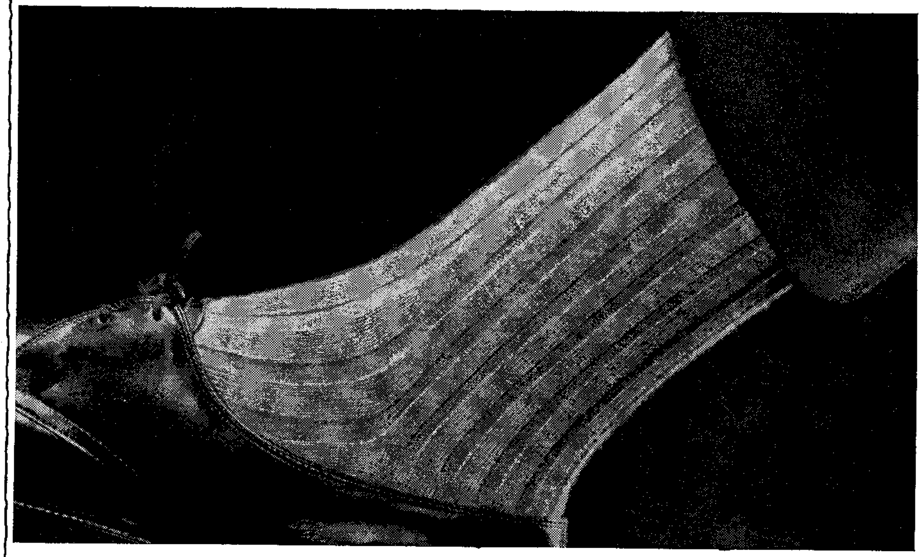

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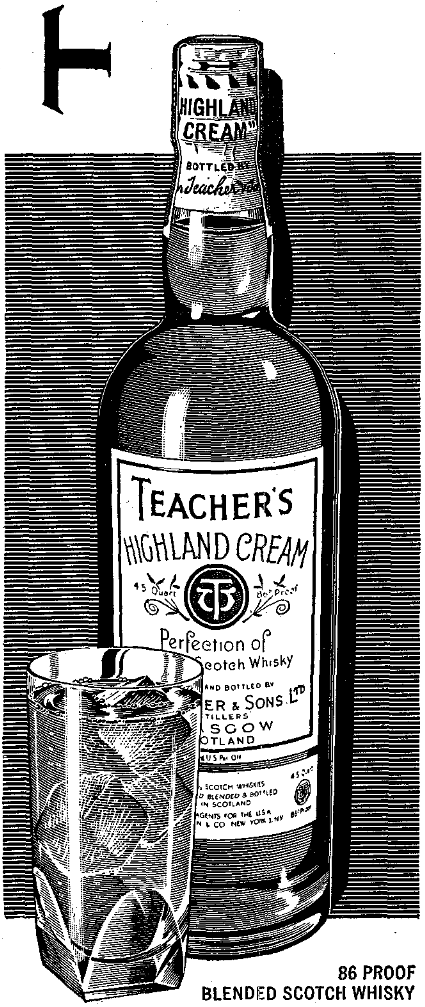

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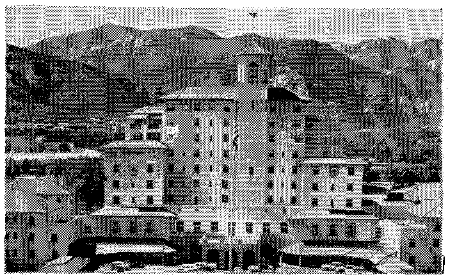
tractive. This is the blind alley into which our almost compulsive desire to make use of the latest mechanical innovations has led us; the fact that a device is new keeps us from asking whether it is really good and, above all, whether it is good under every circumstance. Until architects again learn to employ their critical judgment, the only province belonging to architecture proper will be the interior, and the architects will be reduced to the desperate state of making up as interior decorators for what they have been deprived of outside as architects. Such a solution necessarily denies the organic integrity of good design, and, incidentally, it takes away the pleasures of architecture from the man in the street and opens them up only to "insiders." That is what has happened with the building under discussion.

ONCE within the ground-floor Circulation Room of the Donnell Library, it is pleasant to report, one is aware that the chilling reserve of the exterior has given way to an unusually gracious interior, thanks to the good proportions achieved by the architects and the excellent taste, at least at this point, of their design. The front part of the room at once envelops the visitor in its hospitable air—a high ceiling sheathed in creamy acoustic tile, a turquoise wall to the east and a gleaming panel of gray-and-rust marble to the west, low white tables right and left, blue and brown upholstered chairs contrasting with the honey-colored wood of the tables and seats of the reading area. One may sink into a comfortable seat at either side of the entrance, or sit at one of the tables beyond it, with a sense of palatial leisure and peace—a sense that has almost been lost even in luxurious hotels, whose lobbies can now hardly be distinguished from department stores or motorcar salesrooms. There are, it is true, vitrines for display against the outside walls, but they are as much a part of the elegant air of the place as those at the old Frick mansion. This room should prove to anyone with open eyes, if proof be needed, that light and color and texture, discreetly employed, do not require stale symbolism or factitious ornament to achieve effects comparable to those of Robert Adam. The only symbols in this entire decorative scheme are the old paper watermarks used, rather happily, as figures in the window draperies. Except for the low visibility of the aluminum markers and hands of the wall clock—there are no numerals—whose works are con-



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to see page 116

cealed in the wall, the fore part of this room seems to me just about impeccable. Only one touch is lacking—something I realized when I analyzed the curiously strong effect of the red light bulbs that designate the exits: a few vivid spots of color, to sharpen the whole impression. Even without this, the luxury this reading room exudes is delightful, for it includes what is now the greatest of urban luxuries, the luxury of space.

From the rear of this room, I do not, I regret to say, get such a rewarding impression, for its height is oppressively diminished by a mezzanine, whose creamy plaster bulk lunges over the counters and the stacks of books below. The flood of fluorescent lighting that makes the front section so luminous does not have the same liberating effect at the rear. Puzzling over my disappointment, I have decided that the low ceiling is not primarily to blame; the aesthetic culprit is the breaking up of the unity of the rear portion by the centrally placed bank of elevators and the book-charging desks that surround it. These utilitarian services are a visual roadblock, making the back portion of the room look cramped and inadequate. Even when it is unpopulated, this space seems crowded; there are no pleasant openings and alcoves for those who wish to pause before making their choices, and the space and the chairs that are provided have the air of being merely afterthoughts. The architects and perhaps even the new generation of librarians may have forgotten how charming were the old circular benches around the columns in the Circulation Room of the Forty-second Street Library, before overcrowding destroyed those happy browsing places. I am not sure who was responsible for the placement of the Donnell elevators and desks, but their central position seems a formidable mistake. Not merely does this encumbrance destroy the unity of the room; it creates unnecessary traffic through the main area. It would have been far better to abandon the central entrance through the Circulation Room, now committed to circulation in every sense, and group all the utilitarian functions—elevators, stairs, lavatories, coatroom, charging desks, and control attendant—in an area wholly committed to mechanical functions. This sort of segregation, which was effectively demonstrated in Lever House, has been only partly achieved here. It would have added to both the utility and the aesthetic charm of this library if it had been carried through com-

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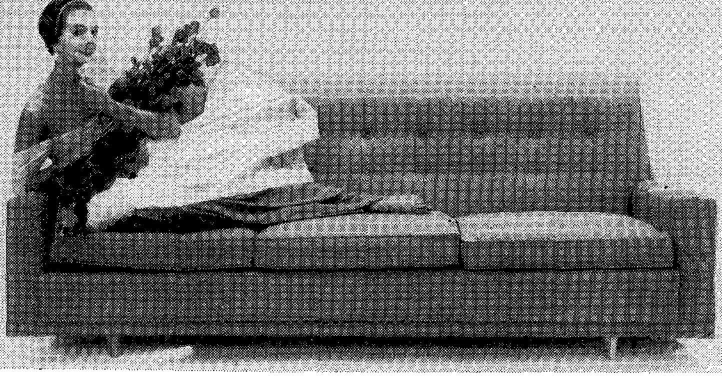

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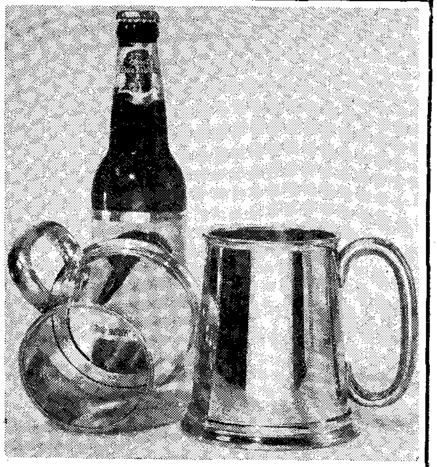
pletely. Though the placement of the elevators is not so serious a disability on the upper floors, it nevertheless inhibits there in some degree a free reapportionment of space to meet new demands. This is an unfortunate situation, since the quarters allotted to the record library in the basement—the first free record-lending collection in Manhattan—are painfully constricted.

And how easily does the acceptance of a certain rigidity in one department give rise to equally inflexible dispositions in other places where nothing is to be gained by standardization. The Donnell Library boasts a little auditorium, designed in the conventional fashion, with rows of fixed seats arranged on the usual sloping floor. This hall seems to me far too set in its ways for such an institution. What is needed is something like the lecture hall and conference room provided by the Messrs. Adams, Holden & Pearson for the University of London's skyscraper—a squarish room with a large square space in the center and a sloping perimeter, consisting of perhaps half a dozen banks of steps, wide enough to accommodate light movable chairs, and forming a low, four-sided balcony, as it were, all around the room. A suggestion of intimacy can be created in this room by placing only a few chairs and a table in the central square, as for a seminar, with both audience and speaker on one level; or a lectern can be placed on any level of the banks of steps, so that the speaker can have a commanding position above a larger audience; or the room can become a theatre-in-the-round for a play or for chamber music. I can't imagine a pleasanter hall to speak or to listen in, and why it hasn't been widely imitated elsewhere, with a whole gamut of variations, I cannot fathom. In the Library, such a hall might, without heavy cost, be converted into a record room, if that proved to be the new function that caught on; at all events, it could be rearranged with facility to serve as an occasional conference room. As it is, the Library has had to dedicate a small room solely to the latter purpose, although it must often stand idle.

Apart from the specific weaknesses I have dwelt on, what makes the Donnell Library unsatisfactory is that it does not aesthetically come together. This building is neither the old nor the new, neither functional usefulness nor aesthetic purity, and still less an effective synthesis. Instead, it is a little of everything, indecisively assembled, without even the satisfaction that a clean miss, if well



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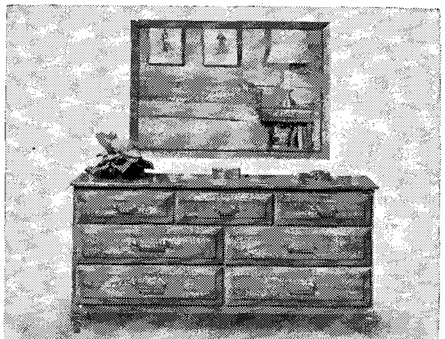

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aimed and done with style, sometimes gives, no matter how the wind—the forces outside the architect's control—may alter the path of the bullet. Yet these weaknesses are likely to become typical, as common sense draws the architect away from the arid and often flagrantly anti-functional formulas of the International Style—now abandoned, incidentally, for something even worse, in Le Corbusier's recent chapel at Ronchamp. We shall probably be in for more building that shows a similar indecision until a fresh architectural mind demonstrates, without either the extravagant personal idiosyncrasy of Wright or Le Corbusier, or the formalistic arbitrariness of Mies van der Rohe, the possibility of a more positive synthesis.

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HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE
QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION

IS DOG WHICH LADY FALLS OVER "UNUSUAL DANGER"?

ANDREWS v. PATTULLO AND OTHERS

BEFORE LORD JUSTICE MORRIS

HIS LORDSHIP held that a woman visiting a flat on business was not entitled to recover damages for breaking her thigh when she fell over a golden labrador retriever, Jinny, lying in a hall. He gave judgment for the defendants in this action by Mrs. Norah Andrews, of Thicket Road, Sutton, Surrey, against Mr. David Langlands Pattullo, of No. 1 Flat, The Park, Wrotham, Kent, a director of Wortham Park Club, Ltd., and the club.

The plaintiff, secretary of the club, alleged that the defendants, as occupiers of the flat, were negligent in failing to have it in a reasonably safe condition for her use as their invitee, in that they caused or permitted the dog to be in the hall in such position and circumstances as to constitute a trap for her, and failed to warn her of it.

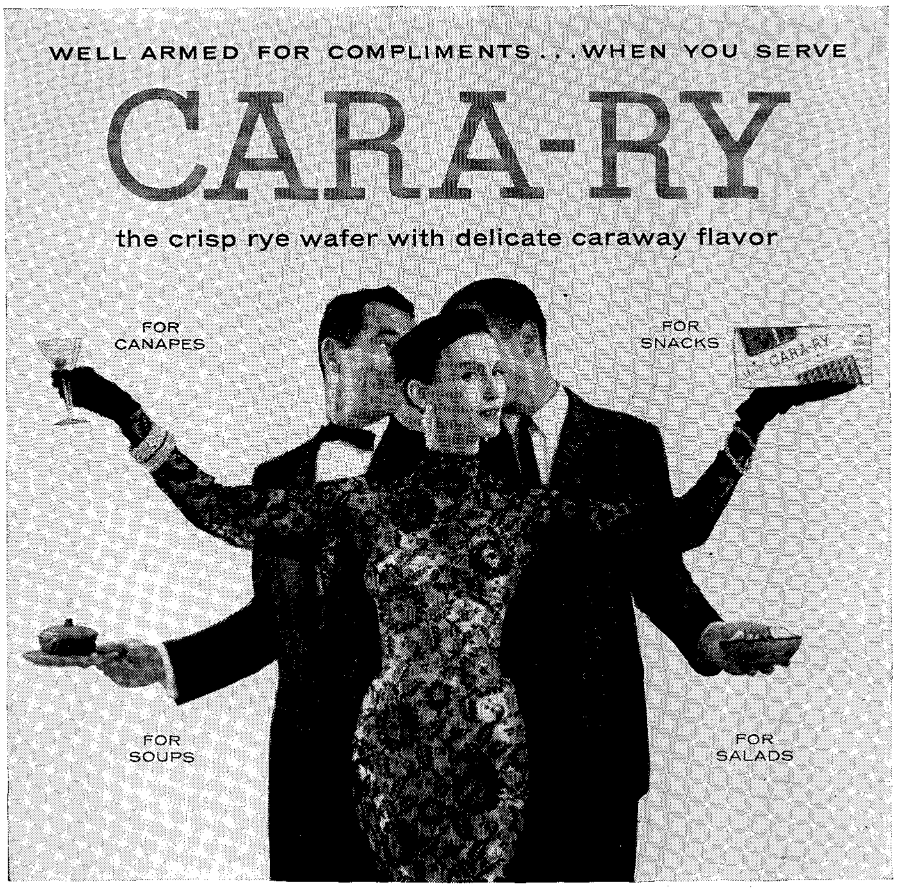
Mr. Anthony Harmsworth appeared for the plaintiff; Mr. Stephen Chapman, Q.C., and Mr. Stuart-Smith for Mr. Pattullo, and Mr. P. M. O'Connor for the club.

JUDGMENT

LORD JUSTICE MORRIS, giving judgment, found that the plaintiff was an "invitee" when she visited Mr. Pattullo's flat. He and not the club was the occupier of the flat.

The labrador belonged to the defendant's daughter, who frequently visited him, invariably bringing the dog with her. On April 3, 1950, when the plaintiff arrived at about 6.30 p.m. it was light; she went into the sitting room. She left at about 7 o'clock when it was dark. There might have been some light from the sitting room door when it was opened, but she closed the door, proceeded across the hall, and fell over the dog.

Was Mr. Pattullo in breach of his duty



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as an invitor? Taking as the test the well-known words of Willes J. in Indermaur v. Dames ((1866) L.R. 1 C.P. 274 at p. 288), his duty was to take reasonable care to prevent damage from unusual danger of which he knew or ought to have known. It had been submitted by Mr. Chapman and Mr. O'Connor that it was very usual to have dogs in private houses and that their presence was something to be expected; a dog could not be said to be a danger or an unusual danger, and if a dog was in a dark place, it ought not to be regarded as an unusual danger. He (his Lordship) was not prepared to say that the existence of a dog in a dark place could not be regarded as constituting an unusual danger, but he thought that the decision in the present case depended upon whether, even if a dog was an unusual danger, the defendant knew or ought to have known of it.

Not Unreasonable to Give Mind to Canasta

The defendant knew that the dog always came with his daughter, and that it was more often inside the flat than outside, but there was no reason to assume that the dog would be in any particular place. Sometimes it went to the kitchen entrance of the club building, where it had received food. His Lordship did not think that, on April 3, the defendant had any knowledge as to where the dog was when the plaintiff left; he had not given his mind to it in any way, and he was not negligent in not doing so. It was not his dog; he was playing Canasta with members of his family and it was not unreasonable that he gave his mind to the game. He (his Lordship) did not think that he was negligent or wrong in not going through some such mental process as "My daughter is here, the dog must be here, the dog must be somewhere in the hall," or in not deducing that the dog was there. Nor was he wrong in not giving thought as to whether it might be about and might be a source of danger.

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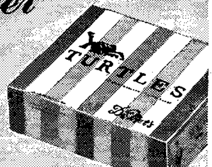

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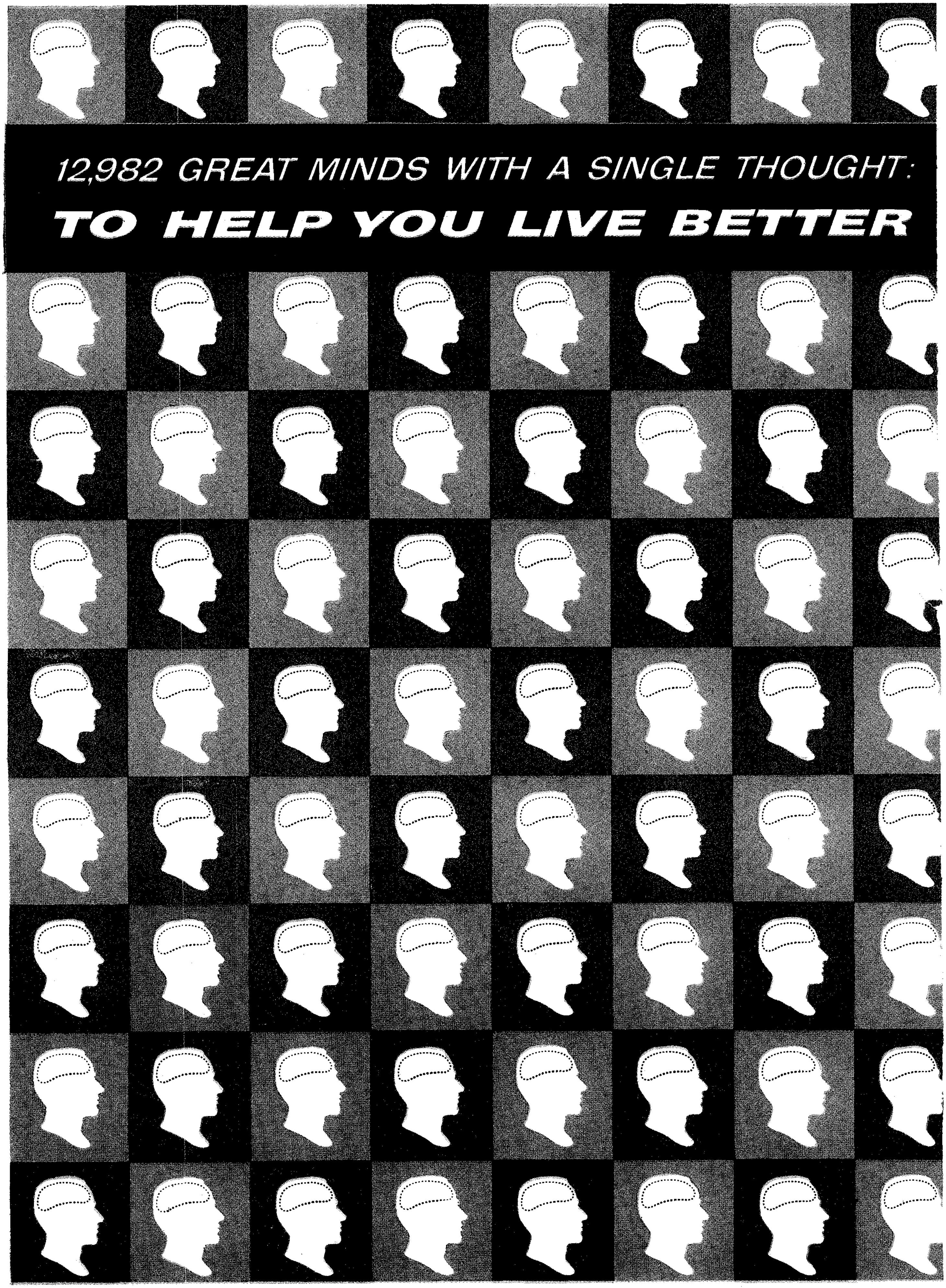
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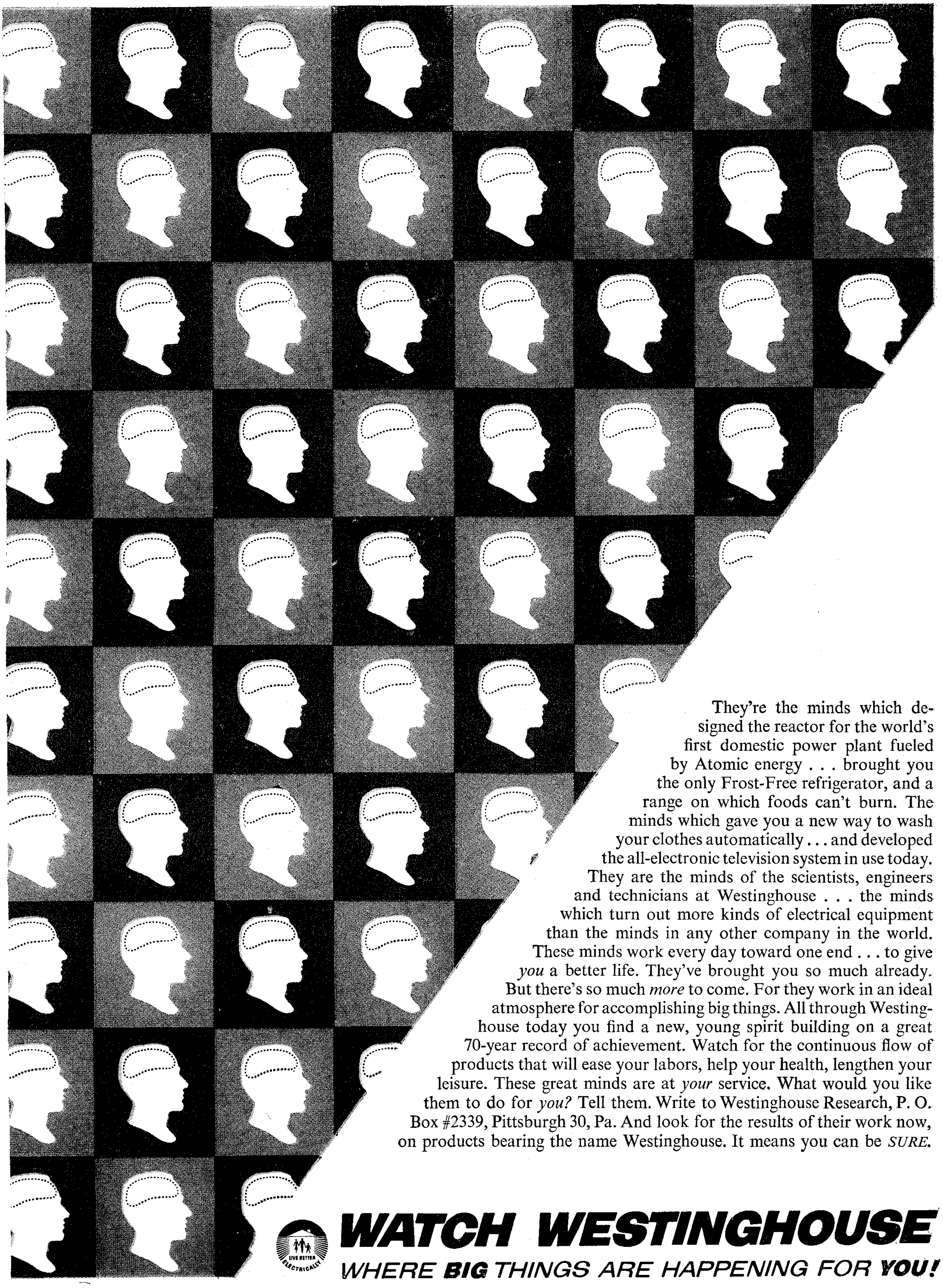

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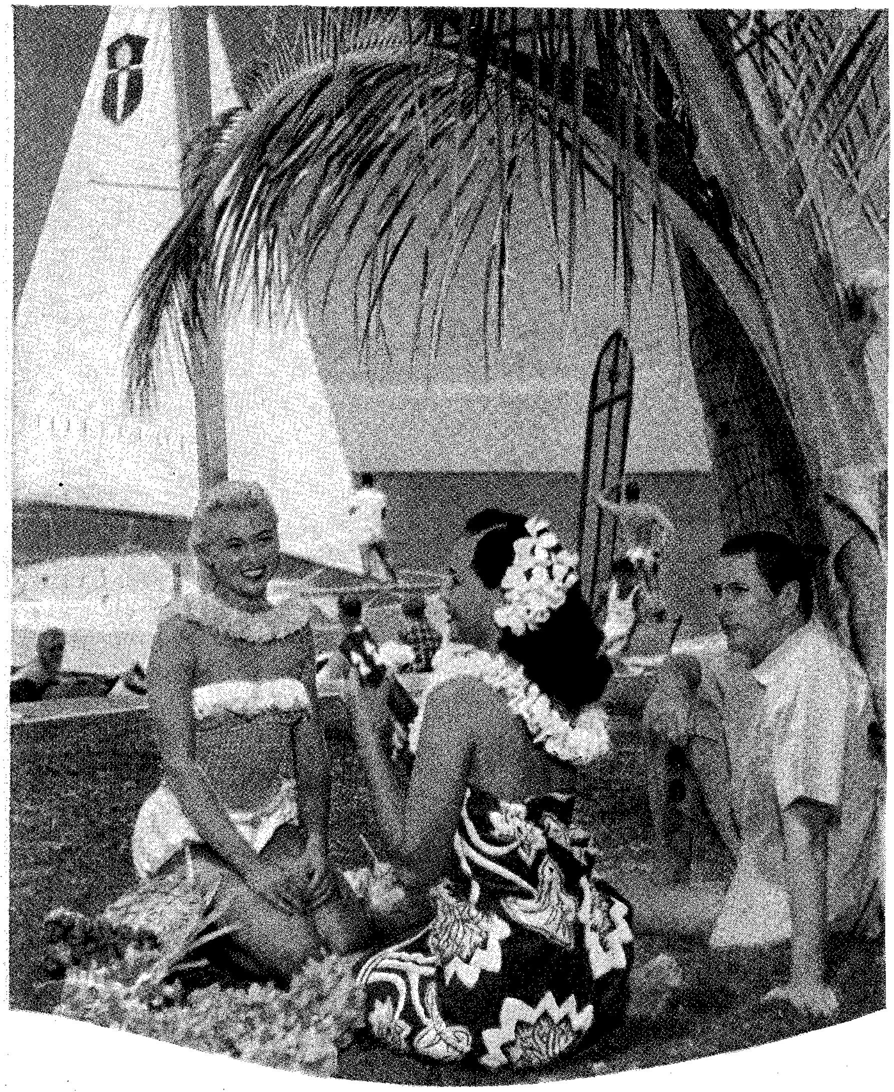

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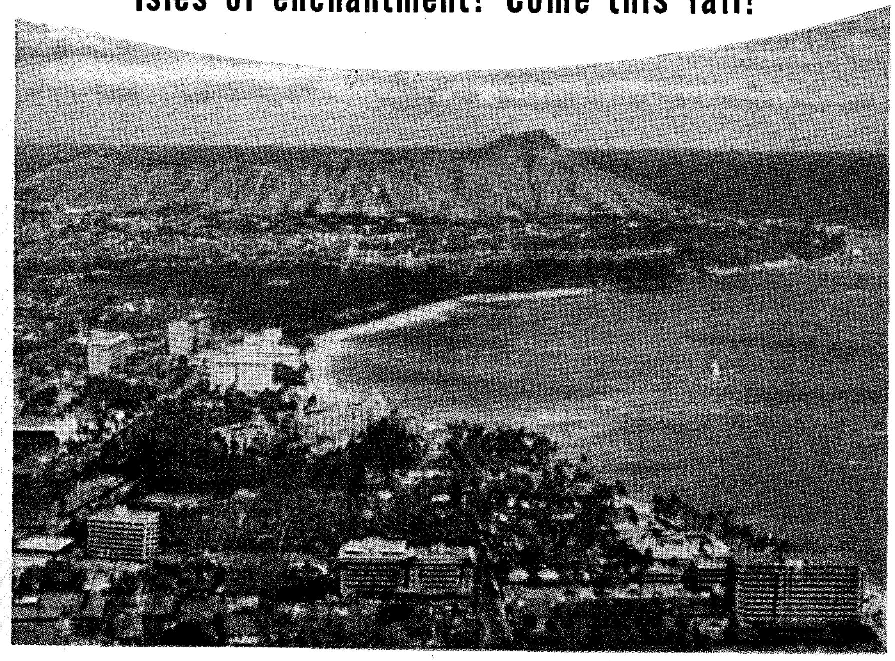

A SUMMER'S READING

GEORGE STOYONOVICH was a neighborhood boy who had quit high school on an impulse when he was sixteen, and though he was ashamed whenever he went looking for a job and people asked him if he had finished school, he never went back. This particular summer was a hard time for jobs, and he had none. Having so much time on his hands, George thought of going to summer school, but he decided the kids in his classes would be too young. He also considered registering in a night high school, but he didn't like the idea of the teachers telling him what to do. He felt they had never respected him. The result was he stayed in his room most of the day. He was close to twenty and had needs with the neighborhood girls, but no money of his own to spend, and he couldn't get much, either, because his father was poor, and his sister Sophie—a tall, bony girl of twenty-three, who resembled George—earned very little, and what she had she kept for herself. Their mother was dead, and Sophie had to take care of the house and work at her job as well.

George's father got up very early in the morning to go to work in a fish market. Sophie left at about eight for a long ride in the subway. She worked in a cafeteria in the Bronx. George had his coffee by himself, then hung around in the house. When the house, a five-room railroad flat above a butcher store on the lower East Side, got on his nerves, he cleaned it up—mopped the floors with a wet mop and put things away. But most of the time he sat in his room. In the afternoons, he usually listened to the ball games. Otherwise, he had a couple of old copies of the *World Almanac*, which he had bought long ago, and he liked to read in them, and also to read the magazines and newspapers Sophie brought home, which had been left on the tables in the cafeteria. The magazines were mostly picture magazines about movie stars and sports figures, and the papers were generally the *News* and *Mirror*. Sophie herself read whatever fell into her hands, although she sometimes read good books.

She once asked George what he did in his room all day, and he answered that he read a lot, too.

"What besides what I bring home?" she asked. "Do you ever read any worth-while books?"

"Some," George answered, although he really didn't. He had tried to read a book or two that Sophie had in the house, but he'd found he was in no mood for them. Lately he couldn't stand made-up stories; they got on his nerves.

He wished he had some hobby to work at; as a kid he had been good in carpentry, but where could he work at it? Sometimes he went for walks during the day, but mostly he did his walking after the sun had gone down, when it was cooler in the streets.

In the evenings, after supper, George left the house and wandered in the neighborhood. During the sultry spells, some of the storekeepers and their wives sat in chairs on the thick, cracked sidewalks in front of their shops, fanning themselves, and George walked past them, and past the guys hanging out on the candy-store corner. A couple of the guys he had known his whole life, but he and they never recognized each other. He had no place special to go, but usually—saving it for the last—he left the neighborhood and walked till he came to a darkly lit little park with benches and trees and a low iron railing, giving it a feeling of privacy. He stepped over the railing and sat on a bench, looking at the leafy trees and the flowers blooming inside the railing, and thinking of a better life for himself. He thought of the jobs he had had since he quit school—delivery boy, stock clerk, runner, odd jobs in a factory—and he was dissatisfied with all of them. He felt he would someday like to have a good job and live in a private house with a porch, on a street with trees. He wanted to have dough in his pocket to buy things with, and a girl, so as not to be so lonely, especially on Saturday nights. He wanted people to like and respect him. He thought about these things often, and mostly when he was alone at night. Around midnight, he would get up and drift back to his hot and stony neighborhood.

ONE time, on his walk, George met Mr. Cattanzara coming home very late from work. He wondered if

Sportsmen...

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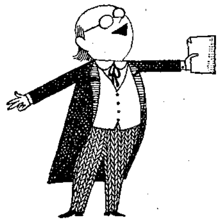

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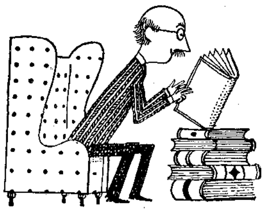

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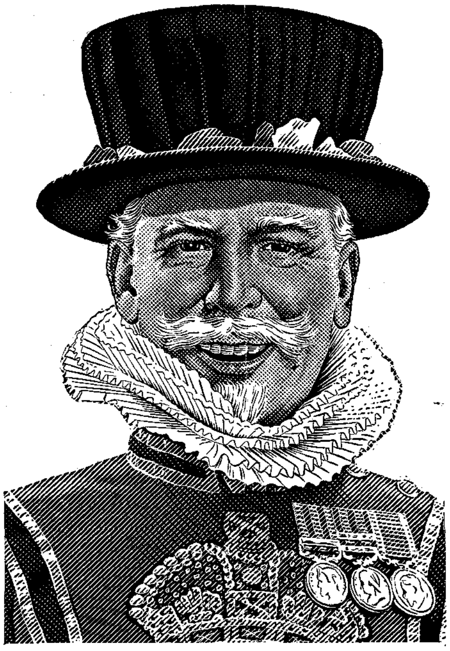

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Mr. Cattanzara was drunk, and then saw that he wasn't. Mr. Cattanzara, a stocky, bald-headed man who worked in the change booth of an I.R.T. station, lived on the block next to George's, above a shoe-repair store. Nights, during the hot weather, he sat on his stoop in an undershirt, reading the *Times* in the light from the shoemaker's window. He read it from the first page to the last, then went up to his flat to sleep. And all evening, while he was reading the paper, his wife, a fat woman with a white face, leaned out of the window above, looking into the street, her thick arms folded under her loose breasts, on the window ledge.

Once in a while, Mr. Cattanzara came home drunk, but it was always a quiet drunk. He never made any trouble; he just walked stiffly up the street and slowly climbed the stoop and went into his doorway. He looked the same as always, except for the stiff walk and the fact that his eyes were sad. George liked him, because he remembered Mr. Cattanzara giving him nickels to buy lemon ice with when he was a squirt. Mr. Cattanzara was different from most of the people in the neighborhood. He asked different questions when he met you, and he seemed to know what went on in all the newspapers.

"What are you doing with yourself this summer, George?" Mr. Cattanzara asked that evening when they met. "I see you walkin' around at nights."

George felt embarrassed. "I like to walk," he said.

"What are you doin' in the day now?"

"Nothing much just right now. I'm waiting for a job." Then, since it shamed him to admit he wasn't working, George said, "I'm staying home, but I'm reading a lot to pick up my education."

Mr. Cattanzara looked interested. He mopped his hot face with a red handkerchief.

"What are you readin'?"

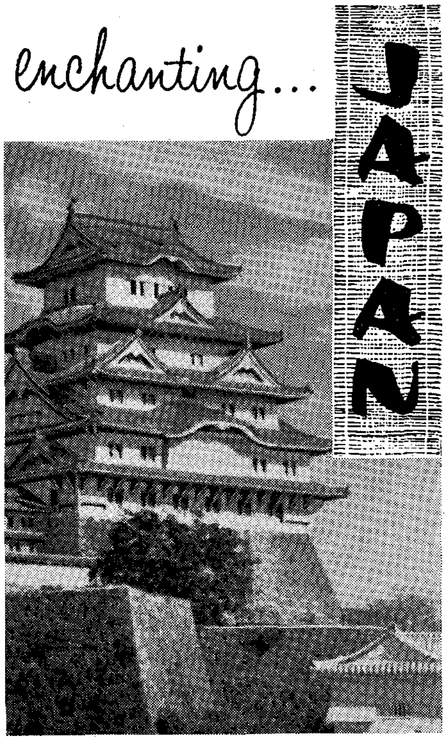
George hesitated, then said, "I got a list of books in the library, once, and now I decided to read them this summer." He felt strange and a little unhappy saying this, but he wanted Mr. Cattanzara to respect him.

"How many books are on it?" Mr. Cattanzara asked.

"I never counted them. Maybe around a hundred."

Mr. Cattanzara whistled.

"I figured if I did that, it would help me in my education," George went on earnestly. "I don't mean the kind they



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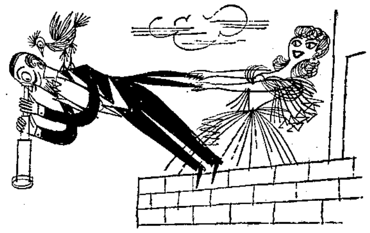

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BY Millie Considine

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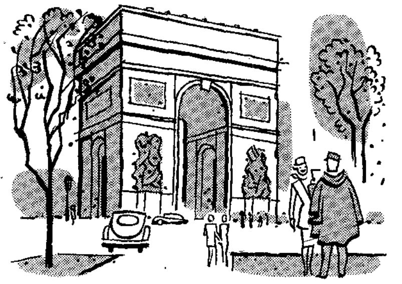

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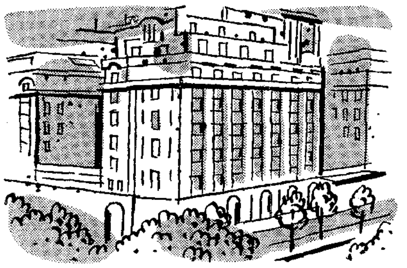

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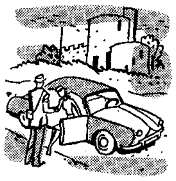
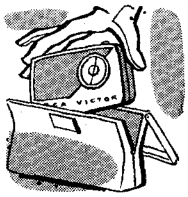


HOW'D you like to travel with a song in your purse or pocket? RCA Victor's new *"Transistor Six"* lets you do just that. Scarcely larger than 2 packs of king-size cigarettes, it can fill a room with the richest of tones. Tiny transistors, instead of tubes, use a minimum of current, so the battery life is tremendous. The aluminum-trimmed "Impac" case is guaranteed non-breakable. In gray with black grille or white with gold-color. Model 8BT9 (shown) costs $65.00. For complete line folder, write: Box N, RCA Radio – "Victrola" Division, Cherry Hill, Camden 8, New Jersey.



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give you in high school. I want to know different things than you learn there, if you know what I mean."

Mr. Cattanzara nodded. "Still and all, one hundred books is a big load, just for one summer," he said.

"It might take longer."

"After you've finished with some, maybe you and I can have a nice talk about them," said Mr. Cattanzara.

"When I'm finished," George answered.

Mr. Cattanzara went home and George continued on his walk. After that night, George still did nothing different from the usual, though he had the urge to. He just took his walks at night, ending up in the little park. But one evening the shoemaker from the next block stopped George and said he was a good boy, and George figured that Mr. Cattanzara had told him about all the books he was supposed to be reading. From the shoemaker, the report must have gone on down the street, because in the next few days George saw a couple of people smiling kindly at him, though nobody spoke to him personally. He felt a little better around the neighborhood, and liked it more, though not so much that he would want to live in it forever. He had never exactly disliked the people in it, yet he had never liked them very much, either.

Soon, to his surprise, George found that his father and Sophie had learned about his reading, too. His father was too shy to say anything about it—he had never been much of a talker in his whole life—but Sophie was softer to George now, and she showed him in other ways that she was proud of him.

AS the summer went on, George felt in a good mood about things. He cleaned the house every day, as a favor to Sophie, and he enjoyed the ball games more. Sophie gave him a dollar a week allowance, and though it still wasn't enough and he had to use it carefully, it was a lot better than the occasional two bits he'd had before. He got a big kick out of what he bought with the money—cigarettes mostly, an occasional beer, or a movie ticket. Life wasn't so bad if you knew how to appreciate it. Once in a while, he bought a paperback book from a newsstand, but he never got around to reading it, though he was glad to have it and a couple of others in his room. He still read Sophie's magazines and newspapers thoroughly.

Night was the most enjoyable time now, because when he passed the storekeepers sitting out on the sidewalk, he

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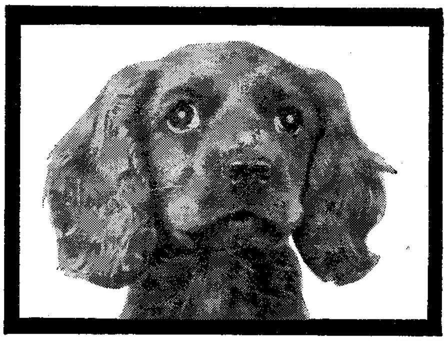

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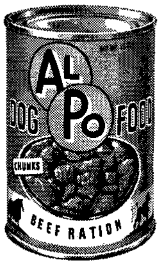

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see page 116

EDITH PIAF
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
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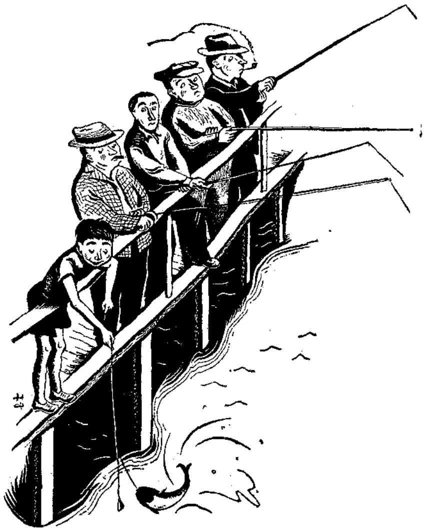
could tell how highly they and their wives regarded him. He walked erect, and though he did not say much to them, or they to him, he could feel approval on all sides. A couple of nights, he felt so good that he skipped the park at the end of the walk. He just wandered in the neighborhood, where people had known him from the time he was a kid playing punchball; he wandered there, then came home and got undressed for bed, feeling fine.

In the next few weeks, after that one encounter, George talked only once with Mr. Cattanzara. The change-maker said nothing more about the books, and asked no questions, but the fact that he didn't made George a little uneasy. For a while, George didn't pass in front of Mr. Cattanzara's house any more. Then, one night, forgetting himself, he approached it. The time was already past midnight. The street, except for one or two people, was deserted, and George was surprised when he saw Mr. Cattanzara still reading his newspaper. George's impulse was to go up and talk to him; he wasn't sure what he wanted to say, but he felt the words would come when he began to talk. Yet the more he thought about it, the more the idea scared him, and he decided he'd better not. He even considered turning around and running home another way, but he was already too near Mr. Cattanzara, and the change-maker might see him and get annoyed. So George unobtrusively crossed the street, trying to make it seem that he had to look in a store window on the other side, and then went on, uncomfortable at what he was doing. He feared Mr. Cattanzara would glance up from his paper and call him a dirty rat for walking on the other side of the street, but all the change-maker did was sit there in his undershirt, his bald



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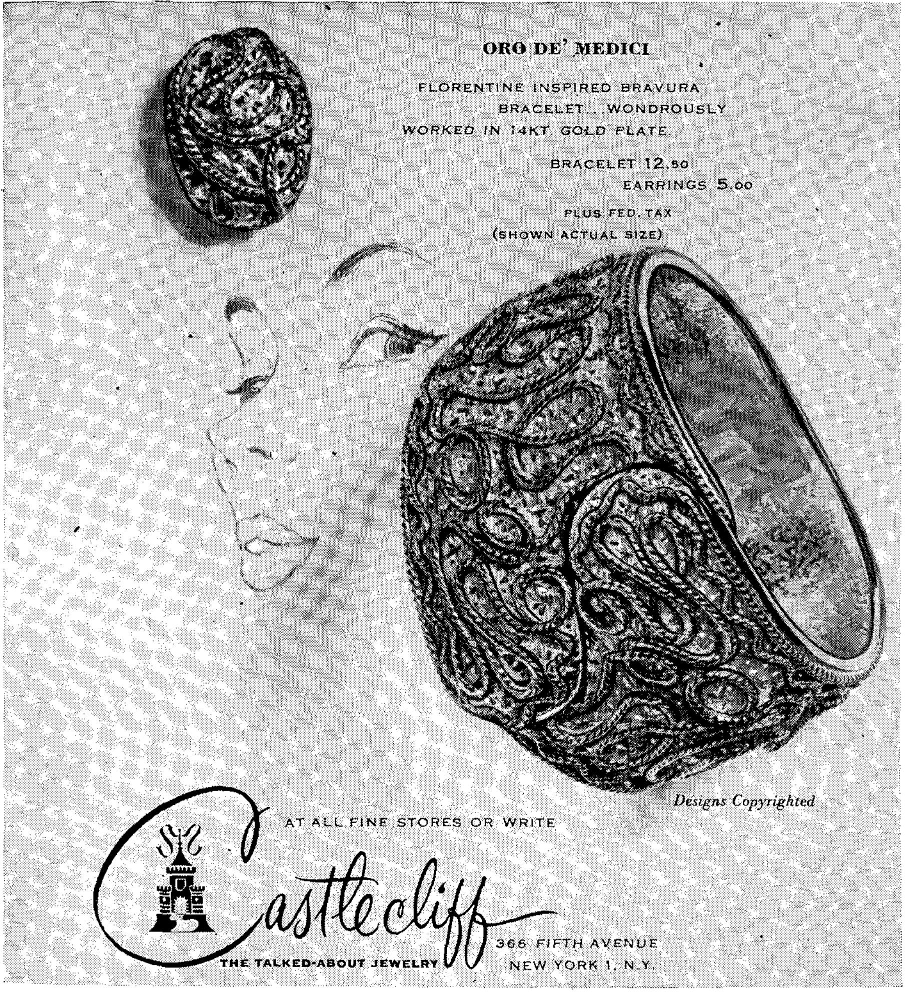
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head shining in the dim light, while he read his *Times* and upstairs his fat wife leaned out of the window, seeming to read the paper along with him. George thought she would spy him and yell out to Mr. Cattanzara, but she never moved her eyes from her husband.

George made up his mind to stay away from Mr. Cattanzara until he had got some of his paperback books read, but when he started to read them and found that they were all storybooks, he lost interest in them. He lost interest in reading other things, too. Sophie's magazines and newspapers went unread. She saw them piled up on a chair in his room and asked why he was no longer looking at them, and George told her it was because of all the other reading he had to do. Sophie said she had guessed that was it. So for most of the day George had the radio on, turning to music when he was sick of the human voice. He kept the house fairly neat, and Sophie said nothing on the days when he neglected it. She was still kind and gave him his dollar, but now things were not so good for him as they had been for a while.

BUT things were good enough, considering. Also, George's night walks invariably picked him up, no matter how bad the day had been. Then, one night, George saw Mr. Cattanzara coming down the street toward him. George was about to turn and run, but he recognized from Mr. Cattanzara's walk that he was drunk, and thought that he would probably not even notice him. So George kept on walking until he and Mr. Cattanzara passed each other, and though George felt wound up enough to pop into the sky, he was not surprised when Mr. Cattanzara went on by without a word, walking slowly, his face and body stiff. George drew a breath in relief at his escape, and then he heard his name called, and he stopped, and there stood Mr. Cattanzara at his elbow, smelling like a bar. His eyes were sad, and George felt so intensely uncomfortable that he was tempted to shove him aside and continue on his walk. But he couldn't act that way, and besides Mr. Cattanzara took a nickel out of his pants pocket and handed it to him. "Go buy yourself a lemon ice, Georgie," he said.

"It's not that time any more, Mr. Cattanzara," George said. "I'm a big guy now."

"No, you ain't," said Mr. Cattanzara, and to this George made no reply. "How are all your books comin'

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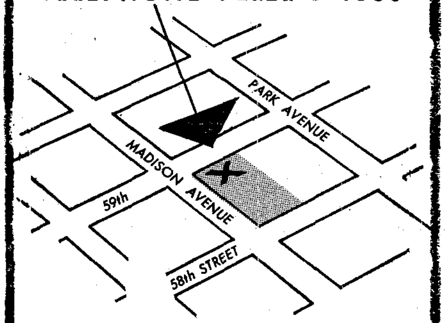

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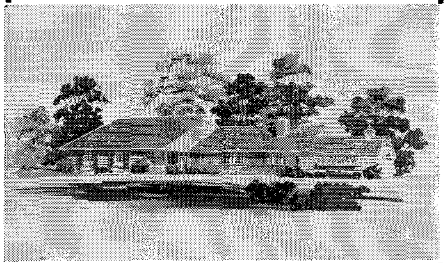
The RIDGE *at Woodbury*



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along now?" Mr. Cattanzara asked. Though he tried to stand steady, he swayed a little.

"Fine, I guess," said George, feeling redness crawl up his face.

"You ain't sure?" The changemaker smiled slyly, in a way George had never seen him smile when he was sober.

"Sure I'm sure," George said. "They're fine."

Mr. Cattanzara's head swayed in little arcs, but his eyes were steady. He had small blue eyes that hurt if you looked at them too long.

"George," he said, "name me one book on that list that you read this summer, and I will drink to your health."

"I don't want anyone drinking to me," George said.

"Name me one, so I can ask you a question on it. Who can tell—if it's a good book, maybe I might wanna read it myself?"

George knew he looked the same as ever on the outside, but inside he was crumbling. Unable to reply, he shut his eyes. When—years later—he opened them, he saw that Mr. Cattanzara had, out of pity, gone away, but still in George's ears were the words he had said as he left: "George, don't do what I did."

THE next night, George was afraid to leave his room, and though Sophie argued with him, he wouldn't open his door.

"What are you doing in there?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Aren't you reading?"

"No."

She was silent a minute, then asked, "Where do you keep the books you read? I never see any in your room, outside a few cheap trashy ones."

He wouldn't tell her.

"In that case, you're not worth a buck of my hard-earned money," she said. "Why should I break my poor back for you? Go out, you bum, and get a job."

He stayed in his room for almost a week, except to eat. Sophie railed at him, then begged him to come out, and his old father wept, but George wouldn't budge, though the weather was terrible and his small room stifling. He found it very hard to breathe. One night, unable to stand the heat any more, he burst into the street at 1 A.M. He hoped to sneak to the park without being seen, but there were people all over the block, wilted and listless, waiting for a breeze. George lowered his

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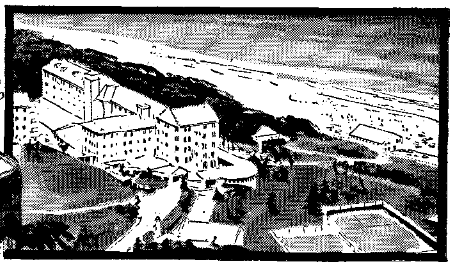

OUT TODAY!

October HOLIDAY magazine

-crowded with remarkable people and places!

NAPLES

Some call this Italian port "the crookedest city in the world"! Others call it the most beautiful. Either description *could* be right! Sean O'Faolain writes vividly of a city that's packed with warmth, passion —and *rascality!*

YANKEE STADIUM

What makes this N.Y. ball park a national monument? Some say it's the Yankees, but they're just part of the story! You'll read about the men *behind* the plays, the rooms *below* the stands, find out what *really* makes this best loved of stadiums tick!

BLAIR HOUSE

The capital's Blair House is the President's guest house for visiting dignitaries. Here, from behind its locked doors, are revealing stories about Molotov, Harry Truman, Queen Elizabeth herself . . . and many more very private facts about public figures!

NEW ORLEANS' Galatoire's, many say, is the top restaurant in a city that's a gourmet's paradise. This mouth-watering article, complete with recipes, tells you why!

PLUS: Abundant *Iowa* by Paul Engle; the Southwest's dramatic *Rio Grande;* California's cradle of tennis stars, the *La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club;* a new Thrift Tour of Detroit; and more!

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A CURTIS MAGAZINE

eyes and walked, in disgrace, past them, but before long he discovered they were still friendly to him. He figured Mr. Cattanzara hadn't told. Maybe, when he woke up out of his drunk the next morning, he had forgotten all about their meeting. George felt his confidence come back.

A little later, a man on a street corner asked him if it was true that he had finished reading so many books, and George admitted that he had. The man said it was a wonderful thing for a boy his age to read so much.

"Yeah," George said.

He felt relieved, but he hurried away. He hoped nobody would mention the books any more, and when, a couple of nights later, he accidentally met Mr. Cattanzara again, *he* didn't.

One evening early in the fall, George ran out of the house and all the way to the library, where he hadn't been in years. There were books all over, wherever he looked, and though he was struggling to control an invisible trembling, as well as an impulse to run home, he stayed and counted off a hundred. —BERNARD MALAMUD

•

ROW

Slap. Clap.
The lake's back
laps the flat
boat. Croak,
goes a frog,
croak. Flo-
tillas of vanilla
water lilies
float. Moats
of air flare, filled
with day-diamonds,
flame. Tame
turtles lurch
like dreadnoughts
across murky
floors. Oars
dig dingles
in the sun-shingled
roof of the water.
Pines shine,
singing their green creeds.

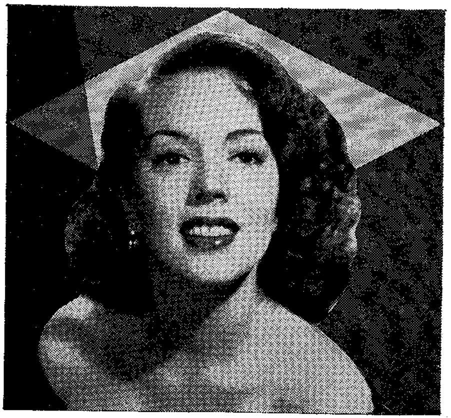
—RALPH POMEROY

•

To a capacity audience, Cab brought back the clean Calloway idiom of years past in such hits as "St. James Infirmary Blues," "Old Black Magic," "Jimmy Jam Roll" and many more. "Nellie the Moocher" was of course as necessary to his performance as bread and butter.—*Ottawa (Ontario) Citizen.*

Aren't you thinking of "Wait Till the Moon Shines, Minnie"?

THE Persian Room PRESENTS



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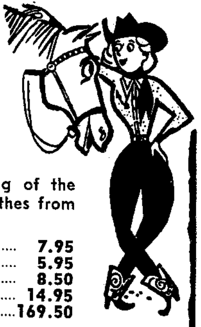

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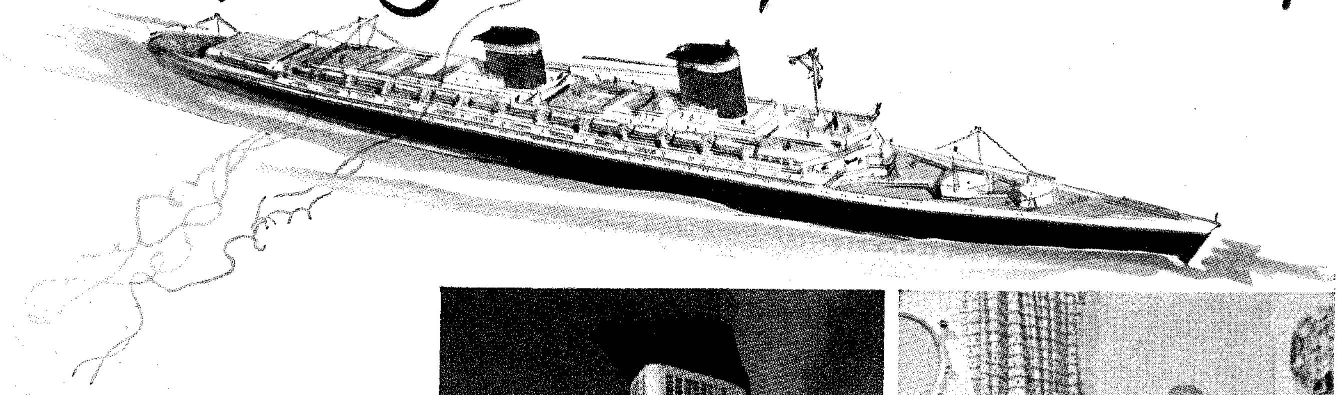
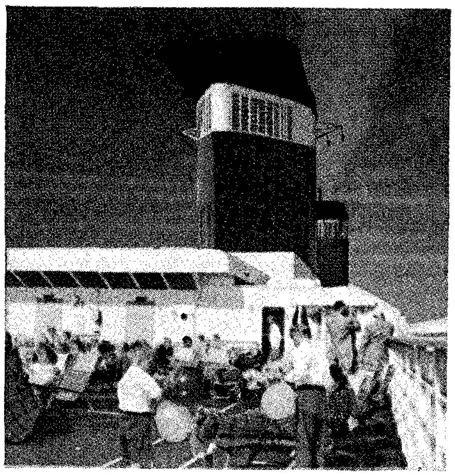


There's room to relax and time for the time of your life on the world's fastest liner, s. s. United States



Acres of play space on a ship 990 feet long! Shown here on the Sports Deck of the s.s. UNITED STATES are the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Walters, Hill Head, Hants, England.

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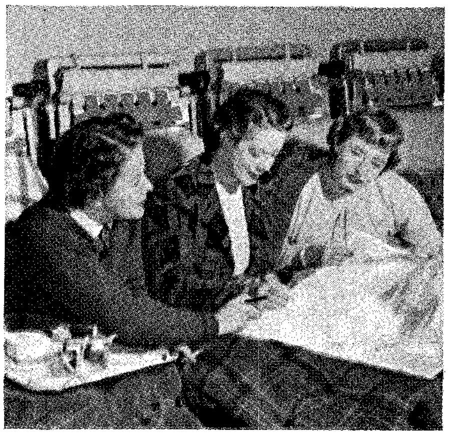
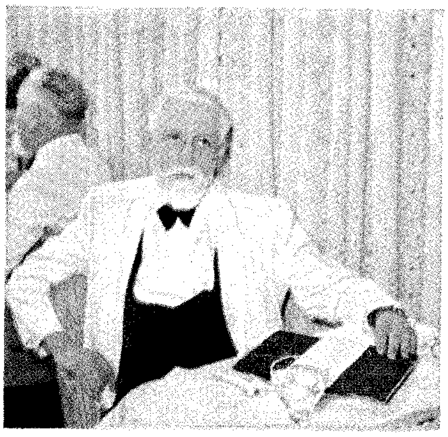
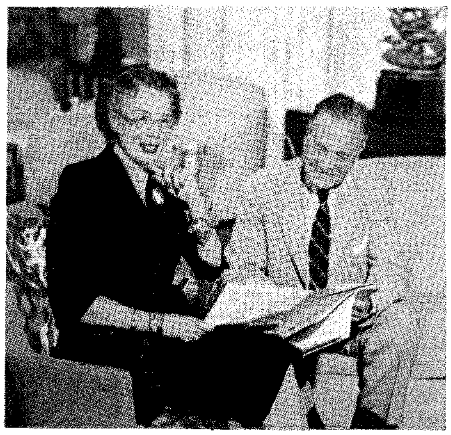


Even your car can sail with you at baggage rates. Here, Mrs. Harry P. Gibney of N. Y., at right, plans an European motor trip with friends. 25 cubic feet of luggage travels *free*.



The man who comes to dinner comes happily here. Cuisine is Continental and American. "My one complaint—5 days aren't enough to do justice to the menu," says "Monty" Woolley.



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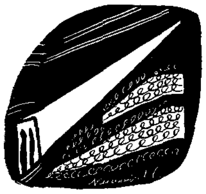
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lethal Lass



"THE BAD SEED," a movie based on the play by Maxwell Anderson, is a stumbling attempt to make melodramatic hay out of the dark doings of a homicidal tot called Rhoda. Produced and directed by Mervyn LeRoy, the film has a cast that includes many of the actors who participated in the exercise when it was on Broadway, but somehow they are not overly effective here, and Mr. LeRoy hasn't helped his cause much by using his camera as if it were confined to the stage of a theatre. Even so, the picture does build up some degree of suspense early in the proceedings as it reveals that Rhoda, a pretty little girl who lives in a gracious house with her adoring parents, is in reality a monster. It is the contention of "The Bad Seed" that certain people are born with no more sense of right and wrong than zombies, and that it is possible for them to transmit this defect to their descendants. Our tiny heroine is Exhibit A in the demonstration of this theory. To all appearances, she is the product of a model family, but presently it develops that her mother is nagged by the suspicion that her own bloodline isn't as pure as it's supposed to be. Although Mother is accepted as the daughter of an eminent author, she is privately convinced that she was a foundling. While she is nervously wondering about her derivations, Rhoda becomes criminally involved in the death of a schoolmate who triumphed over her in a penmanship contest. After grilling Rhoda, Mother discovers that she not only did away with her schoolmate but, some time previously, tossed an old lady down a flight of stairs. Madly protective, Mother keeps this information under her hat, with the result that the small murderess is able to burn a moronic handyman alive before she is brought to a halt. Along the line, Mother finds out that she is, in truth, not the child of the people who have reared her but, rather, the daughter of a famous wholesale killer named Bessie Denker. It is the Denker heritage, apparently, that makes Rhoda behave as she does. In the stage version of "The Bad Seed," Rhoda was permitted to get away with her malefactions, and at the end was

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primly preparing to commit another murder. However, Mr. LeRoy (who has read the Production Code), is having none of that. He sees to it that Rhoda is providentially eliminated by a bolt of lightning—which, of course, is awful claptrap. In the leading roles, Patty McCormack and Nancy Kelly, playing the child and the mother, both overact to a fare-thee-well. Evelyn Varden, as a busybody; Eileen Heckart, as the mother of one of Rhoda's victims; and Henry Jones, as the simple-minded handyman, are only slightly more restrained.

"Yang Kwei Fei," a Japanese film, is a slow and confused account of how an eighth-century Chinese emperor, a recent widower, takes as his favorite concubine a scullery maid who resembles his dead wife. Before his eye lights upon her, she has been shined up by a general, who figures that things will be on the upturn for him if he can get her installed in the emperor's entourage. Once the emperor has taken the girl to his bosom, all kinds of hell breaks loose in court, and finally the concubine willingly goes to her death at the hands of a garroter, because she doesn't want to cause her imperial Big Daddy any more trouble. While "Yang Kwei Fei" is painfully lethargic, it includes a lot of lovely scenery, and Machiko Kyo, as the concubine, is lovely, too.

—John McCarten

•

THE NEW ARMY

[*Official Bulletin No. 87, Fort Myer, Arlington, Va.*]

4. Black Shoes: a. Reference: Paragraph 4, DCMD Bulletin 84, 18 Jul 56.

b. In connection with the change-over to black shoes and socks on 1 September 1956 by all male Army personnel, including reservists, the following procedure has been recommended by The Quartermaster General in dyeing russet shoes:

(1) Wash shoes, upper and tongue, with a cloth using tepid water. Do not submerge shoes.

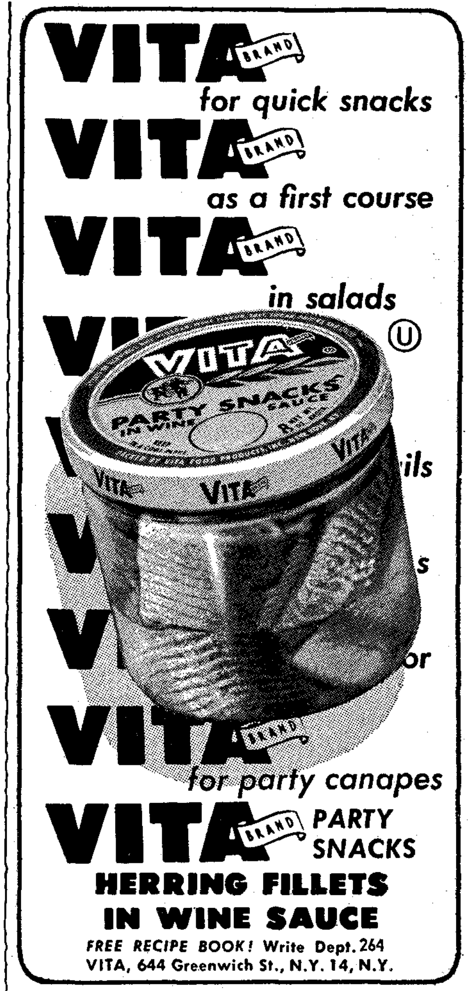
(2) Use a mild commercial soap or saddle soap to remove all dirt, stains, and old wax. Avoid using soaps that have an alkali base which is harmful to leather.

(3) Apply a good grade of commercial black dye while the shoes are damp (not wet) and allow to dry and set. Dye should be applied evenly with a dauber or brush.

(4) After the shoes are thoroughly dried they should be polished with a black wax base polish.

c. Care should be taken to preclude any hazard caused by fumes generated from the dye. A room or space well-ventilated should be used.

d. Under no circumstances should shoes be dyed with the feet in them.



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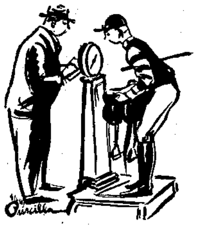

IT is nothing new for a three-year-old to beat older horses in a big handicap, but few have brought off a more dramatic finish than C. V. Whitney's Career Boy in the United Nations Handicap over the turf course at Atlantic City on Saturday. Last of the nine runners to get going, he galloped along easily, gradually approaching the leaders (it seemed impossible that he would catch them), and then, in the last couple of furlongs, he turned on full speed and won by a length, with Alfred Vanderbilt's Find, Llangollen Farm's Mister Gus, and Mrs. Jan Burke's Dedicate heads apart behind him. For a mile of the mile and three-sixteenths, Fisherman, who is Career Boy's stablemate, showed the way, and even in the stretch it looked as if he would duplicate his success over the turf at Laurel two years ago, in the Washington, D.C., International. When Fisherman tired, Find took over, only to be passed in the last few strides by Career Boy. I thought Dedicate would have been closer if he'd had more racing room. Mahan, the favorite, ran too badly for words; perhaps the footing was too hard, or too slippery, or something.

A favorite saying of an old trainer I know is that a good horse always runs back to his best form, and I guess that goes for Career Boy. He was top of the Experimental Free Handicap, and ran brilliantly early in the spring, but then suffered a heel injury. Obviously, he's all right again. Next, he and Fisherman are going to Paris for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp on October 7th. Early last week, Mr. Whitney offered Arcaro the mount on Career Boy at Longchamp, but Arcaro said he was booked to ride something in the Matron at Belmont that weekend and couldn't get away. What price now that he rides Career Boy?

Atlantic City was as unlucky for Swaps as it was for Nashua. You recall that an attack of colic kept Nashua out of the Atlantic City Handicap last month. Well, Swaps had a recurrence of that old trouble in his right front foot after a gallop the morning of the United Nations Handicap, and was scratched

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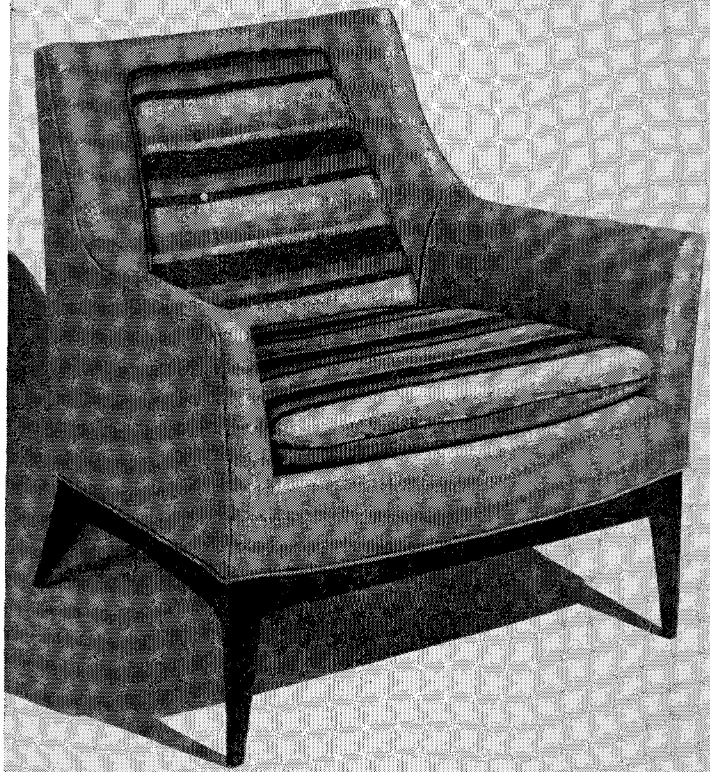

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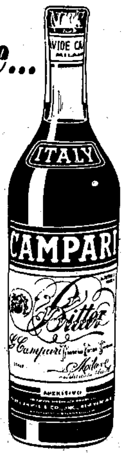

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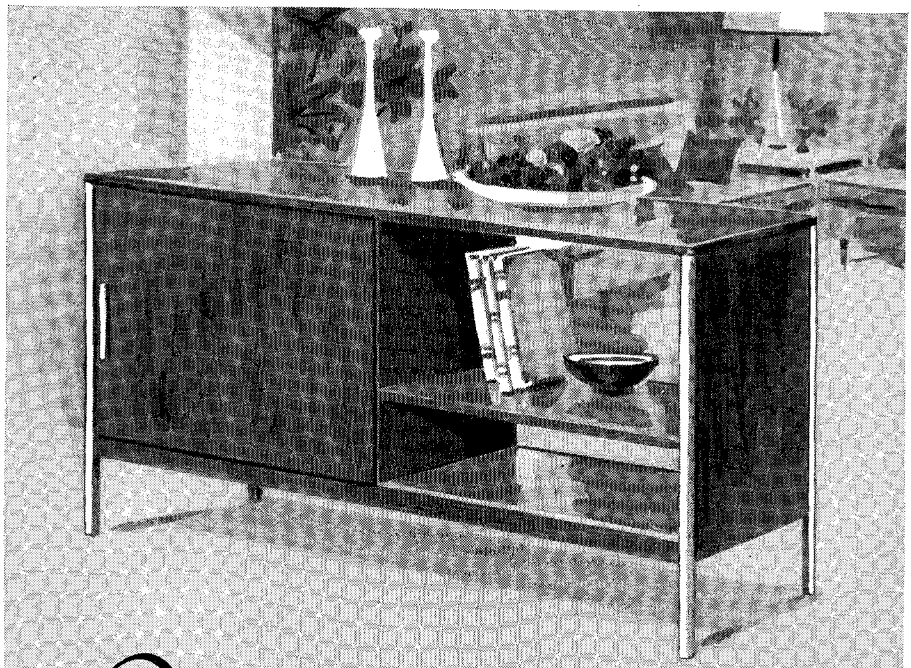

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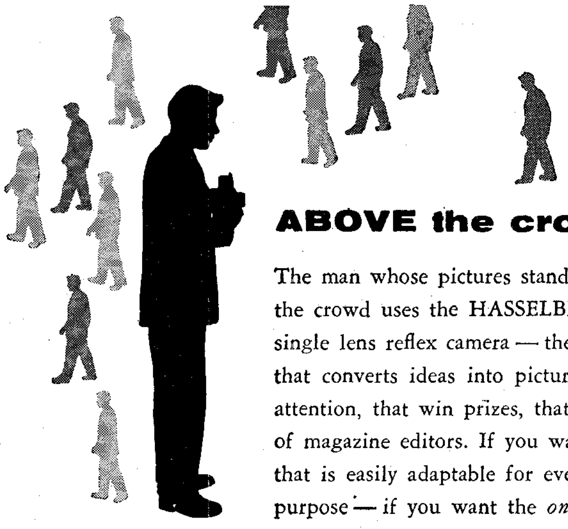

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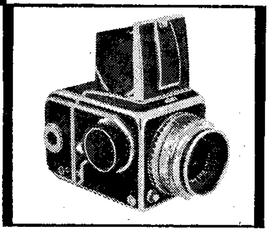

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from the race. According to his stable, it isn't serious, and he can be patched up to run again in a fortnight. It's quite unlikely, though, that we'll see him at Belmont Park. Atlantic City racegoers grumbled a lot about the scratching of Swaps, feeling that since the horse had been entered to run, run he should. And it didn't make them feel any better that Summer Tan had also been scratched; he had developed tooth trouble overnight. Besides, it was dull and showery when the big race came up, and, all in all, everybody was chilled and unenthusiastic. But if the crowd couldn't see Swaps it could gaze on the Prince and Princess of Monaco, and it made the most of that.

THE only runner I could find to admire at Belmont Park last week was the two-year-old filly Alanesian, who on Monday added the Astarita Stakes to her list of easy triumphs. She had never been over the straight Widener Course before and she ran a bit greenly while Jet's Charm was stepping the first quarter in twenty-two seconds (Belmont is awfully fast these days), but then Alanesian buckled down, took the lead in the next quarter, and won by a couple of lengths. Her next start will be for the Matron Stakes, and she should have little trouble winning it. In my book, she could win the Futurity, too. Then, on Wednesday, there was Scampering, who took the shortest way home, along the rails, won the Gazelle Handicap, and paid her backers $89.30 for a two-dollar ticket. She was easily the heroine in a day of long shots that included a couple of $61.20 horses, one that paid $30.80, and one, ridden by Arcaro, that paid $25.30.

THERE'S really not very much to be said about the steeplechasing we've had this season, but this department would like to wave a small flag for Dooley Adams, the best jumping-race jockey in a long time. He has been riding on the big tracks since 1943 and has been head of the list since 1949, and the other afternoon he brought in his three-hundredth winner. That's quite an impressive figure when you consider that a steeplechase rider gets only one mount a day, at best, and the season is very short. It's a pleasure to watch Adams ride, too.—AUDAX MINOR

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Lima* (*Ohio*) *News*]

A dull day of classes will be conducted at Beaverdam School the first day.

BOOKS

The Pen Is Mightier

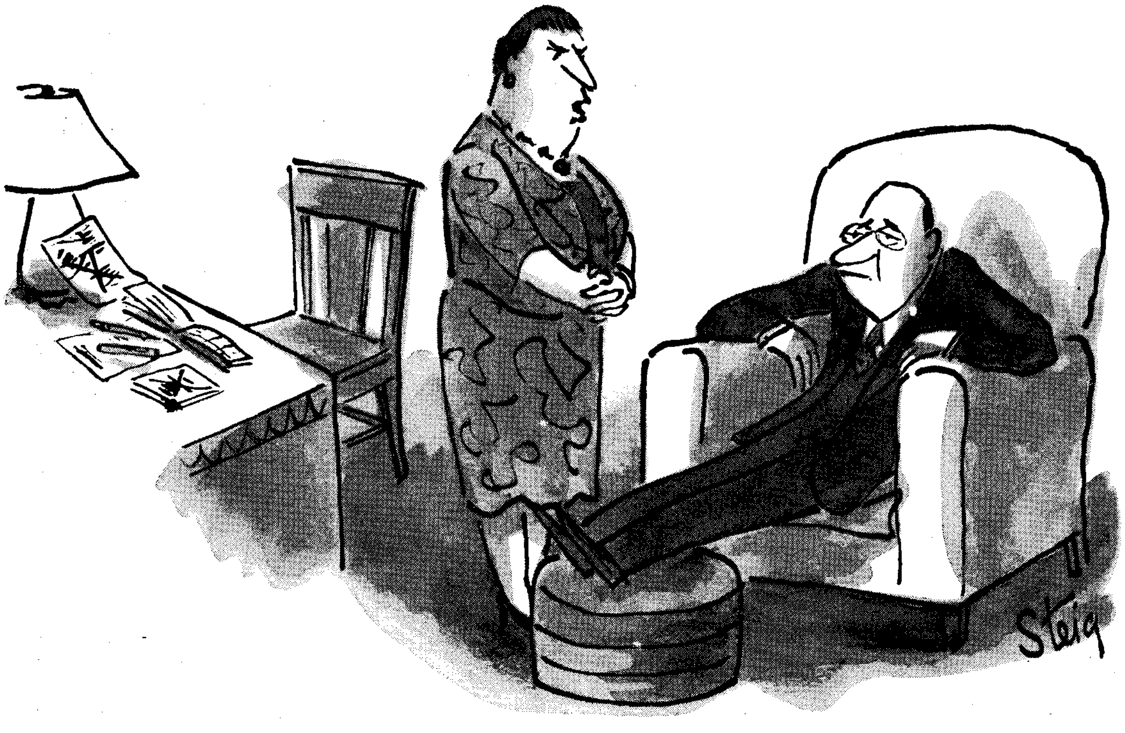
"A Discord of Trumpets" (Simon & Schuster) is the highly entertaining, if far from frank, autobiography of Claud Cockburn, an English journalist who was at school with Mr. Graham Greene, who was later a London *Times* correspondent in Berlin, New York, and Washington, and who achieved a considerable fame in the mysterious era when commentators and columnists were bluffing their way into a position of importance, just before the Second World War. As owner-editor of a newssheet called the *Week*, casually run through a duplicating machine on paper that looked as if it had been dipped in watery coffee, Mr. Cockburn had an international position second only to the standing of Mme. Tabouis or Pertinax in France. Incredibly, thousands on thousands of people believed that such traffickers in political gossip, with their wild guesses at the significance of events and their even wilder guesses at the shape of things to come, were able to arrive at the truth of what was going on as no one else could. A Minister, acting as spokesman for his government, might make a statement after consultation with his department experts, after hearing official and unofficial evidence laid before a fact-finding commission, after consulting his Cabinet colleagues and the experts of their departments, but Mr. Cockburn's public would nevertheless wait for him to tell them what the sinister truth behind the statement was. His revelation was arrived at by dint of looking cynical in the background at a press conference, having a short talk with a disgruntled employee of the Minister's department, telephoning a couple of the Minister's enemies, and holding a conference with one or two American, Swiss, and German newspapermen. His conclusions would then go out as gospel to his subscribers. Many of these readers were foreign diplomats stationed in London, who transmitted Mr. Cockburn's views to their home governments as the inner meaning of what the tricky British were up to; others were foreign newspapermen, who found that the revelations were much more exciting and newsworthy than the dull items they usually handled. Among these newspapermen were the American, Swiss, and German correspondents who supplied Mr. Cockburn with his source material; they had not dared send their papers the rumors they got hold of, because they lacked any foundation, but once Mr. Cockburn had kindly printed the stuff, the way was clear for them: "According to the May 17th issue of the authoritative political newssheet the *Week*, the significance of a recent statement . . ."

Mr. Cockburn enjoyed this remarkable position as a manufacturer of world opinion, and he tells his bland story of how he made it for himself with considerable allure, in the French sense of the word, maintaining a breathtaking pace and dropping each grotesque episode in his rapid climb before it has any chance to become boring—and before the reader has time to ask inconvenient questions or to consider the implications of what has been said.

The implications are not uninteresting when they are given second thought. The brisk opening chapters, a delightful collection of anecdotes about late-Edwardian and post-First World War eccentrics in England, Hungary, France, Germany, and the United States, rounded out with some very funny stories about Sir Willmott Lewis (then the London *Times* man in Washington) and the great depression, is really an account of the author's drift toward Communism and of his decision to become a Communist propagandist. And the latter part of the book, an account of the sickening slide from the depression to Munich and the eve of the Second World War, all of it told in terms of a series of roistering journalistic practical jokes and low-comedy episodes, is really a description of his work for the Party's agit-prop machine. The tone is so cheerful that only once in a while does one come up with a jerk against the information that Mr. Cockburn is genially providing. One of his bright anecdotes about the Spanish Civil War concerns the general commanding the Republicans' so-called Fifth Regiment, a body that managed to swell itself to the strength of a corps by an alert policy of poaching recruits. He is introduced in this fashion:

> At that time I knew this husky, bullnecked man, who combined almost superhuman driving power with an unbreakable gaiety, simply as "Carlos" and all I knew of his past was that he had once been a steelworker in Chicago. Later he turned out to be an Italian called Videla, who was supposed to have organized the assassination, in Mexico, of Leon Trotsky.

Mr. Cockburn then hurries the reader on to a jolly yarn about the primi-



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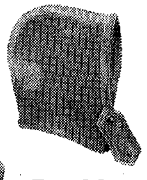

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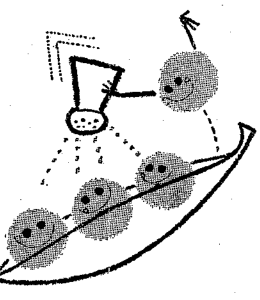

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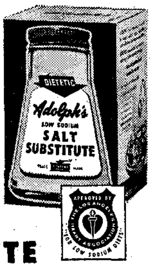

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tive superstitions prevalent among General Carlos's men, possibly in the hope that no one will stop to think that if Videla had a hand in Trotsky's murder he must have been a member of the Ogpu. This is, in fact, exactly what he was, and a good part of his "superhuman driving power" was engaged in making the Fifth Regiment a reliable formation from the Ogpu point of view—a process that involved standing up hundreds of his men in front of his own firing squads. This elimination of "traitors" was a necessary *preparation for a rising against* the Republican government he was supposed to be serving. His unbreakable gaiety in Mr. Cockburn's presence may have been caused by his appreciation of the rich joke his English friend was bringing off by persuading large numbers of people to believe that the Communist angels were the sole European defenders of liberalism and democracy against Fascism. If Videla is, as there is reason to believe, Vittorio Vidali, the present leader of the Communists in Trieste, his unbreakable gaiety is probably refreshed by the thought that his old acquaintance, now in retirement in Ireland, served the cause so well. This is Mr. Cockburn's reference to the appalling struggle Léon Blum had to go through to get munitions to the Spanish Republicans in the face of the determined opposition of the French Right and of the French Socialists, whose *doctrinaire pacifism had to be overcome:*

> But from time to time Léon Blum, then Socialist Premier of France, was willing—under this or that type of pressure or in pursuit of this or that tortuous intrigue—to shut an eye, to allow an order to be circulated to the frontier control to shut both eyes so that every so often a more or less important consignment of arms did roll across the frontier between Cerbére and Port Bou.

This tribute to Blum's integrity is the introduction to the amusing tale of how Mr. Cockburn and Otto Katz, the Czech Communist who was the head of the Republican government's news service in Madrid, planted the story of an anti-Franco rising in Tetuán, the capital of Spanish Morocco, in the French press. There had been no rising in Tetuán, for Franco's rebels were in full control of Spanish Morocco, but Katz decided that Blum and the French Cabinet might be persuaded to release a big shipment of arms if there had been a revolt. He accordingly stole a street map of the town from a public library, assembled some old guidebooks, got together a few facts out of reference books, and then sat down with Cockburn to weave a circumstantial story of the desired rebellion out of whole cloth.

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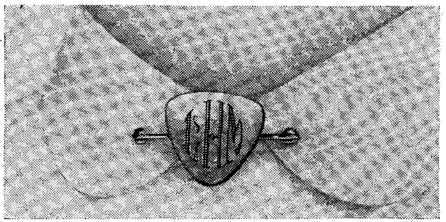

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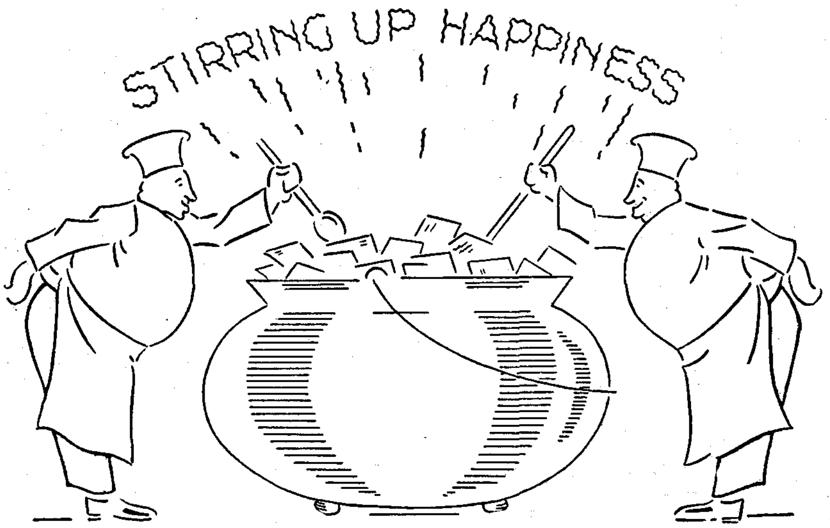
The lie was fed to the French newspapers, and, according to Cockburn, Blum was persuaded by their headlines to release the arms.

All this is told with glee, as a notable example of the intelligent use of the press. Mr. Cockburn omits the sequel—that months of such invention, in the form of extravagant communiqués and untruthful reports from official and semiofficial agencies, in the end adversely influenced foreign opinion. The outer world became convinced that the Republican government was being dishonest about its difficult situation. If its official delegations and news agencies were ready to lie to Léon Blum, with whom were they prepared to be honest? In the climate of 1936 and 1937 it was hard enough in the scared democracies to mobilize support even for the romantic idea of a simon-pure liberal republic; when foreign sympathizers, the foreign press, and friendly foreign governments had been alienated by a diet of untruths, the task became almost impossible.

That Mr. Cockburn should omit these considerations from his breezy yarn is not surprising, since omission is one of his arts. (He left the story of the Tetuán fake, and the gibe against Léon Blum, out of the English edition of his book, possibly because the facts about Blum's efforts to support the republic are better-known in Europe than they are here.) He also omits, in his brisk way, everything that happened between the fall of Teruel to the Republicans, in December, 1937, and the Munich crisis, which he watched from the curious vantage point of the Soviet Embassy in Prague. "For that," he observes sagely, "was the place where, if anything decisive were to happen, it would happen." This omission is a skillful one, as it enables Mr. Cockburn to serve up, with undiminished enthusiasm, a good old myth of Munich—that of the Communist angels, with their martial harness on, being ready and willing, like Barkis, to save democracy, and the craven democracies being eager to do a deal with Fascism and Hitler. What could the poor angels do in the circumstances but hurry off to forthwith make a deal of their own with the Devil? "I do not doubt now," says Mr. Cockburn in his plain-spoken fashion, "that it was at about this moment that the German-Soviet pact was conceived."

What was happening at the time that Mr. Cockburn chooses to take his hop, skip, and jump away from the Spanish scene was that the Ogpu campaign to liquidate all Communists who were in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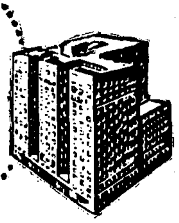
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favor of supporting the Republican government was going into high gear. Support for the government implied support for parliamentary democracy, a sin to be wiped out only with blood. Comrade Orlov, the head of the military section of the Ogpu in Spain, was given a free hand to eradicate the evil. His victims included not only any number of the undistinguished rank and file but Antonov-Ovseyenko, Consul General in Barcelona, and General Kleber, the field commander of the International Brigade. While Orlov was seeing to it that all these men were killed, André Marty, the French head of the political section of the Ogpu in Spain, was dealing with hundreds of politicals like Hans Beimler, a German who had escaped from a concentration camp and had become chief German commissar with the International Brigade. The crime all these men died for was believing that the task of fighting Fascism came before that of laying the foundations for a Communist revolt in Spain. When the Spanish Communist formations had been purified, Orlov and Marty proceeded to initiate a new civil war behind the Republican lines, under the slogans of "unity" and "order." In this operation, which George Orwell described impressionistically in "Homage to Catalonia" and which Franz Borkenau analyzed in "Spanish Cockpit" and "European Communism," the military technique of the expanding torrent was applied. First the Trotskyites were isolated and broken (with a cock-and-bull story about a pro-Franco plot), then the Anarchists were attacked, then the Socialists came under fire.

By Munich, the Spanish Republic was plainly disintegrating and the nature of the "support" democracy could expect from Communism was clear. Even if the democracies could not comprehend the plain warnings offered by the Spanish experience, there were the carefully coördinated strikes in French heavy industry that had disorganized the production of armament, in spite of the obvious German danger, and the even more sinister events in Germany, where Ulbricht, the German Communist leader, had found a way of doing what Orlov had done in Spain, and had liquidated the non-Communist German underground by an ingenious device. Raising the same slogans of "unity" and "order" that had been employed in Spain, he had distributed leaflets warning the Comrades against all those Left Wingers and Left-of-Centerists who were taking an independent line in the underground opposition to the

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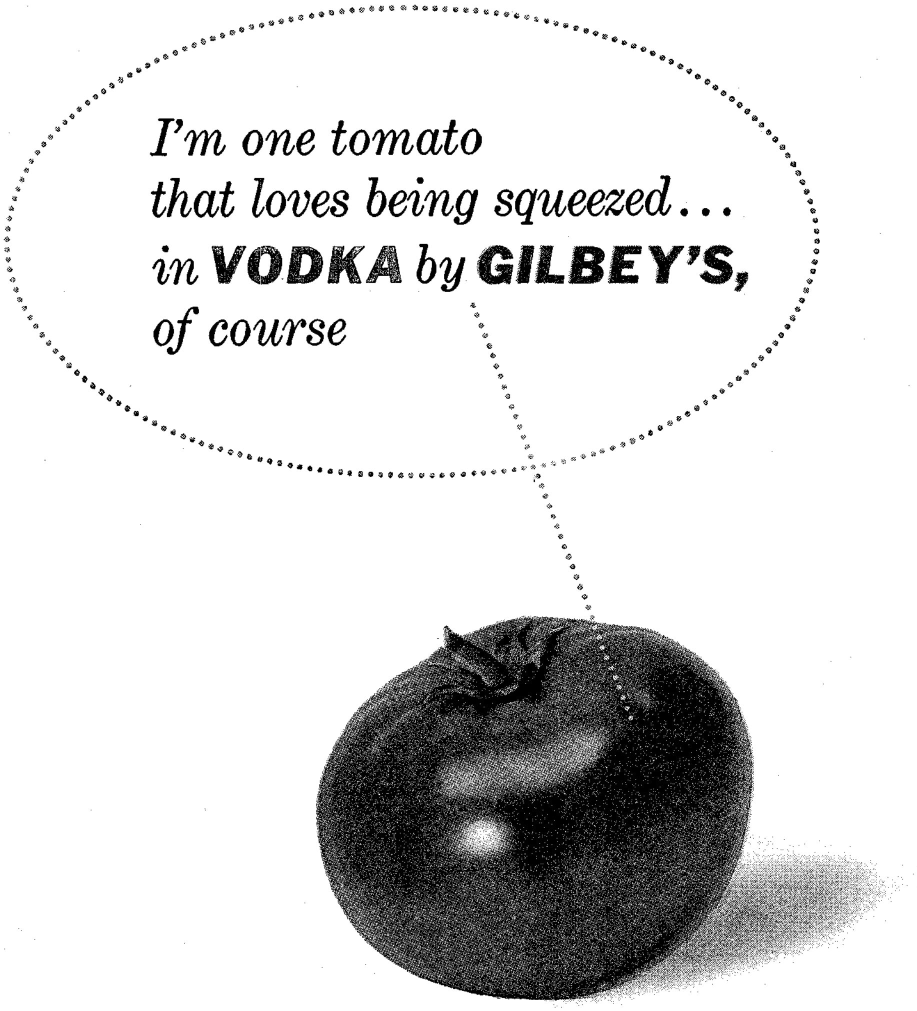
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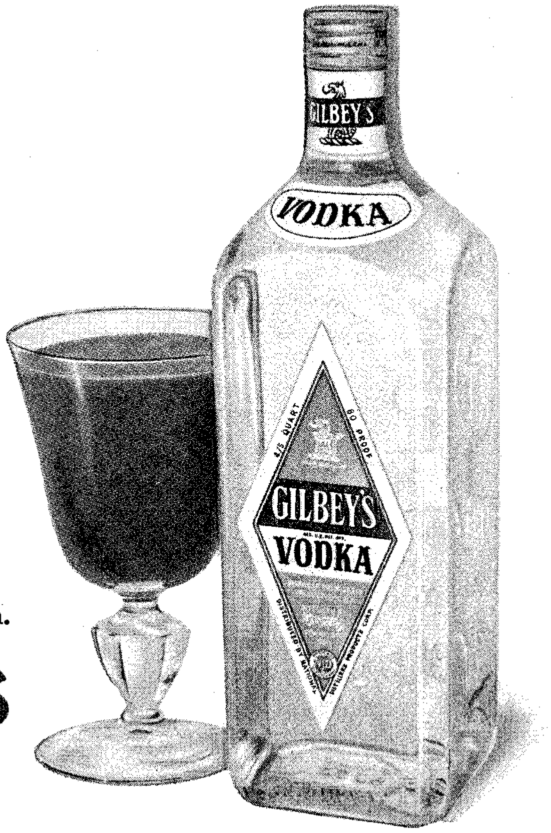
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Nazis. These leaflets, which somehow always reached the Gestapo quickly, included the names, aliases, addresses, and (if known) secret hideouts of the class enemies; they were simply *lettres de cachet* issued by the Ogpu for action by the Gestapo.

These are all, however, dreary matters of fact about the nature of the support Communism offered the democratic parties in their fight against Fascism, and Mr. Cockburn seems not to greatly care for that sort of thing. He proceeds instead to an explanation of the principles on which his newssheet was run:

> To make matters worse, I went about saying that rumors were just as important, just as significant, just as—in the last analysis—"valid" as "facts."
>
> This shocked people horribly, although if you pressed them and asked whether it was not true that ninety per cent of the "information received" by such serious persons as ambassadors and chiefs of police really consists in significant rumors and rumors which can be interpreted by the person who knows enough rumors, they were usually bound to admit that this is indeed the case. Contemporaries on the existing weekly newspapers used to complain that the *Week* published rumors which they themselves refused to publish until they were confirmed. One was reminded of the atheistic young man who has told the believer that he would never believe anything that he did not understand, to which the believer replied, "Young man, your beliefs are likely to be small."
>
> In the same way, people who refused to print anything that was not a confirmed fact were likely to print very little of general interest. And I found that attitude arrogant, for unless one imagines one is God, how on earth can one tell truth from rumor in less than perhaps fifty years? And fifty years is too long to wait if one is in the business of issuing a weekly newspaper.

This is, or appears to be, disarmingly naïve. It must have been a great lark to run a paper along those lines and to know that it was taken seriously. One laughs with Mr. Cockburn at the thought, and an answering chuckle comes from his pages. The question is, what is amusing him? The rumors that the *Week* printed seem to have been nicely calculated to undermine its readers' faith in their elected leaders, in the machinery of democratic government operating by due legal process, and in all the normal channels of information that enable a democracy to make up its mind. It rarely came across a rumor that was creditable to the democracies or discreditable to the monolithic splendor of kindly old Uncle Stalin's regime and the Comintern. And, as one studies "A Discord of Trumpets," nothing seems to have changed. The gibe

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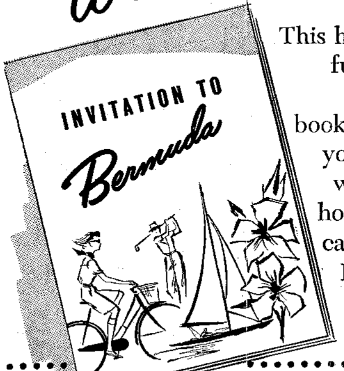

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against Léon Blum dates back in feeling to the time when Blum identified himself as a class enemy by protesting against Stalin's liquidation of Zinoviev after a farcical trial for treason. Mr. Cockburn sticks to his guns, and shares with General Carlos the characteristic, at any rate, of unbreakable gaiety.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

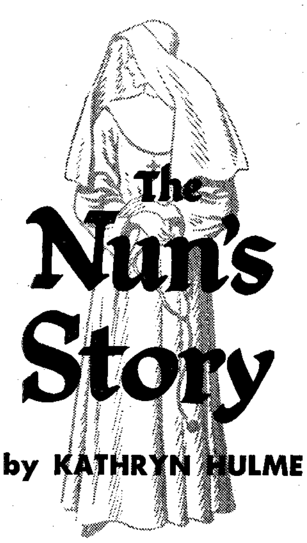
FICTION

MAMBA, by Stuart Cloete (Houghton Mifflin). A story of romantic passion and retribution, set on a lonely ranch in the African Congo in 1925. The people concerned, all English, are Helen, a young bride; Henry, her husband; and Jim, her lover. The story of these three is so violent and so highly colored that it might seem absurd, except that in Africa, at least as Mr. Cloete so fluently and convincingly describes it, nothing is impossible and astonishment is the atmosphere of the land.

IMMORTAL QUEEN, by Elizabeth Byrd (Ballantine). Almost everything in this big (591 pages), stolid historical novel about Mary, Queen of Scots, has been done with great care. The book is studded with the right smells, sights, and sounds; the writing is, if undistinguished, without malarkey; and much of what must have been the keening, blood-rimmed mood of Scotland in the sixteenth century comes sharply to life. Yet Miss Byrd's very industry fells her, for in attempting to achieve through a mass of brief, busy vignettes a rounded and wholly objective view of her subject she puffs Mary up into a kind of huge, static giant, without distinguishable form or features. Many of the marvellous letters used in the text are authentic. A first novel.

A LITTLE MORE THAN KIN, by Nelia Gardner White (Viking). In this sentimental tale, which is full of warmth and hope and consolation, twin boys grow up in rivalry in a New England farmhouse. The introvert twin, who tells their story, becomes a lawyer. The extrovert stays with his father on the farm and continues to be everybody's favorite. Then the introvert marries the girl they both love, and their lifelong uneasiness with each other comes to a head.

SPEAK TO THE WINDS, by Ruth Moore (Morrow). This is a quiet, taut, neighborly novel of family life and local squabbles in a small, tightly knit island community off the coast of



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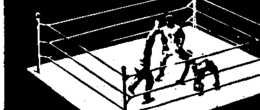

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to see page 116

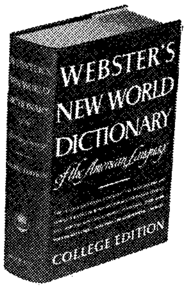
Maine. Miss Moore writes of domestic matters in a spirit that is warm and interested but never cozy. Her island men and women are downright people, very much alive, without a touch of quaintness, and her portrait of Roxinda Greenwood, an old maiden-lady outcast who finds refuge on the island, is both memorable and moving—something of a feat, considering that Miss Greenwood comes about as close to saintliness as any human being can.

THE AUTHENTIC DEATH OF HENDRY JONES, by Charles Neider (Harper). Doc Baker, a very old man, remembers the year 1883, when he was one of the four remaining members of a once powerful gang of sharpshooting California outlaws headed by Hendry Jones, nicknamed the Kid. In that year, Jones was captured and sentenced to be hanged, but he shot his way out of jail and had another run of life before being hunted down and killed. Baker sets his hearers right about the circumstances of Jones' death and points out the true location of his grave. This is a superbly romantic Western novel—short, laconic, and crowded with action.

THE NARROW COVERING, by Julia Siebel (Harcourt, Brace). The life story of Ella Beecher, who, with her fanatically religious mother and her little sister, moves to Belleplain, a small Kansas town, after the death of her father, a farmer. Ella's goodness, her joylessness, her helplessness, and her fearful, if loving, power as a wife and mother are very thoroughly understood and conveyed by Mrs. Siebel, who presents a speechlessly sad world that is extremely real but of a uniform grayness, with neither light nor shadow, offering no illumination and incapable of receiving any. The story begins in 1914, when Ella is sixteen, and ends during the Second World War.

A HOUSE ON THE RHINE, by Frances Faviell (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Miss Faviell would have done better to write a straight documentary about her subject, which is adolescent gangsterism in postwar Germany. It is evident that she is familiar with her material, but she is no novelist and her work would need dates and names and long, careful lists of facts and incidents to achieve any strong effect.

THE SOUND OF WAVES, by Yukio Mishima (Knopf). The Japanese scene against which this novel is set is beau-



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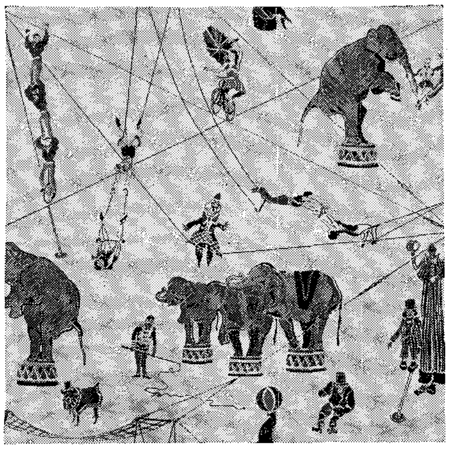

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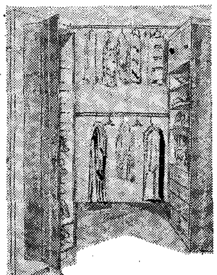

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tiful and exotic, a dream-inspired water color, but the two teen-age lovers who move through the story are much too delicately aware of their own loveliness and sensitivity and honesty, much too aware of their own youth, and much too self-consciously timorous in their shy pacing and shy touching to be anything but cloying—no vagueness about it.

GULF COAST STORIES, by Erskine Caldwell (Little, Brown). Twenty-one rather tired sketches that are, for the most part, about love in a succession of dusty towns in the Deep South. Mr. Caldwell's prose is as clear and dustless as ever, but it is used here as little more than a kind of Grand Rapids mirror. Two of the stories—"Kathy" and "Her Name Was Amelie"—are almost identical.

GENERAL

WITH LOVE FROM GRACIE, by Grace Hegger Lewis (Harcourt, Brace). A memoir of the late Sinclair Lewis by the woman he married in 1914, when he had nothing to offer but his ardor, his gaiety, and his seething ambition, and discarded in 1925, when his ardor had twisted into self-absorption, his gaiety had become largely alcoholic, and his literary aspirations had been only too completely, and fatally, realized. As the book's title proclaims, Mrs. Lewis (or, as she is now, Mrs. Telesforo Casanova de Ojea) recalls with affection the bedevilled man whom she served, according to his mood, as sweetheart, wife, mother, colleague, critic, or listener, and unceasingly as travelling companion, for eleven headlong years, but it is an affection rooted in understanding; her eyes are wholly dry, generally sharp, and at times (most notably in her allusions to Lewis's indifference to their son) stone-cold. A truly poignant book. Photographs.

HIGH, WIDE, AND LONESOME, by Hal Borland (Lippincott). Despite its two-gun title, this is an intense, wise, and altogether remarkable account of how, in the years between 1910 and 1915, the author helped his parents establish a sod-house homestead in the high, barren grasslands of eastern Colorado, which were almost wholly unsettled at the time. At first, the Borlands' nearest neighbor was two miles away and the closest town, which consisted of a post office and general store, fifteen miles away. The Borlands grew most of their food, had a few chickens, horses, and cows, and, in time of drought, were

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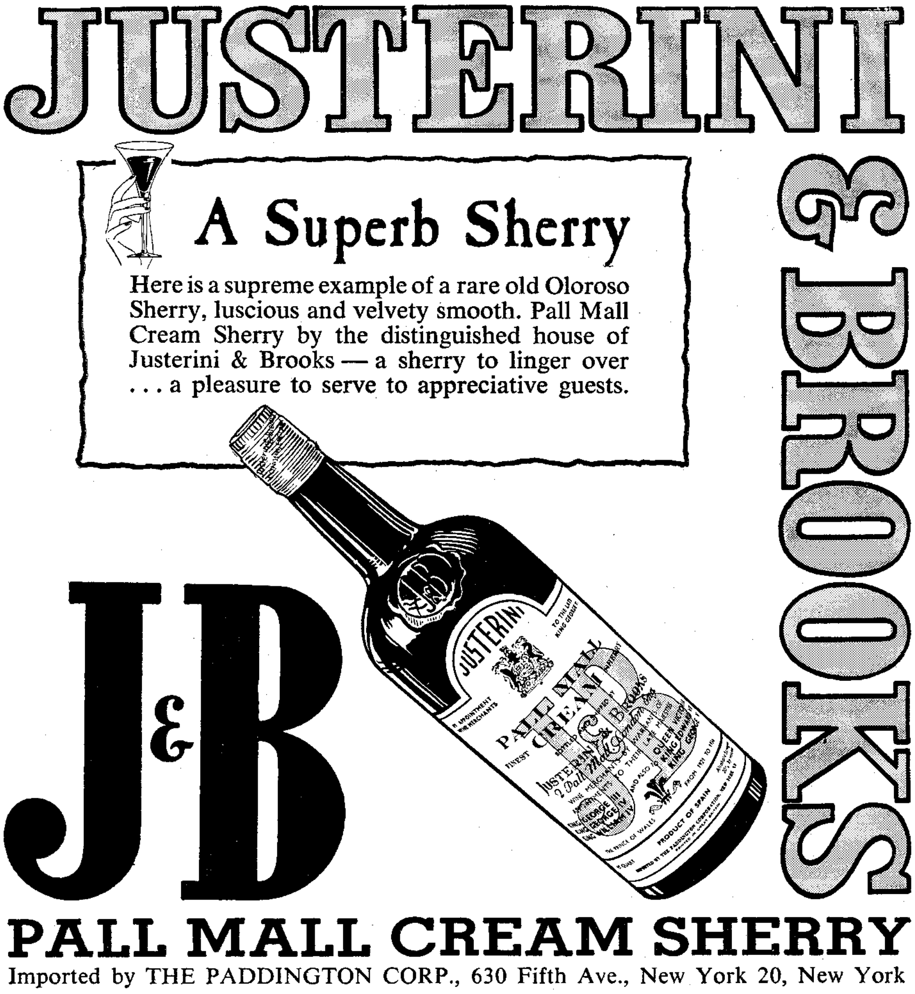
kept from starving by the jobs the author's father took as a newspaperman in a town near Denver. In addition to wonderfully clear descriptions of the beauties and horrors of the country (one afternoon the Borlands lost a cow and both their horses after the animals had eaten a harmless-looking weed called death camass), there are incisive portraits of a half-crazy sheepherder, a cowboy, and such other homesteaders as an extraordinarily sadistic German who was finally trampled to death by his own horses, a retired one-legged schoolmarm from the East who built a picket fence around her house, and a roving family of thieves.

GOLDEN INTERLUDE: THE EDENS IN INDIA, 1836-1842, by Janet Dunbar (Houghton Mifflin). A glimpse of early-nineteenth-century India, as seen from Government House in Calcutta and other gold-encrusted eminences by two aristocratic English spinsters. These observers were Miss Emily Eden, who later distinguished herself as the author of the neo-Janeite novel "The Semi-Attached Couple," and her sister Fanny, and they made their observations while serving as official hostesses for their bachelor brother George Eden, the second Lord Auckland, during his tenure as Governor General of India. The book is largely composed of the almost daily letters home with which the sisters whiled away their stately tedium, and when Miss Dunbar lets us hear their dry, determined voices, the result is a tremendously satisfying period piece. As for Miss Dunbar's own interpolations, they are almost insufferably coy. Illustrated with drawings, many of them astonishingly spirited, by Emily and Fanny.

THE CRUCIAL DECADE, by Eric F. Goldman (Knopf). A sweeping pageant of the postwar decade (1945-55) in America—a decade that, in the author's view, started on a note of tragedy, ran swiftly through fear, meanness, and silliness, and ended with a new resolve and a reaffirmation of our more enduring values and virtues. Beginning with the death of Roosevelt, the bombing of Hiroshima, and the end of the war, Mr. Goldman goes on to describe the advent of the Cold War, the country's ignoble scramble after material possessions, the maturing of Harry Truman, the policy of containment, the period of suspicion and individual terror, the Korean War, and the emergence of the new conservatism,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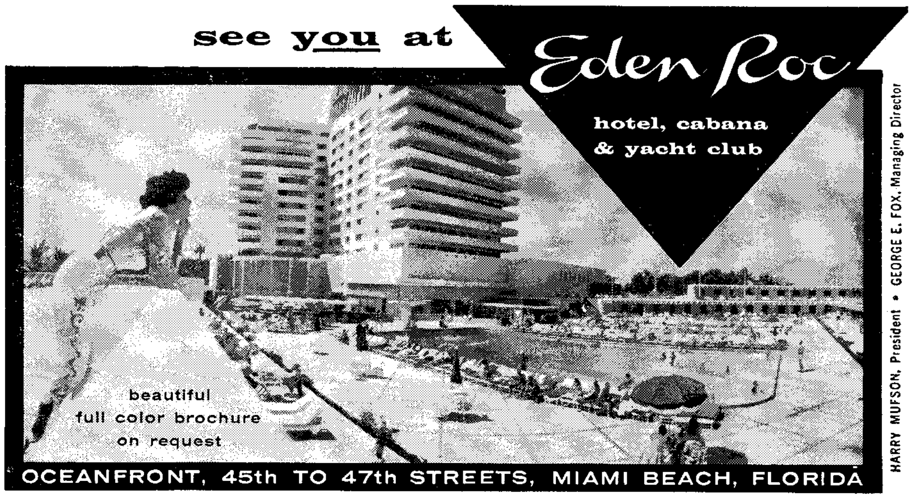
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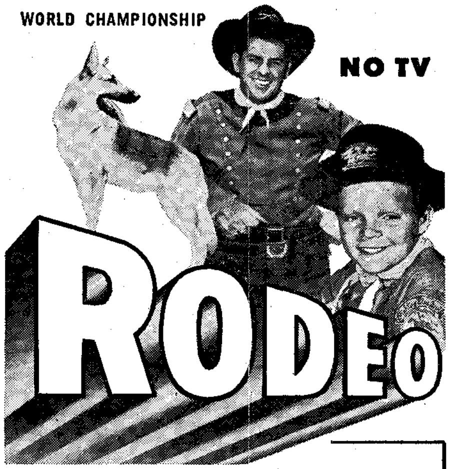

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and ends with a chapter called "The Eisenhower Equilibrium." The writing is alternately thoughtful and cinematographic; there are sober discussions as well as moving, tragic, and comic flashes: Dean Acheson, his face flushed, telling a reporter he does not intend to turn his back on Alger Hiss; Joseph Welch, his voice just under control, saying to a forever uncomprehending Senator McCarthy, "If it were in my power to forgive you for your reckless cruelty, I would do so;" an agitated policeman in Wheeling, West Virginia, discovering that penny candies were wrapped in papers bearing miniature geography lessons, some of which actually mentioned the Soviet Union as the largest country in the world. A valuable and very entertaining work.

GARIBALDI, by Denis Mack Smith (Knopf). A portrait of the celebrated liberator, drawn by a Cambridge University historian for the Great Lives in Brief series. It not only renders Garibaldi's slapdash military genius, muddled social idealism, and electrifying physical magnetism understandable but animates the slippery politics of mid-nineteenth-century Italy through which he lurched—flamboyantly dressed, incorruptibly modest, and invulnerably obtuse—toward triumph and, within his lifetime, transfiguration into myth. A first-rate job.

LADY SINGS THE BLUES, by Billie Holiday, with William Dufty (Doubleday). As bitter and uncompromising an autobiography as has been published in a long time. Miss Holiday, the celebrated jazz singer, unrolls, with a Medea-like intensity, a catalogue of horrors about herself that includes her illegitimate birth (her mother was thirteen and her father fifteen), rape, prostitution, jail, and addiction to narcotics. Along the way, while saying practically nothing about her music, she delivers a good many jabs at those who have wronged her. A largely authentic, if almost indigestible, American social document. End-paper photographs.

SHAKESPEARE, by John Drinkwater (Macmillan). The first American appearance of a brief but enormously informed study that was first published in England in 1933. In something less than thirty thousand words, Mr. Drinkwater manages, with the utmost ease and elegance, to assemble the scanty facts of Shakespeare's life into a coherent whole, review the impression he made on his contemporaries, illuminate the function and the

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technical excellence of the theatre of his time, examine the nature of his genius, hazard a beguiling answer to the mystery of his last five years, and virtually demolish the notion that his work was the product of any hand or mind or experience but his own.

MONT BLANC TO EVEREST, by Gaston Rébuffat (Studio-Crowell). A picture book that contains sixty-nine photographs in monochrome and color, along with a brief history and celebration of mountain climbing. Writing in the elegiac style that other Frenchmen have used in describing the bottom of the sea, the author, an Alpine guide who took part in the Annapurna expedition of 1950, tells us of some early attempts on great mountains and of some early mountaineers (Petrarch was a pioneer Alpinist, and so, apparently, was Leonardo da Vinci), and, with considerable *élan*, reminisces about his own exploits in the Alps and the Himalayas. The photographs, which include views of the Rockies and of Alaskan mountains, notably Mount McKinley, are truly distinguished, and the ones in color are probably some of the most beautiful ever reproduced.

NOTE: "The Business of Crime," by Robert Rice, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. It is a study of several criminal businessmen, or businessmen criminals, and among them are Sam Sapphire and Salvatore Sollazzo, whose chronicles first appeared in this magazine. . . . Holt has brought out "Battle for Manhattan," by Bruce Bliven, Jr., a considerably expanded version of an article that was originally printed in *The New Yorker* under the heading "That Was New York."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

FANTASY AND FUGUE, by Roy Fuller (Macmillan). This study of the origin and the consequences of a guilty obsession (the hero is sure he has killed a man, but why and how are mysteries to him almost to the end) takes the reader into some extremely strange backwaters of literary London. Fay Lavington is a dreadful girl, and, in their separate ways, Clarence Rimmer, Charles Legge, and Bob Midwinter are pretty repulsive specimens, too. They are not, however, without their conversational charms ("'One point,' Midwinter was saying, 'about Orwell's *1984* is the extreme shoddiness—the domestic servant's novelette shoddiness—of the love passages. If that's

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his vision of that side of human affairs, what reliance can be placed on his political vision?' "), and their behavior is also moderately bizarre. Mr. Fuller is known in London as a poet of some distinction, and his book is written with a style very rare in works of this kind. In spite of an almost unendurably lurid climax, it is a remarkably exciting story as well.

A DRAM OF POISON, by Charlotte Armstrong (Coward-McCann). Like much that has turned up in the theatre recently, this book is about a man in his fifties who marries a girl young enough to be his daughter. Following the pattern still more precisely, the author appears to believe that the match is the best thing that could have happened to either of them. The plot also involves a number of picturesque people in a search for a missing vial of deadly poison, but Miss Armstrong's heart is clearly in her romance. Agreeable enough, even if you don't believe that elderly gentlemen should be quite so enterprising.

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the New Bedford Standard-Times*]

With a new hurricane season approaching, the residents of Salters Point were entertained by a program commemorating hurricane Carol, which damaged so much of this area.

Mrs. James Munro was in charge of the festivities. First on the agenda for entertainment was a film presented by the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, depicting the havoc wreaked by hurricanes Carol and Edna.

Richard Perry, president of the Salters Point Association, showed selections from his own slides of the area during the first storm. The high point of the evening was a poem written by John Elsaesser, modeled on Longfellow's "Hiawatha." It was read by the Rev. J. Holland Beal, a Summer resident of Salters Point, and the Rev. Frederick Arterton, who is conducting the August services at St. Aidan's Chapel.

Because of the many humorous references to various personalities of Salters Point during hurricane Carol, the presentation was accorded enthusiastic approval by the audience. As the party ended, the guests lingered to admire each other's costumes since everyone had been asked to come attired in the clothing they had worn during the storm.

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Plans are being made to hold a 3-day Dental Military Seminar in Atlantic City, 1, 2, and 3 October 1956, in conjunction with the 97th Annual Meeting of the American Dental Association. The Seminar will consist of three evening meetings or drill periods.—*United States Navy Medical News Letter.*

We heard you.

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* Potages Bisque Homard..............$1.50 ea.
(Cream of Lobster) serves 2—min order 6
* Potage St. Germain..............$1.00 ea.
(Cream of Pea) serves 2—min order 6

— ENTREE —

* Homard Grille Beurre Viquerons..........$4.00 ea.
(Lobster in Garlic Butter Sauce) serves 1—min order 2
* Le Tendre Caneton a L'Orange..........$7.50 ea.
(et Au Grand Marnier) serves 2—min order 2
(Whole Roast Duckling with Sauce)
* Sauce Bigarade..............$1.50 ea.
(Orange Sauce For Your Own Duckling)
* Cornish Hen Farcie Perigourdine..........$4.25 ea.
(Cornish hen stuffed with wild rice a pote) serves 1—min order 2
* Chicken Chambord—serves 2—min 2....$6.00 ea.
(Whole Roast Chicken with BERCY Sauce)
* Le Jeune Coq Saute au Vin..........$3.25 ea.
(Chicken in red wine sauce) serves 1—min 2
* Filets De Pompano Veronique..........$4.50 ea.
(Filets of Pompano with White Wine Sauce and Grapes) serves 1—min order 3

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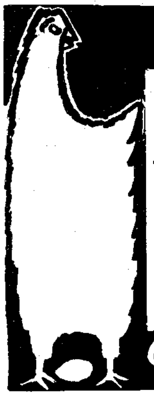

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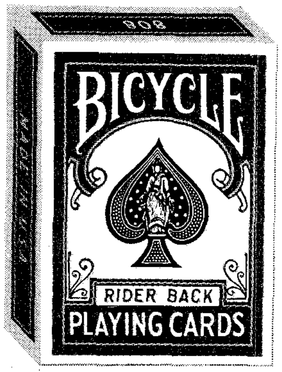

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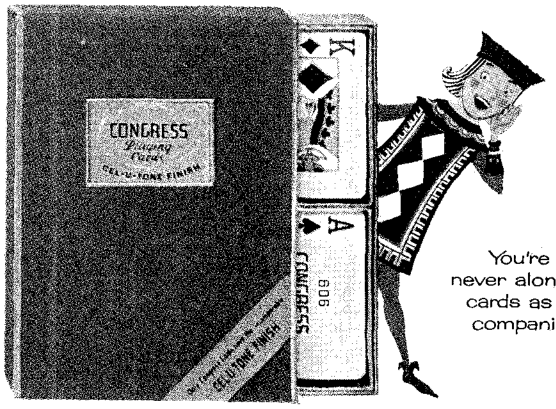

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